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# CLARIODUS;

A

METRICAL ROMANCE:

PRINTED FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF THE  
SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

EDINBURGH:

M.DCCC.XXX.





PRESENTED  
TO THE MEMBERS OF  
THE MAITLAND CLUB

BY

EDWARD PIPER.



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## P R E F A C E.

THE romances of chivalry, either in verse or prose, constituted so large a portion of the literature of the middle ages, that, after innumerable revolutions in taste and fashion, they must still be regarded as objects of a liberal and well-directed curiosity. Of the literary recreations of our ancestors, they supply various and ample specimens ; and they abound with illustrations of the manners, customs, and habits of thinking, which prevailed during the respective periods to which they belong. The early poets of romance confounded the manners of every preceding age with those of their own ; Hector of Troy they represent in all respects as such a knight as Amadis of Gaul ; and their want of skill in history and chronology thus becomes conducive to their fidelity in delineating the costumes and usages of their own times. <sup>a</sup>

In the ancient dialect of this part of the island, there were many metrical romances which the negligence of our ancestors has suffered

<sup>a</sup> See a Mémoire concernant la Lecture des Anciens Romans de Chevalerie, in M. de la Curne de Ste. Palaye's Mémoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie, tom. ii. p. 107. edit. Paris, 1781, 3 tom. 12mo.

to perish, and some curious specimens have fortunately been rescued from the common wreck. Several of these are generally known to the readers of Scottish poetry, and a few others are speedily to be recommended to the attention of those who love and preserve antiquities. The romance of Alexander, of which only a single copy, and that in some degree mutilated, is ascertained to exist, is now reprinting for the members of the Bannatyne Club; and the romance of Clariodus, which is likewise of great extent, is at length presented to the members of the Maitland Club. It is printed from a folio manuscript which belonged to the late Lord Hailes, and which after his death was transferred to the Advocates Library. Nor is this manuscript without some mutilations; it commences with the eighth folio, and appears to want one or two pages at the conclusion. It seems to have been written about the year 1550, or somewhat later; but the composition is evidently of a much earlier date than the transcript, and may at least be referred to the close of the preceding century. The author's phraseology is more antiquated than that of Sir David Lindsay, and makes a nearer approach to the phraseology of Henry the Minstrel. Of a poet who has thus furnished us with so extensive a specimen of the Scottish language and versification, we can scarcely hope to retrieve the name: it was not to be expected in a manuscript curtailed of its title and colophon; nor am I aware that the author of the romance is mentioned in any existing record of our literary history. To the work itself we find an apparent allusion in Stewart's abridgement of the *Orlando Furioso*; which so far preserves the character of an original production, that the writer has

not rigidly confined himself to the text of Ariosto, but has occasionally introduced new thoughts or illustrations.

And Medor lyk the knyght Clariadus gois,  
 Quhan he did meik Meliades conwoy  
 From fontan quhair thay haid conweind vith joy.<sup>b</sup>

Clariodus, like many of the English romances, is derived from a French original. Mr Tyrwhitt is "inclined to believe that we have no English romance, prior to the age of Chaucer, which is not a translation or imitation of some earlier French romance;"<sup>c</sup> but this opinion has not been adopted by other writers equally conversant with poetical antiquities. The romance of Horn Child, or, as it is otherwise called, the Geste of Kyng Horn, is regarded by Bishop Percy as of genuine English origin; and he infers its antiquity from the circumstance of its abounding with Anglo-Saxon idioms. It is manifestly the production of a very remote age, and, according to his estimate, it cannot be re-

<sup>b</sup> Ane Abbregement of Roland Fvriours, translait out of Ariost: together vith svm Rapsodies of the Avthors zovthfvll braine, and last ane Schersing out of trew Felicitie; composit in Scotis meitir be J. Stewart of Baldynneis. MS. 4to.—This volume, stamped with the royal arms and initials, is transcribed with a considerable degree of elegance, and is dedicated to James the Sixth, who is frequently lauded with all the abject flattery which characterized the courtiers of that period. It came into the possession of the late Duke of Roxburghe, and is now deposited in the Advocates Library. Stewart's original poems display very little fancy or feeling, and his versification has no peculiar merit. His diction is generally feeble, and is often very pedantic: he is particularly fond of French words; instead of timid damsel, he ventures to adopt such a phrase as *craintive pucelle*. The author has sufficient reason to apologize for his "inept orthographie." Of orthography there was indeed no standard at that period; but Stewart's general mode of spelling is uncouth and unsettled beyond the common example.

<sup>c</sup> Tyrwhitt's Essay on the Language and Versification of Chaucer, p. 68.

ferred to a later period than within a century after the conquest.<sup>d</sup> Mr Ritson assigns it a more recent date, the close of the twelfth century, and contends that it does not exhibit a single vestige of a more intimate connexion with the Saxon, than is common to every English composition of that period ;<sup>e</sup> but the bishop's opinion respecting its English origin has been maintained by a more recent writer, intimately acquainted with the history of northern poetry.<sup>f</sup> Certain however it is that a very large proportion of the earliest English romances are either translations or imitations of French originals ; though it has been conjectured, and with great probability, that those which are founded on English history and tradition may have been composed in French by natives of England.

The story of *Clariodus* is in a great measure English. The hero himself is son to the earl of Esture, or the Asturias ; but his lovely lady *Meliades* is the daughter and heiress of Philipon king of England, and the most material incidents and adventures are connected with this court. In the French language there is a prose romance of *Clერიადუს* and *Meliadice*, which was printed, apparently before the close of the fifteenth century.<sup>g</sup> In a letter addressed to Mr Laing, the meritorious

<sup>d</sup> Percy's *Essay on the Ancient Minstrels in England*, p. lxxxi.

<sup>e</sup> Ritson's *Dissertation on Romance and Minstrelsy*, p. xcix.

<sup>f</sup> " Bishop Percy's assertion, indeed, that it appears of genuine English growth, though denied with equal confidence and ignorance by Ritson, is supported by internal evidence which no one capable of understanding it can reject." (Conybeare's *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry*, p. 237, note by the editor. Lond. 1826, 8vo.) See likewise Mr Madden's Introduction to the *Ancient English Romance of Havelok the Dane*, p. xlv. Lond. 1828, 4to.

<sup>g</sup> *Cy commence le Liure de messire Clერიადუს filz au conte Desture Et de Meliadice fille au roy*

secretary of the Bannatyne Club, Mr Douce has stated that the manuscripts which he has examined are not older than the middle of the same century, and that the printed romance is only an abridgement. The same story is not now to be found in French verse. The Scottish author has regularly detailed the incidents of the prose romance, but has added some portion of poetical embellishment. He makes no claim to the character of an original writer, but on various occasions professes to follow the footsteps of his author.

For certaulie my author tellis me thus : <sup>b</sup>

He not only refers to the French original, but likewise to a translation, probably into the English language :

Nocht can my pen discryve nor git advance  
His valiant deidis nor his chevalrie,  
So far as might be reasoun satisfie  
Hini that in French lies red this historie ;  
To sik ane rethorik nather be laud and glorie,  
As unto him that did this buik compyle  
In French, illumining with his goldin style ;  
And he that did it out of French translait,  
Hes it depaint of langwage full ornate,

dengleterre. On les vend a Paris en la rue neufue nostre dame a lenseigne saint Nicolas.—This volume, which is in quarto and without date, contains the following colophon : “ Cy finist le romant et cronique de Cleriadus et Meliadice fille au roy dangleterre. Nouuellement Imprime a Paris pour Pierre sergent demourât en la Rue neufue nostre dame a lenseigne saint Nicolas.” A further abridgement of this romance may be found in the *Bibliothèque universelle des Romans*, Janv. 1777, tom. i. p. 26.

<sup>b</sup> P. 94. See likewise pages 112. 199. 214. 304. 314. 345. 350. 352.

And lustie termis richt poeticall :  
 Bot I, the third and secundest of all,  
 Can not so metter as thay put in prose ;  
 Full oft I put the nettill for the rose,  
 And oft the bindweid for the lillie quhyte.<sup>1</sup>

From this passage we learn that he followed, not a metrical, but a prose original and a prose version. The translator's name he has not sought an opportunity of mentioning ; but the subsequent verse supplies us with some information respecting his quality :

Eik my Lord sayis in his translatioun. \*

As the manuscript of *Clariodus* leaves the tale somewhat imperfect, it may not here be improper to supply the most material deficiencies. The French romance begins with stating that after the days of King Arthur and his companions of the Round Table,<sup>1</sup> how long after we

<sup>1</sup> P. 351.

\* P. 255.

<sup>1</sup> It has been truly remarked by Dr. Southey that the histories of Arthur and Charlemagne were to the poets and romancers of the middle ages, what the histories of the Trojan and Theban wars were to the poets of antiquity. One of these personages, who is represented as the powerful monarch of Britain, has made so conspicuous a figure in the regions of romance, that several modern writers have expressed a strong doubt whether his name belongs to the records of authentic history. Milton, whose imagination was so deeply impressed with the romantic tales of the Round Table, has remarked that "who Arthur was, and whether ever any such reign'd in Britain, hath bin doubted heretofore, and may again with good reason." (*Hist. of England*, p. 122. Lond. 1670, 4to.) That the extent of his power and the glory of his exploits have been grossly exaggerated, can indeed admit of no controversy ; but, if we may rely on the authority of Welsh antiquaries, there are in that language sufficient documents to ascertain that such a person existed, and that he was a character of considerable importance. (*Roberts's Sketch of the early History of the Cymry, or Ancient Britons*, p. 142. Lond. 1803, 8vo.) Geoffrey of Monmouth, who has exhibited him in so glaring a light, professes to have derived his materials from an ancient British manuscript, which Walter Calenius, archdeacon of Oxford, had brought from Armo-



are not informed, there reigned in England a worthy king named Philippon. He had espoused a lady belonging to a very high family of Gascony, and the only issue of their marriage was a daughter named Meliadice. This was the most beautiful damsel of her time, and she was instructed in every thing that the daughter of a king ought to know : she was withal so well conditioned, and was so entirely inclined to love God and the church, that it was a great pleasure to hear of her good works. The king was now far advanced in years ; and although he had a brother, Thomas de Langarde, who was much younger than himself, yet as he could not intrust any share of the government to a person of so wicked a disposition, he was obliged to solicit the aid of his friend the count of Esture, who speedily obeyed his summons, and repaired to England accompanied by his valiant son Cleriadus. On their arrival, they were treated with all due honour : at the very first banquet, Cleriadus appeared to great advantage ; he well knew how to mingle in the dance, and he sung so sweetly, that Philippon could not help saying to the count, “ *En verité, beau cousin, ie ne ouys oncques si bien chanter, ne si bien a mon gré, que*

rica ; but this account has been received with the utmost distrust, and he has frequently been suspected of inventing what he professes to translate. It has however been shewn by an ingenious and pleasing writer, the late Mr Ellis, that there is no sufficient reason to infer that either the historian or his friend the archdeacon was guilty of imposture ; and that there is in reality much more improbability in supposing a series of fables, intended to convey an exaggerated opinion of the national grandeur, to have been rather devised in the twelfth century, than during the ignorance and credulity of an earlier period. (Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, vol. i. p. 89.) See likewise Turner's Hist. of the Anglo-Saxons, vol. i. p. 101. and Ritson's Life of King Arthur, from ancient Historians and authentic Documents. Lond. 1825, 8vo.

vostre filz faict." The count, of Esture was without delay appointed the king's lieutenant, and administered his affairs with wisdom and justice. There were four gentlemen in his train, whose names frequently recur in the course of the narrative : two of them, Amadour de Bruslant and Palixes, were his sister's sons ; the third was of Scotland, and was named Richard de Mataint ; the fourth was of Wales, and was named Guillaume de Forest. In the mean time, Cleriadus, who was deeply smitten with the charms of Meliadice, improved every opportunity of cultivating her good graces : sometimes they played at chess, sometimes he danced or sung, or played on his harp. But in the midst of this solace, he found a brilliant opportunity of distinguishing himself by his first deed of arms. One day, while the king was holding "court grande et plaine," a knight in complete armour, and attended by six squires, entered the palace, and delivered a message from his master the Duc de Jennes; setting forth that during the said duke's minority, Philippon had without cause and without reason seized the port of Claire-Fontaine, and declaring that unless he signified his willingness to make restitution, he then defied him with fire and blood. He however added that he was authorized to leave the decision of their claims to the issue of a single combat, and was ready to meet any knight who might appear on the king's behalf. All the knights of his court, to whom he explained the justice of his quarrel, having declined to do battle with the Lombard champion, Cleriadus, who was then twenty-two years of age, tendered his services ; and, after being knighted by the king, he entered the lists with his redoubt-

able adversary. And with this incident commences the manuscript of the Scottish romance.

The mutilation at the end of the poem appears to have been less considerable, and probably did not amount to two pages. The grand tournament is the last incident mentioned in the prose romance, which then hastens to a conclusion. “ Et eurent le roy Cleriadus et la royne Meliadice de beaulx enfans, lesquelz furent tous roys et roynes. Et faisoit souuent le roy Cleriadus armes pour lamour de sa bonne amyne Meliadice. Et vesquirent long temps ensemble en toute ioye et prosperité, comme vous auez ouy par cy deuant. Et a tant se taist le compte a parler deulx et de leur faictz. Et icy finist le Romant et Cronique du Roy Cleriadus et de Meliadice sa femme ; que plus nen parle pour le present, sinon que le benoist roy de gloire vueille auoir mercy deulx et de nous quant il luy plaira. Amen.”

The tale seems to be protracted beyond its proper limits : the marriage of Clariodus offers the natural termination, and all that follows may be considered as misplaced and superfluous. In the previous part of the work, we are abundantly regaled with tournaments and feasts ; nor was it expedient to repeat the same entertainments, after our curiosity respecting the fate of the principal characters must have been so completely abated. But the merit or demerit of the story itself belongs to the author of the French romance, and the Scottish writer can only aspire to the praise of a skilful versifier. With the exception of Henry the Minstrel, he has exhibited a more lengthened specimen of the heroic couplet, than any other of our early poets ; and his versification,

though occasionally feeble, and perhaps deficient in variety of phrase and cadence, is not destitute of spirit or character, and it sometimes attains to smoothness and elegance. The following couplet is easy and flowing :

Thay hade the winde so richt and eike so faire,  
Thay go alse swift as aigill in the aire.<sup>m</sup>

In another passage, he elegantly describes the song of the minstrels,

Sweit as the marmaid in the orient sea.<sup>n</sup>

The subsequent verse will gratify the admirers of alliteration :

And fuire ower fluide as falcon fair on flicht.<sup>o</sup>

The poet's phraseology is not without its peculiarities. He occasionally introduces Latin and French words which retain a very extraneous appearance. In the following couplet, squires are termed *armigers*, and to shew is to *ostend* :

With that he gart his armigers ostend  
The creddill of gold, gudlie to commend.<sup>p</sup>

Clariodus may upon the whole be considered as a very readable poem. It affords a valuable specimen of the language and literature of our ancestors, and it abounds with characteristic illustrations of the manners and customs peculiar to the ages of chivalry. The pomp and

<sup>m</sup> P. 199.

<sup>n</sup> P. 340.

<sup>o</sup> P. 365.

<sup>p</sup> P. 309.

circumstance of the tournament, the mode of conducting the gorgeous banquet of the feudal court, where a lady and a knight were placed alternately at the *dyse*,<sup>1</sup> together with the minstrelsy and pastimes with which they were regaled during their festivities, are all presented in due order, and are rendered intelligible and interesting to the inquisitive reader. In the fourth book, for example, we find a copious detail of the ceremonies attending the vow of the *poune*, or peacock; an usage so remote from modern manners, that its first aspect is not a little singular.<sup>2</sup>

From some occasional expressions, it may be inferred that the author intended his poem for recitation as well as reading; and at a period when many knights and barons had not learned the letters of the alphabet, the aid of the professed reciter or minstrel was indispensable. "The word minstrel," as Warton has remarked, "is of an extensive signification, and is applied as a general term to every character of that species of men whose business it was to entertain, either with oral recitation, music, gesticulation, and singing, or with a mixture of all these arts united."<sup>3</sup> It very frequently denotes an ordinary musician, and in this sense it is repeatedly used in the common version of the Bible,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ay at the dyse ane knight and ladie met.

CLARIODUS, p. 216.

<sup>2</sup> See M. de la Curne de Ste. Palaye, *Mémoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie*, tom. i. p. 184.

<sup>3</sup> Warton's *Hist. of English Poetry*, vol. iv. p. 127. Price's edit.

<sup>4</sup> "But now bring me a minstrel. And it came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him." (2 Kings, iii. 15.) "Jesus came into the ruler's house, and saw the minstrels and the people making a noise." (Matthew, ix. 23.)

which is an excellent standard for the contemporary meaning of an English word ; but on other occasions the term bears a more elevated signification, and a minstrel is then synonymous with a poet. An ancient Scottish poet, if I rightly apprehend his meaning, represents harping and reciting as an inferior accomplishment, and a talent for poetry as the chief qualification of a minstrel : <sup>a</sup>

To harpe or carpe, whare so thu gose,  
 Thomas, thu sall hafe the chose sothely.  
 And he said, harpynge kepe I none,  
 Ffor tonge es chefe of mynstralsye.<sup>v</sup>

The recitation of metrical romances long continued to afford one of the chief literary recreations among the higher ranks ; and to be able to read such compositions, was no vulgar attainment. This was one of the accomplishments of the fair Ysoude, the heroine of the ancient romance ascribed to Thomas of Erceldoune :

<sup>a</sup> The same order of men is still to be found in certain parts of the world, where civilization has made but little progress. Among the Mandingo tribes of Africa, as Major Laing informs us, the *jelle*, or minstrels, earn their subsistence "by singing the mighty deeds and qualifications of rich men, who, in their opinion, have no faults. Like the minstrels of old, they are always at hand to laud with hyperbolical praise the landlord of a feast, and headman of a town." (Laing's *Travels in Western Africa*, p. 132. Lond. 1825, 8vo.) In Bondoo, Major Gray met with abundance of "*goulahs*, or singing people, who in Africa always flock around those who have any thing to give.—Dozens of them," he adds, "would, at the same moment, set up a sort of roaring extempore song in our praise, accompanied by drums and a sort of guitar ; and we found it impossible to get rid of them by any other means than giving something." (Gray's *Travels in Western Africa*, p. 112. Lond. 1825, 8vo.)

<sup>v</sup> Thomas off Erseldoune, fytt ii. v. 5. printed in Laing's *Select Remains of the Ancient popular Poetry of Scotland*. Edinb. 1822, 4to.

The king had a douhter dere,  
 That maiden Ysonde \* hight,  
 That gle was lef to here,  
 And romaunce to rede aright. x

Barbour, the venerable archdeacon of Aberdeen, has recorded a curious anecdote illustrative of this department of literary history. The good King Robert, having occasion to convey himself and his small band of faithful adherents across Lochlomond, could only procure a boat capable of admitting three people. Bruce and Douglas were first ferried over: a day and a night were consumed in conveying the rest of the party; and while they were gradually mustering on the banks of the lake, the hero endeavoured to solace his followers by reading to them the romance of Ferambrace.

The king the quhilis meryly  
 Red to thaim that war him by,  
 Romanys off worthi Ferambrace,  
 That worthily our cummyn was.  
 Throw the rycht douchty Olywer. - - -  
 The gud king apon this maner  
 Comfort thaim that war him ner,  
 And maid thaim gamyn & solace,  
 Till that his folk all passyt was. †

\* Sir Walter Scott has uniformly adopted the reading of Ysonde; but, with respect to the orthography of this name, consult "Gottfrieds von Strassburg Werke, aus den bessten Handschriften, mit Einleitung und Wörterbuch, herausgegeben durch Friedr. Heinr. von der Hagen," Band ii. S. 237. Breslau, 1823, 2 Bde. 8vo.

† Sir Tristrem, p. 83. edit. Edinb. 1811, 8vo.

‡ Barbour's Bruce, p. 54. Jamieson's edit.

The romances of chivalry appear to have maintained their popularity in Scotland till the close of the sixteenth century. The following animadversions occur in Alexander Hume's epistle to the reader, prefixed to the collection of his sacred poems: "In princes courts, in the houses of greate men, and at the assemblies of yong gentlemen and yong damessels, the cheife pastime is to sing prophane sonnets, and vaine ballats of loue, or to rehearse some fabulos faits of Palmerine, Amadis, or other such like raueries; and such as ather haue the art or vaine poetike, of force they must shew themselues cunning followers of the dissolute ethnike poets, both in phrase and substance, or else they shall be had in no reputation."<sup>2</sup>

It must be satisfactory for the reader to be informed, that this relique of ancient poetry was conducted through the press by Mr Kilgour of the Register House, whose well-tryed skill and fidelity afford a sufficient pledge of the minute and scrupulous accuracy with which the edition has been executed. The most wary copyist, in the progress of a tedious task, is liable to occasional fits of negligence or inadvertence; but the manuscript of *Clariodus* appears to have been transcribed with less than ordinary care and attention. Many palpable errors, consisting of omissions or transpositions, or of the insertion of one word instead of another, have been rectified by the aid of conjectural criticism, where the

<sup>2</sup> Hymnes, or sacred Songs, wherein the right vse of Poësie may be espied. Be Alexander Hume. Wherevnto are added, the Experience of the Authors youth, and certaine Precepts seruing to the practise of Sanctification. Edinb. 1599, 4to.



rhyme, or the measure of the verse, or the obvious sense of the passage, presented a clear indication of the genuine reading. Such emendations have not however been silently introduced : the words supplied are distinguished by being placed within brackets ; and at the end of the volume is inserted a list of other alterations admitted into the text, together with the corresponding readings in the manuscript.



# THE FIRST BUIK OF CLARIODUS.

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. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 BRICHT as ane angell schyning in his weid,  
 With force of speir, upon his mightie feid ;  
 Rycht large of statour, strong and corpolent,  
 Lyke God of armis Mars armipotent,  
 Wode, burning, full of courage and defyre ;  
 For to behald he was ane awfull fyre.

Everie man meinit Sir Clariodus ;  
 Bot maist of all, the mone was pitious  
 Of his four fellowis, his daith dreiding fore.

10 Ane of them buir his bricht helme him before,  
 Ane uther his speir buir unto the feild,  
 The thrid his ax, the fourt his nobill scheild,  
 Into the clofe in midis of the palice,  
 In quhilk devyfit was the fighting place.  
 Beholding on the stairis by and by  
 The King, the Queine, with mony fair lady,

- When he was armit, fair, cloſe and joint,  
 Upon his ſteid aſcendit at all poynt ;  
 His lance he faikit manlie lyke ane knicht,  
 20 As lucent lamp ſo leimit he of licht ;  
 Manheid at Mars he neidit naine to borrow ;  
 He ſchynit as dois the bricht day-ſtar at morrow,  
 With cirkill of gold about his helmit cleir,  
 All birnand full of bricht ſtonis deir,  
 Circumferit with roobies radious,  
 Betwixt ilk firkill bricht and glorious,  
 With goldin ſchaikeris abone his plumes greine ;  
 His ladyis abone all mycht be ſeine  
 Ane courtche of pleaſance, of gold all browderit bricht,  
 30 Quhilk waitit lyke ane ſtreimer caſſine licht :  
 The michtie bardis of his nobill ſteid  
 Of bricht gold gleimit as ane gleid :  
 Of redolent ſtonis ſchynit his weid royall :  
 It was maiſt lyke ane thing feſteſtiall  
 Him to behold, ſo angillyke of hew.  
 Toward the Lumbard knicht he did perſew,  
 Full of aſſuirit manheid and deſyre,  
 In thrift of knichtheid birnand lyke a fyre.  
 As furious lyounis eager to the field,  
 40 Anone quhen ather uther can behald,  
 Thair is no mair, bot loud gois up the foundis  
 Of ſilver trumpits and of clariounis ;  
 Togidder gois the knichtis in thair weidis,  
 In gois thair ſpurris in fydis of thair ſteidis ;  
 Furth gois the ſpeiris ſtraicht as ony lyne,  
 Forward they preike with heartis leonyne ;  
 As dreidfull dragonis thay togidder drave,  
 Quhyll baith thair ſcheildis in peices clave,

And baith thair fpeiris in peices brake,  
 50 The palice reirdit lyke ane thunder crake :  
 Abake from uther they flakirit with sic forſe,  
 Quhill at the grund baith lay man and horſe.  
 Clariodus was delyver and ging,  
 And up he ſtart without abating,  
 And pullit out his ſword delyverly.  
 The Lumbard knicht ſtill efter him could ly ;  
 His fute ſadly throw the ſtirrip zeid,  
 And throw the feild traillit him his ſteid ;  
 Quhom followit Sir Clariodus ſo faſt,  
 60 That he the ſteid reingeit at the laſt,  
 And him reſcourſit wounder manfulie,  
 Saying, Sir Knicht, defend ſow hardily.  
 With ſwordis ſeharp thay can at uther dryve,  
 Whill baith thair helmis bludy war belyve.  
 Thus war thair ſtraikes baith ſad and keine  
 Betwix thir knichtis wounderfull to ſeine ;  
 As rugend lyounis ramping ferce and wode,  
 Withoutin mercie ſcheding utheris blude  
 So furiously, that ſerlie was to ſee  
 70 Undantounit beine thair nobill heartis hee ;  
 As foaming boares, in thair melancholie,  
 Thay bet on utheris birnies cruellie,  
 So long induring without diſconſitour,  
 That ſerlie was to everie creatour  
 That them beheld and ſtud them about,  
 How thay micht ſtand under ſic ſtraikes ſtout.  
 Clariodus ſo knichtlie he him baire,  
 That everie wicht him praiſit that was thair ;  
 Sore movit was the Lumbard campoun,  
 80 That he, quhilk praiſit was of ſic renown,

- So long affailzeit was with great fighting  
 With ane that was of age so wonder young.  
 He raisit up his forcie arme on height,  
 And at Clariodus with all his meikle might  
 Ane straike he ettillit right as he wald him flo ;  
 And he anone weill neirer him can go  
 And on the fyd him hit the richt arme under,  
 Quhill of his ribis thrie did breke in funder ;  
 Whairof the wound so lairg was and wyde,  
 90 His bouellis nicht be feine out throw his fyd.  
 The Lumbard knicht did with the straik doun fall,  
 And ly in foune alse pail as ony wall.  
 To confort him he schoup or he wald stint,  
 Clariodus, did of his hewmind hint,  
 And held his heid up softlie and it schoke.  
 And quhen that he out of his swoun awoke,  
 He said thir wordis wounder petiously,  
 Ha, flour of knichtheid ! I thé mercie cry.  
 The uther said, If thow will mercie crave,  
 100 Make heir ane aith never to clame nor have  
 The Clare Fontane, as we our cunan maid.  
 Thow saifing lyfe Clariodus ! he said,  
 My lord, he said, fall never challenge thairtill ;  
 Rycht as thow pleisisthy mynd I fall fulfill.  
 Clariodus is past unto the King,  
 Declairing the cace in everie thing,  
 Him praying for the knichtis lyfe also.  
 The King in armis refavit him tho,  
 Saying, Deir freind, quhat ze desyre of me  
 110 I thinke of richt that it fould grantit be ;  
 For saifit is the honour of this land,  
 Rycht be the noble deidis of your hand.

This woundit knicht rycht soflie up thay take,  
 And in his chalmer gart his bed be make ;  
 And gat him leiches his woundis for to fie,  
 The truistiest that was in that cuntrie.

Clariodus is to his chalmer gone,  
 Quhair his body unermit was anone,  
 Ane leich to him beine fetchit hastilie,

120 Quhilk did his woundis ryp attentivelie,  
 Him conforting, and bade him take gud hart,  
 For he belyve wald be helit of everie smart.  
 The King ane furrit mantill hes him fend,  
 And bad alwayes thay fulde him till attend.  
 Albeit in heart noble he was and wicht,

Out of his chalmer go he no might  
 For gaiking of his woundis newe and greine;  
 Bot ane fight of Meliades the scheine  
 Micht more him comfort, I dar take on hand,

130 Nor all the leiches into Lumbard land.  
 Quhen endit was the battell on this ways,  
 All the lordis bounit hame with haill advyse.

Oft visit hes the King Clariodus,  
 And eik the Lumbard knyecht that fore woundit was.

Quhen awcht dayis past war and gone by,  
 Meliades hes called privily

On hir maistres, faying on this maneir,

Ze know how Clariodus full deir

First sould be haldin with my father the King,

140 Syne with his barrounis, abone all uther thing,  
 That for our saikis in hand tuike sic battell,  
 And of his woundis he is not git baill ;  
 Sen the first day that he his chalmer tuike,  
 I geid him not to vifie nor to looke.

- Hir maistres said, It war gour grit honour  
 To visit him quhilk is of knichtheid flour;  
 And now the tyme is maist convenient,  
 The King is furth with all his houshald went,  
 And he rycht long thinkis him alone,  
 150 Of gour cuning he wald be glaid anone.  
 Meliades, richt fresch and weill befeine,  
 With hir hes taine twa ladyis fresch and scheine,  
 With hir awin maistres, digne and verteous,  
 [And] past to visie Sir Clariodus;  
 Whair scho him fand with few in companie,  
 On his bed-lyd sitting bot quyetlie;  
 Ane gowne of claith of gold his farke abone,  
 Furrit with mertrix. His collour changit sone  
 At hir incuming, and he on fute up start,  
 160 Within his breift for joye danst his heart;  
 Quhen that he saw his ladie most bening,  
 For joyfulnes a word nicht not out bring.  
 With humbill, sober and womanlie effeire,  
 Adoun scho sat besyd him in ane chyre.  
 And quhen scho did behald this lustie knicht  
 So fair, so gounge, so valiand and so wicht,  
 Cupid, that lord, with his scharp grindine dairt  
 Full suddanlie hes strukine hir to the heart,  
 So that scho sat bot with changing hew;  
 170 The fyre of heit it kindlit is of new  
 Of luif within hir breift, birning so fore,  
 That scho defyris of this world no more  
 Bot him onlie to have in companie,  
 That under Mars beine flour of chivalrie.  
 This war they wyndit baith in lyk maneir,  
 As nicht be sein be thair face and cheir;



- With luif so fore thair spreitis was bereft,  
 That not to speike ane word was left.  
 Meliades, rycht lustie and bening,  
 180 Said to the squyeris and to the madinis ging,  
 Thay zonder moir in chalmer fould disport,  
 Whill scho few wordis of counfall fould report  
 Of mediceine unto the woundit knicht.  
 On this maneir than spake this goodlie wicht,  
 O ze my tender freind Clariodus,  
 Weill auchtin I of zow to be joyous,  
 That to this regioun brocht hes sic honour ;  
 And specialie, abone all creatour,  
 My father aucht to chereis zow, and love  
 190 Nixt God and fantis into the hevin above ;  
 For quhen his knichtis the battell all refuist,  
 Ze that ar zoung and not in armis ilit  
 On zow it tuik with manlie countenance,  
 And weill mentinet to the uterance.  
 Clariodus said, Madame, so Chryst me save,  
 It is not I that all the thanke fould have  
 Of this battell nor of the victorie,  
 The thanke ane uther seruit mor nor I,  
 That caus was haill of the discomfitour.  
 200 Na, said this fair and lustie creatour,  
 Nane uther was bot ze, the treuth to tell,  
 Quhilk did the schame out of the court expell ;  
 For had not beine zour honour and bewtie,  
 Zon knicht, but faill, had riddin on this contrie,  
 Quhilk had beine to this realme ane lake ;  
 The laud is zouris, I dar that undertake.  
 Hir answereit on this wayis Clariodus,  
 Madam, I mervell not that ze say thus,

- Your noble nurtur and womanheid bening  
 210 Your sufferis not to say no uther thing,  
 Thais wordis came of gritt nobilnes ;  
 Nor was my deidis of praisfe or worthines :  
 Bot for to tell the trewth unfengitlie,  
 Ane uther was the caus alnterlie,  
 That vincuift was the Lumbard knicht in feild.  
 Meliades then reddilie him beheld,  
 Saying, That perfoun I wald know I wife.  
 Madame, he said, gif ge will graunt me this,  
 That ge will me commend unto that wicht,  
 220 And fullie do your biffines and nicht,  
 That my service thay hald exceptabill,  
 And of thair hienes digne and honorabill  
 That thay will not my symplenes conteme,  
 Than fall I gladlie that perfoun to you name.  
 At sehort, scho sayis, thair is no thing at all  
 Efter my nicht bot for you do I fall,  
 Saiving my honour and my womanheid.  
 Madame, he said, Pleis it your gñdlicheid,  
 Ge mane it secreit keip and not discure.  
 230 Thairto I grant, said scho, I you assure.  
 Madame, he said, ge ar Kings dochter deir,  
 Reveill me not, as ge have height me heir ;  
 And gif ge doe your pouer, as ge say,  
 Anents that perfoun, helpe me mair ge may  
 Nor ony that be levand now on lyve.  
 Now, Lady myne, I will me to you scryve,  
 It was your self, if I the truith declaire,  
 That only was the caus of my weillfair ;  
 Ge war my strong protectour, and only  
 240 The caus dreidles of all my victorie :

- Treft weill, Lady, that now I feinge nocht ;  
 For, be the Lord that all the warld hes wrocht,  
 Only your bewtie and your womanheid  
 Put fra my heart all couardice and dreid :  
 I do mein your mercie and your grace,  
 For fen the tyme that I saw first your face,  
 I have your luift ouer all eardlie thing ;  
 Into my mynd full oft asking,  
 That it had stand upon sic ane cace,  
 250 Nane upon lyf was abill to your grace,  
 Bot be hard fighting in sik degree  
 Sum deids of armis ordeinit war on hee  
 That everie man for dreid fould it forsaik,  
 Than wist I weill I fuld it wndertake,  
 The feild, alwith to win worfchipe or die ;  
 For ather had beine worfchipe unto me  
 To wine my lady quhom I luift fo,  
 Or to be donne or to be out of woe.  
 Then weill lang still held hir Meliades,  
 260 Syne unto him scho fayis on this wayis,  
 How may I trow your lawis, faying thus ?  
 Ye have beine lang into the court with ws,  
 And never befor sik thing to me ye movit,  
 Sum tyme I wald perfavit, hade ye me luift.  
 Madam, quhen I begane you for to luif,  
 My mynd I durst not schaw [you] for repruife ;  
 For I to you was no comparifounne,  
 Sa monie prinis nobill of renounne  
 Ye had in proffer, quhom ye list to take,  
 270 And I, unworthie was, I wndertake,  
 Into so heigh ane mater to proceid.  
 And ye, Madame, the rose of lusticheid,

- Now at the leift is bund to keip fecreit ;  
 Quhairfor I traift, My Hartis Lady fweit,  
 Gif ȝow no lift rew on my painis fore,  
 Ȝe will keip fecreit if ȝe will do no more ;  
 And as I dar, for my unworthlines  
 I cry ȝow mercie, flour of gentilnes,  
 As I that fall unto my lyvis end  
 280 Lawlie ȝow ferve and never ȝow offend.  
 Advyfit was this lady quhat to fay,  
 For ſcho was wyfe and honorabill ay ;  
 Ȝit nevertheles luif did hir ſo owercum,  
 That lang ſcho fat all ſpeechles and dumbe ;  
 And at the laſt ſcho ſaid, Clariodus,  
 Gif it be ſo that luif I grant ȝow thus,  
 Ȝe falbe to me trew and diligent,  
 Rycht faithfull, fecreit and obedient,  
 And ower all wemen that ȝe me love and ſerve  
 290 Bot feiȝeing ay till the day ȝe ſterve,  
 And ever about to ſave my honour,  
 And not for luſt perſew me as ane lichour ;  
 Fynd I ȝow ſet to hurt my honeſtie,  
 Dreidles at ȝow I will more greifit be,  
 And have ȝow in moir haitret and reprouſe  
 Nor of befor I had ȝow into luife ;  
 Gif we guid luif and trewth to uther meine,  
 It ſhall the longer leſt ws two betweine,  
 Bot gif we ſchap to crabe our creatour,  
 300 It ſhall no longer proſper nor indure :  
 Thairfor ſic thingis if ȝe liſt to fulfill,  
 Say on to me, and I ſhall ſay thairtill.  
 Madame, quod he, till all that ȝe have ſaid  
 I me conforme, be God that me hes maid,

Ȝow never to diffobey, nor ȝit to grieve  
 For all the dayis that I have heir to leive;  
 Bot ever moir to folow ȝowr intent,  
 Richt as ȝe now give me commandiment.  
 Than tenderlie the fair Meliades

- 310 Kiflit hir knicht into maift gudlie wayis,  
 And freindlie in hir armis him refavit  
 Alle far as fcho nicht gudlie unperfavit.  
 When all agreit, than bunden war thir two  
 With aithis great, ay to love uthar fo  
 That it fould left withouttin departing.  
 Betwixt thir loveris, in ane taikineing,  
 Two litill changeis interchangit they,  
 In remembrance of thair trouth for ay.  
 Of uthars diverfe maters fpak they fyne,  
 320 Whyll bricht Apollo weftwart did declyne;  
 Than raife hir maiftres fra hir companie,  
 And faid that it was fupper tyme neir by.  
 Meliades than tuik hir [leave with wo;]  
 Bot ȝit hir heart nicht not depart him [fro,]  
 With eafie fichis and inward behalding,  
 As for that tyme they maid [thair] depairting.  
 Gritlie rejofit was Clariodus,  
 That with his lady was comfortit thus;  
 He heallit of his woundis day be day,  
 330 Quhill all his painis worne war cleine away;  
 Than paffit he to fee the Lumbard knicht,  
 Him doing comfort oft at all his nicht.  
 Clariodus in court I let dwell fill,  
 And of ane uthar mater fpeik I will.

It is cumin to the King of Spainis eare,  
 The wonderfull beawtie and the frefch effeir

- Of Mandonet, the lustie creatoure,  
 Quhilk dochter was unto the Earle Eftour.  
 He thocht he wald have hir in mariage ;  
 340 And, with advyse of his hail barrownage,  
 Ane fair ambaffat schortlie hes he fend,  
 To bring this mater schortlie unto end.  
 The meffage buire four knichts, mikle to pryfe,  
 Sir Leonet de Beaulieu wicht and wyfe,  
 Sir Leonet de Mortemer, Sir Ame de Beaufort,  
 Sir Arthur de la Roye, with lustie forte,  
 To Eftur cuntrie fought with diligence ;  
 Schawing anone thair letters and credence  
 Unto the Countes wyfe and sapient,  
 350 For than the Earle was not at hame present.  
 Scho thame refavit with great feist and cheir,  
 With companie of ladyis fresch and cleir ;  
 And maid them byd, with mirrines and cherifching,  
 Wpon hir Lord the Earlis hame cuming ;  
 Quhilk at his cuming fairlie can them treit,  
 And [did] bring furth his dochter Mandonet,  
 Quhilk [pryfit was for wit and rare beautie.]  
 Now schort into this mater for to be,  
 Sir Leonet hir weddet with ane ring  
 360 In the name only of his prince and king,  
 And gave to hir ane full rich diamand.  
 This beand donne, Earle Eftour, avenand,  
 Feistit them guddie dayis two or three ;  
 Syne them rewairdit eftir thair degree.  
 Returnit ar thir knichtis hame againe  
 Unto their mightie king and foverane,  
 Whom in the toune of Walburgh thay fand,  
 Bot three days jurnay from Earle Eftours land ;

Rehearfing all [to him] both more and les,  
 370 How them entreitit Earle Estours nobilnes,  
 And how within a monthis fpace but more  
 Sould be his wadding day ; quhairfore  
 He hes gart warne throw all his regioun  
 Baith duikis, earlis and knichtis of renoune,  
 For to be thair againe the juftling day  
 On horfe armit redie for tornay.

Clariodus, ryding at his difport,  
 He met his fatheris meffage, with reporte  
 Of all thir foirfaid thingis to be donne,  
 380 Commanding him that he fould fpeid him founne  
 Hame to his cuntrie. And quhen Clariodus  
 Had hard thaife tithingis thay have ordanit thus,  
 [He] maid the meffinger pas to his In  
 But wordis mo, and hald him clois thairin,  
 Quhill he anon fould fchaw him his intent.  
 Clariodus is to his lady went,  
 Meliades, and tauld hir all the cace,  
 Saying, Madame, for all my dayis fpace  
 Sen that I am becum your fervitour and thrall,  
 390 Ather your leave heir hartlie have I fall,  
 Or in this land at fchort I fall abyde  
 For weill or wo, betyde quhat may betyde ;  
 For you, Madam, I never think to difpleis.  
 Meliades in hart had litill eis  
 When fcho had hard Clariodus intent ;  
 Saying, My Knicht, richt weill I am content  
 That waddit beine your fifter with the King  
 Of Spaingie land, quhilk is ane mightie rigne :  
 Bot loath I war, if otherways might be,  
 400 That ye fould now depairt fo far fra me ;

To reafoun git obey will I ever mo,  
 Suppose my will is ge not went me fro ;  
 Bot fen it reynes to worfchip knichtheid,  
 Consent I will, thairfor great God gow fpeid ;  
 Ge fall firft leave ask at my father the King,  
 Syne fpeike with me at your depairting.

Clariodus unto the King is went,  
 And of this mater tauld him the intent ;  
 Whair of the King was glaid, and said, Truely  
 410 I am content, it is ane fair allay ;  
 The King of Spaine ge is ane michtie King,  
 And eik we fall tham have be that wedding ;  
 Have we tham our freindis that be in that countrie,  
 And this always cums weill, as thinkis me.  
 His Thelawrer he gart be efter sent,  
 And chargit him to give incontinent  
 Two thouſand floringis to Clariodus,  
 To fupport him paſſing hameward thus.  
 He did the King rycht ſpeciallie beſeike,  
 420 That his four fellows pas nicht with him eike ;  
 To quhilke he grantit upon heartlie wyſe ;  
 His leave he tuike ſchortlie to devyſe.  
 Clariodus, rycht as the day up cleiris,  
 Adreſſis him and his four nobill feiris,  
 And hes gart graith thair harnes at all poynt,  
 That in thair armour thair was no diſjoynt.  
 Clariodus unto his lady went,  
 The urtherance to have of hir intent ;  
 Speiring at hir quhat collour he ſould taikie,  
 430 Or in quhat hew he juſt ſould for hir ſaikie,  
 Or weir in tournay quhile his hame cuming.  
 Meliades nicht not ane word out bring



Ane weill long space, for inward paine and wo,  
 That he fould pairt fo suddenie hir fro ;  
 And quhen that scho owercam, than said scho thus,  
 My best belovit knicht Clariodus,  
 Uneis my wofull spreit may fusteine  
 The hevie pains now that in my breift beine  
 For your depairting ; bot, as I said before,  
 440 My will I fall constrainie with this fore,  
 Sene with honour may it not remeid,  
 And [you] to weir I gif the cullour Reid,  
 Your name and honour wald [I] not impair ;  
 Fair weill my knicht, and raught him thair  
 Ane heart of gold with stannis casting licht :  
 This fall ye have in remembrance of richt  
 That ye my heart have and no mo,  
 Quhilk in na maner may be pairtit you fro.  
 This heart he tuike, and thankis to hir gold ;  
 450 And gave to hir ane bracet wrought with gold,  
 About hir arme praying hir it to weir.  
 Scho kissit him with womanlie effeir.  
 They tuike thair leave at utheris pitioullie,  
 With tirie faces, imbracing tenderlie ;  
 And to hir ladyes all gude nicht he said,  
 Bot naine he kist for aith that he had maid  
 To kisse no lady efter his lady bricht  
 Whill that he hade againe of hir ane sight.  
 That night he and his fellows tuke them rest,  
 460 And on the morrow them to the way hes drest.  
 Clariodus in passing to his countrie  
 With his foure fellows, lustie for to sie,  
 Thay hapinit in ane blifull morrow scheine  
 To ryde out throw ane gudlie forrest greine,

- Quhilke callit was the Wode of Eventouris,  
 In quhilk oftymes walkit knichts of King Arthouris  
 Eventouris feikand, as the wfe was than.  
 Clariodus said, that we will everie man  
 Eventuris feike be syndrie wayis ryde.  
 470 Anone thay have depairtit and can devyde.  
 Clariodus, within a litill space,  
 Ane pitious voice he hard crying Aleace !  
 Lamentable, as it ane woman ware.  
 His feid he reingait and raid nar,  
 And as he followit on the cry,  
 He saw foure knichtis enarmit richly,  
 Having [with] them ane lady wo begone ;  
 Ane litill dwerff fast efter them can gone.  
 Quhen scho had of Clariodus ane fight,  
 480 Scho said, Have mercie on me, jentill knicht,  
 Help, for thy manheid and for thy ladyis faike,  
 Me, that am fallie from my husband taikie  
 Be the handis of thir knights fellownlie,  
 Quhilk hes him left woundit cruellie  
 In poynt of death. Than said Clariodus,  
 Fair Lordis, be in heart piteous,  
 And be affchamit fair ladyes to offend ;  
 Weill glaidlier thair caus ge aught defend.  
 Sir Knicht, thay said, Pas quhair your erand lyis,  
 490 Your appetite we will serve in no wayis.  
 Clariodus said, Heir I make God judge,  
 I fall be deid or scho fall have refuge.  
 And he anone, inermitt all in reid,  
 [The quhilk his lady choifit for his weid,]  
 With speir in hand, he spurit fast his feid,  
 And to the formist knicht hes went gud speid,

And to the erd him drave so fast but ho,  
 Whill that his nek on force it birft in two ;  
 And he was hurt a litill throw his geir  
 500 Be his fellow, bot hail that baid his fpeir,  
 Whairwith he ran upon the other thrie,  
 Betwix in quhom begane ane hard mellie :  
 Ane uther to the erd he drave adoun,  
 His lymb to frufchit, and he fell in fwoun ;  
 The lady and the dwerff fell him abone,  
 And wald have cuttit his throte rycht fonne.  
 Clariodus, thocht that he had mikle adoe,  
 Efpyit hes, and thir wordis faid them to,  
 To be fo cruell and to flay ane knicht,  
 510 Madam, it fettis to na lady bricht.  
 The uther twa knichts affemblit on him fast,  
 Hard was the feild and fell, quhile at the laft  
 Clariodus thocht on his ladie bricht,  
 And at the thrid knight fraik with all his micht,  
 Whill that his helme quyte from his heid he ftraike,  
 Mercie he askit then for Chryftis faike,  
 And geildit him his fword incontinent.  
 The fourt knicht than maid na impediment,  
 Bot faid, Sir Knicht, we cum gour priffoneiris,  
 520 And heir I obleifs me and all my feiris  
 At gour command to ftand and at gour will,  
 So that ge lift heir mercie grant ws till.  
 Clariodus was woundit in the fyde,  
 3it never geildis quhile they to mercy cryed,  
 For rewth hes restrainit his nobill heart  
 From crueltie, and fonne he did advert  
 Wnto thir knichtis, and faid, For your trespas,  
 At gone lady ge fall ga mercie als

- And forgivenes ; and fyne ge fall me fweir,  
 530 On fik maneir never woman [to] deir ;  
 Syn to Great Britane pafs ge fall all fweith,  
 And for the King the maner all ge kyth ;  
 Syn to the faireft lady in the land ge fpeir  
 Dwalland in the regioun far or neir,  
 And geild gow to that lady benigne,  
 Schawing to hir but [ony] fengeing,  
 Say that the Reid Knicht hes gow to hir fend,  
 Quhilk hartfullie to hir dois he commend.  
 Thay sweare all be the ordour of knichtheid,  
 540 That in all haift this fould be donne but dreid.  
 The lady thankit oft Clariodus,  
 Saying, Moft nobill knicht and chyvalrus,  
 Wyld is the land, and ludging heir is none ;  
 Bot if ge wald difdaine with me to gone,  
 My duelling place is at the forreftis end,  
 Ge gar thir knichtis alfo with gow wend  
 My husbands frindfchip with them for to make,  
 And I gour woundis dar weill undertake,  
 For I in leichcraft have füm fkeill and kuning.  
 550 Clariodus hes grantit to this thing,  
 And gart thir forfaid knichtis with him ryd ;  
 He gart the dwerff with the flaine knicht abyd,  
 Whill they fent for him efterwart ; and fo  
 Togidder with the lady can thay go,  
 Whill they com to the mikill forreft end ;  
 Then from hors thay did thair difcend,  
 And with the lady they enterit in the place,  
 Quhair thay refavit war with grit folace.  
 The knichtis to ane chalmer than thay geid,  
 560 And laid foft falves to thair woundis reid.

Scho brocht hir Lord unto Clariodus,  
 Gylgeam de la Weille, worthie and famous ;  
 Quhilk thankit him of his great nobilnes,  
 That did his wyfe againe to him redres,  
 Putting his bodie into sic eventure,  
 And fyne had maid the haill difcomfitour ;  
 Whairfor he geild him felf and all his guide,  
 To him quhilk frindlie in his quarrell stude.  
 So, be the knichts war to the supper fet,  
 570 Clariodus fellowis knokit at the get,  
 For thair nane uthar harberie was about,  
 And of thair cuming blyth was all the rowt ;  
 Bot sonne thay speirit of Clariodus,  
 Gif any wift of fik ane knicht antrus,  
 Quhilk from thame twinit in the morrow tyde,  
 Walking alleane out throw the woodis wyde,  
 In reid arrayit, baith in scheild and speir.  
 The Lord anfuerit, Fair knichts have ge no feir ;  
 I dar weill fay and eike thairat abyde,  
 580 War all the knichtis in this warld fo wyde,  
 Boune unto battell under birneis bricht,  
 He nicht amongs thame countit be ane knicht ;  
 Heir he is ludgit in this ilk place.  
 As it befell, he tauld them all the cace.  
 Be everie knicht hade tauld his eventur,  
 What him betydit as he throw forreft fure,  
 Alreadie was the supper to tham dicht.  
 Gillgiam de la Weill spake with voice on height,  
 My Lordis, ge ar all welcum to this place,  
 590 Amongis ws tak in patience Godis grace.  
 Fair Sir, fweitlie said Clariodus,  
 Methinks it best, according war it thus,

Togidder all to foupe, nicht it gow please,  
With gone hurt knicht, nicht it them ease ;  
And this I pray gow doe for the luife of me,  
In hope that we fall all the glaidir be.  
The Lord him thankit lawlie at his nicht,  
Saying, Thais wordis come of ane nobill knicht.  
As he devyfit, so was it donne all fwyth ;  
600 To supper went thir lordis glaid and blyth,  
And everie man was mirrie and joyous,  
For gud accordance maid Clariodus  
Amongis the knichtis with all his diligence,  
And everilke feide forgiven is and offence.  
The Lady tuike upon hir great travell,  
Whyll that scho maid him of his woundis hail ;  
Then courteslie he tuike his leave and wend,  
To lord and lady oft doing him commend,  
To tham and to the woundit knightis thre ;  
610 Syn toward Esture land the way tuike he.  
When that the knichtis thrie war baill and found,  
And haillit syne of everie grevous wound,  
Thay tuike thair leave at lord and lady eike,  
Them thankit syne with myndis myld and meike ;  
And passit syne in Ingland to the King,  
Declairing him the cace in everie thing,  
How it befell as ge have hard beforne ;  
And how they all obliit war and sworne,  
To geild thair bodies to the fairest wight,  
620 That was in Ingland into manis fight ;  
And be the way how all men did thame wile,  
Wnto the guidlie fair Meliades.  
The King said, Freindis have ge no knowleging  
Of him that sent gow with sic tyding.

The knightis faid, No more of him we know,  
 Bot the Reid Knight he namit was our aw.  
 The King did fend to chalmer for the Queine,  
 As also for Meliades the scheine,  
 And gart the knichts rehearse thair taill all new.

630 Meliades a litill changit hew.

The knichtis faid, Full weill it may be kend,  
 Jon is the Lady quhome to we ar fend.  
 Anone upon thair kneis in humbill wyfe,  
 Thay fat all thre befor Meliades,  
 And faid, Madam, heir we ar all, only  
 Be the Reid Knicht sent, flour of chevalrie,  
 To your bewtie our bodies for to geild,  
 As we that vincuist beine with him in feild ;  
 Ge doe with ws Lady as lykis you best,

640 Jouris we ar, demaine us as ge list.

Sumthing abaisit was this guidlie wicht,  
 Sirs, scho sayis, I thanke that gentill knicht,  
 And ge also are welcum for his saike,  
 Your priffon salbe soft I wnder taike ;  
 Go and disport with my father the King,  
 And dwell alse long as beine to your lyking ;  
 Syne as ge came alse frelie fall ge wend,  
 For love of him that hes you hither fend.

The king refavit tham on fair maneir,  
 And faid to them, My tender frindis deir,

650 Heir ar ge welcum with me to remain,  
 Quhen that ge list ge may return again ;  
 We will not hald you heir as priffoneiris,  
 Bot chereis you as to your stait effeiris.  
 He gart rewaird tham wonder royallie.  
 Meliades them treitit gentillie,

- And gave them giftis ; and thay anone  
 On lawlie wayis hes taine thair leave to gone,  
 And to thair cuntrie passit, quhair that thay  
 660 Full vertuoufflie leivit thair for ay.  
 Clariodus hes sped him day and nicht,  
 Whill of his fatheris castell he gat a fyght.  
 Of his cuming his frindis was full blyth ;  
 Thay drest them to the mariage belyth,  
 For on the morne thair tryft was for to ryde,  
 The king of Spaine did on thair cuming byde.  
 On morrow as the day it waxit licht,  
 The court was on horse aheadie dicht ;  
 Fair Mandonet was lustilie beseine,  
 670 In clothing as effeirit to ane queine,  
 With croune of gold abune hir hairis bricht  
 Of leming stainis casting pleasant licht ;  
 The Earle wes cloathit in full rich array,  
 With him his Lady fresch as is the May :  
 Bot all exceidit them Clariodus,  
 In cloath of gold and stainis pretious.  
 With nobill court, this royall rout furth raid,  
 Whill thay com quhair this mightie King abaid.  
 The nobill King gart two Duikes refave  
 680 The young Lady, and hir to chappell have,  
 Quhair scho was maryit with great solemnitie,  
 And feastit with triumph and royaltie ;  
 Syn all the day did sing, dance and disport,  
 The circumstance war long for to report.  
 The king of Spaine he had ane sifter fair,  
 Quhilk Donas height of collouris rycht preclaire ;  
 This lady oft behald Clariodus  
 With frindlie cheir, and luikis amorus,



- Of manlie having and knichtlie governance  
 690 Heiring the courte greatlie him advance,  
 Quhilk it fa far into hir hart can finke,  
 Whyll at the laft of luif fcho tuike a drinke ;  
 So birning was hir heart with inwart fyre,  
 For thrift of love, heat birning defyre,  
 That fcho wes vexit with the feveris quyte,  
 Quhairof as now me list not to indyte.  
 The day passit, the nicht sonne efter went,  
 On morne the King gart cry ane tornament ;  
 Ane hundreth knichts of Spangie war ordand,  
 700 Aganis ane hundreth knichts of Estour land ;  
 On Spaingie fyd was Leonet the knight,  
 And Oliphre de Beaulieu bauld and wight,  
 Sir Leyon Dormal, Sir Ame de Beaufort,  
 Thair namis all it neids not to reporte :  
 On Esturis half was Sir Clariodus,  
 Sir Palexis baith wicht and chivalrus,  
 Sir Amador de Brußland rycht duchtie,  
 Sir Gilgam de la Forrest rycht worthie,  
 Sir Richard Maianis of Scottis natioun,  
 710 With mony uther knichts of great renoun.  
 Quhen they difjunit had was no delay,  
 In knichtlie weidis thay doe thame felfs aray,  
 And baith the fydis assemblit in the feild,  
 With speir in hand, and coverit ower with scheild ;  
 Aganis the face of Phebus casting licht,  
 In windois lay the lustie ladyis bricht,  
 Duchefis, countefis and madanis to have fight,  
 And eagit lordis that was mikle of might ;  
 The King of Spaine, and the Earle Esture,  
 720 And thame felfs ilk ane on ane courfour.

With trumpit found the tornament begane,  
 Out throw the feild the knichtis feircely ran ;  
 The rafchis of fpeiris did as the thunder rare,  
 Lyke as the darding rumbling in the aire,  
 The horfe feit diinit with noyis full loud,  
 Then all abune thame raife into ane cloud  
 For fand and duft that thair up raife on loft,  
 Of armit men the meiting was unloft ;  
 The fpeiris brake, the horfe togidder drave,  
 730 The fcheildis frufchit and helmes all to clave ;  
 The foirfaids knichts togidder did redound,  
 Quhilk magrie thame thay fink unto the ground.  
 To manis eare full terribill was the raird  
 Of horfe and harneis rufching to the eard,  
 The bairdit fteidis plunging on the greine,  
 The awfull ftraiks of knichtis in thair teine,  
 The clariounis found, the heraldis voice and cry,  
 The cairfull echo galmering to the fky,  
 Thefoming fteidis with fweit alfe quhyt as fnaw,  
 740 With bludie fydis alfe foft as foull in fchaw ;  
 Gois throw the preife, quhile that braith them ferve  
 Thair is no mairbut do or fchame deferue.  
 Clariodus with this git held him fill,  
 Whill Eftures folkis abak mauger thair will  
 Constrainit war ; and than he belyve  
 With all his force amongs [them] he could dryve ;  
 All gois to grund befor his mightie fpeir,  
 With birning mynd furth braiding as ane beir,  
 As furious lyoun raiging ferce and fell,  
 750 So fairis he of knichtheid floure and well ;  
 He drave doune hors and knichts upon the greine,  
 Was nane of Spaingie his ftraik that micht fustine,

They went abake richt fast befor his face,  
 Whair ever he come they lift him rune a speace ;  
 Throw quhom his fellowis curage tuike anone,  
 And ay of Spaingie schope abake to gone.

So come thair wnwarlie on Clariodus  
 Ane Count of Spaingie, bauld and chevalrus,  
 Quhilk straike the bucles of his scheild in funder

760 Richt frelie, and raif the hauberk wnder.  
 His foure fellowis him drellit in his scheild,  
 And syne the Earle he fought out throw the feild,  
 And strak him to the erd, baith horse and man ;  
 Syne throw the feild efter his horse he ran,  
 And reinzeit him, and to the Earle him brocht,  
 Saying to him, My Lord, I know gow nocht.  
 Then leuch the Earle and said, Forfuith, Sir Knicht,

Ze have me laid to sleip or it be nicht.  
 Gude Sir, he said, or I to lugin went

770 Ze me wnarmit, contraire my intent.  
 Among thamfelfis [thus] they can disporte ;  
 The tornament war long for to report,  
 Or all thair nobill deidis for to declair,  
 Induiring quhile the sune waftwart did repaire  
 [And] in his nocturne mantill did cheroude,  
 The trumpits blew to the retreit full loud,  
 And with their voice the heraldis cryit Ho ;  
 And everie knicht did to his lugin go,  
 And thame wnarmit in chalmeris haistilie,

780 Araying thame againe full richlie  
 In uther clothings, as did thame effeir ;  
 Syne to the palice went to thair suppeir.  
 Foure aigit knichts the King gart efter send,  
 And foure heraldis that best armis kend,

- And bade that on thair trewth it fould be schawd,  
 Of tornament quha wan [maist] praise and laud.  
 Thay anfwair maid, and said, with voice on height,  
 Thay have weill previt everie nobill knicht  
 As men of deidis wondour chevalrus ;  
 790 Bot all the praise we gif Clariodus.  
 Rycht have ge jugit, sayis the nobill King,  
 He hes the fairest knichtis begining  
 That ever I saw, and maist chyvalrus curage,  
 Hie God preserve him quhill he be in age.  
 The heralds and the knights he gart pas  
 Unto his sifter, the lustie fair Donas ;  
 And bad that scho sum taikin fair fould fend,  
 As he that hade the laude and the commend  
 And [the] heigh praise of the tornament.  
 800 And so thay did, and to the Lady went.  
 Scho him hes fend, wrought full curiouflie,  
 Ane plesant wompill, with stonis set mightelie,  
 Circulit and set with subtile work of gold,  
 That it ane guidlie sight was to behold.  
 Thir Lordis, at commandement of the King,  
 Ar passit to Clariodus the ging,  
 Saying, The King hes understanding richt,  
 That gouris beine the praise of everie knicht,  
 That hes this day beine in the tornament ;  
 810 Wherefore the Kingis sifter reverent,  
 With uther ladyes, hes sent gow ane plesance,  
 Off thair bewtie to have remembrance.  
 Clariodus than changit hew alyte,  
 And said, I thank my ladyes fair and quhyte ;  
 Bot worthier knychtis thair wer the praise to have,  
 And eik moir dingne this plesance to rellave.

Throw the requeift of lordis that wer thair,  
 Reflavit he hes the wompill ferlie fair ;  
 And right anone about his arme it band,  
 s20 Thanking the King, right lowlie inclynand :  
 He gart reward the heraldis richlie,  
 With hie voicis they all did Larges cry.  
 When fuppit hade the frefche Clariodus,  
 The four auld knichtis, worthy and famous,  
 With him to chalmer he tuik in companie,  
 And gawe to thame four clothingis of gold mightie.  
 And to the Kingis chalmer went ifeir,  
 Baith erle, lord, knyght and bacheleir,  
 Difporting thame with ladyes of plefance,  
 s30 And with 3oung virginis meik of countenance.  
 The Kingis fifter fat with Clariodus,  
 With humbill cheir, to whome fcho fpeikis thus ;  
 Clariodus, It dois 3ow weill perteine,  
 To marie with fome guidlie ladie fcheine ;  
 For whill 3e are in this eftait, perfay  
 Sir, 3e be feikand aventuris ay.  
 I am (quoth he) of littill availl or might,  
 To have in mariage ony guidlie wight.  
 Clariodus, fcho faid, full fuith they tell  
 s40 That faves ane man that praisis not him fell  
 The moir he beine to praisie with uther men ;  
 Sir, be experience this of 3ow I ken :  
 Thus fpeikand they of materis to and fro,  
 Qubill it wes tyme to beddis for to go.

Indurit long this feift with joy and play,  
 Whill at the laft Earle Efture on a day,  
 With all his court of lordis and ladyis fair,  
 Thair leave hes taine, hameward to repaire :

Fair Mandonet remenit with the King.

- 850 [One geir did scarce compleit its revolving]  
 Whill scho buir him ane fonne height Clariodus  
 Efter his eime the gud Clariodus.  
 Thay luist ather uther tenderlie,  
 Whom of moir not speike will I.

Erle Efture at his Lady leave hes taine,  
 And toward Ingland passit is againe.  
 The way furth ryding with his companie,  
 He met ane Squyer musing hevilie.

- The Earle demandit quhy he forie was.  
 860 My Lord, he said, this is the verie caus ;  
 In the land of Galice, my native contrie,  
 Thair enterit is, that hidious is to fie,  
 Ane lyoun strong and hidious to behauld ;  
 Thair is no living creature sa bald,  
 That dar his will impunge or git resist ;  
 He hes all [haill] devorit as he list,  
 And wastit all the cuntrie up and doune ;  
 Is nane so hardie dar make objectioun ;  
 And I am seikand, that evill beine to get,  
 870 Ane knight that dar his face againis him set  
 And him distroy and vincuis with his brand,  
 The quhilk, I traist, no man dare take on hand.  
 Than said the Earle swiftlie, I am woe  
 That sic ane nobill prince is vexit so.  
 The Squyer tuike his leave, and hyne is went.  
 Clariodus unto his taill tuik gud tent,  
 And at his Father fonne he askit leave  
 The strong lyoun in batell him to greive.  
 His father is displeasit, and infchew  
 880 Dangeris thairin quhilk he nicht noch elchew.

- The uthar with sic instance him befought,  
 That he him levit with ane dreidfull thocht.  
 Clariodus was glaid in his intent,  
 And with his fatheris blissing furth is went,  
 Taking his leave at all the companie.  
 He callit on Palexis secreitlie,  
 And said, Deir Coufing, in Ingland quhen ge wend,  
 In humbill wayis ge fall doe me commend  
 Unto my Lady, fair Meliades ;  
 890 Unto hir syne present, in secreit wayis,  
 This courche of plesance, faying to hir plaine,  
 Scho wan it at the tornament in Spaine.  
 Depairtit they than from uthar anone ;  
 The Earle of Efture is to Ingland gone,  
 Whair he was weill reffavit with the King  
 And all the court ; bot quhen they hard telling  
 The perrellous paffage of Clariodus,  
 Then they war wofull, fad and dolorus.  
 When Palexis faw tyme convenient,  
 900 Unto the fair Meliades he went,  
 Saying, Madame, Clariodus the knicht  
 Oft him commendis unto your beawtie bricht,  
 And hes now fent this courtch of hie plesance,  
 Of his service to be in remembrance ;  
 And bad me [plane] thir wordis to now faine,  
 Ge wan it at the tornament in Spaine.  
 He tauld the laif furth into lang fermoune,  
 How he was gaine to fight with the lyoun.  
 And quhen his lady understude and knew  
 910 The dreidfull paffage that he did perfew,  
 Scho fell on groufe upon hir bed adoun  
 With visage wan, and in a deidlie fwoune.

And quhen that scho owercam, scho gave a cry,  
 Saying, O [wofull] Death I thé defy,  
 What may thy cruell dairt doe me moir paine  
 Nor have him with a cruell lyoun flaine,  
 Whom I luif better nor I do my lyfe!  
 Wha fall thé help, Clariodus, in ftryfe,  
 Or thé defend againis that felloun beaft?

920 Is this of luif the joy, is this the feaft  
 That I fall have for trewth and meinit no mife?  
 Ah! fall I now forgoe my warld blife,  
 That fo we fould depairt, aleace, my knight!  
 The trewthfullest in love, and gentillest wight,  
 Thou was ane that in warld ever I knew;  
 The companie of man for ever adew,  
 Efter the fight of thé, Clariodus,  
 That was fo gentill and fo gratiuous.  
 Palexis was abaist grittumlíe,

930 And mikill rewth had of this fair lady;  
 He comfortit hir at all his power and micht,  
 Saying, Madam, doe not your felf undicht,  
 For, verelie I live in eſperance  
 Of his returne with joy and eſperance;  
 And gif men fee you taking ſic pennance,  
 Thay will ilke deime that is not trew perchance.  
 Thus comfortit he this Lady in ſum wayis,  
 By ſweetteſt wordis that he could devyſe.

Clariodus and his fellow all ſweith  
 940 In land of Galice enterit is belyth,  
 And tuike thair ludging in ane fair village  
 Neir quhair this beift did the maiſt outrage;  
 And as Phebus declynit in the weſt,  
 Thay ſoupit them, and bounit ſyn to reſt.



The heavinis torch upryfing reid as fire,  
 The birdis fang with courage and defyre,  
 Up raife the mirrie lark with ftevin joyous,  
 Up raife anone the fresch Clariodus,  
 And him full gudlie drefsit in his weid ;  
 950 He hard ane mels, and glaidlie could him fpeid  
 Whill he com neir quhair this beaft repairit ;  
 Then to his feir his mynd [he] thus declairit,  
 My frind, feine battell is bot aventure,  
 And feine that none may be of fortoune fure,  
 Gif heir I fterve be feat or deftinie,  
 To frindis me commend for cheritie.  
 Difcendit is this Knicht, and left his fteid  
 With his fquyer, quha oft bad God him fpeid.  
 He maid ane crofe upon him devotlie,  
 960 Towardis this beift then paffit hardilie,  
 Whilk was the ftrongeft lyoun and maift horibill  
 That ever to manis fight was vifible ;  
 His awfull cluikis was lang and fquare,  
 Rycht fyd and felterit hang his lyart haire ;  
 Scharp was his wapounis, and terribill to behald,  
 His terribilnes cannot weil be tauld ;  
 Reid was his eine, birnand as ane fyre,  
 He raxit him, and, ramping in his ire,  
 Quhen Clariodus did neir him aproch  
 970 He rumbifchit whill rared everie roch,  
 And lape upone him in ane rage, all woode,  
 For he that day had gottine no bluide.  
 Clariodus him kepit on his fpeir,  
 The quhilke to him nicht do bot litill deire.  
 The Knicht, that of his lyfe was in great doubt,  
 Full michtilie ftrak at the lyoun stout ;

- Bot this strong lyoun fraike at Clariodus  
 So feircelie, and so woundour furious,  
 That he uneis nicht defend him still ;  
 980 For with his cluikis, persing wonder fell,  
 He rest from him dispitioullie his scheild,  
 And skatterit mailges wyd into the feild,  
 And fair him woundit with his tuskis keine  
 Whill that his bluid ran streimand in the greine.  
 The peple fluide on hillis and on height,  
 Beholding on the lyoun and the knight ;  
 Sore war thair heartis quhan thay saw him bleid,  
 Oft praying God him to suckour in neid.  
 Hard was the batell, asper, woode and fell,  
 990 So long induring that wonder was to tell.  
 Thus fought they still whill it was neir the nicht ;  
 Clariodus, him sailgeing was the licht,  
 And that his speir nicht him no thing avail,  
 He drew his sword, and sharplie did affaill  
 This dreidfull beist. And quhen the lyoun saw  
 Him with his schort sword, he fluid the weill les aw,  
 And lape at him lyke as he wald him ryfe.  
 Clariodus than fraike at him belyve  
 Under the lymbe and upward in the thie,  
 1000 Whair with his sword ane awfull wound maid he.  
 Quhen that this beist saw furth streiming his bluid,  
 He felt him hurt, and ran as he war wod,  
 And to the forrest swiftlie could he found,  
 The sword with him still stikand in his wound.  
 Then wonder wofull was Clariodus,  
 Quhen with his sword [he] was depairtit thus ;  
 And as he fluid and fadlie him bethocht,  
 Whither [that] he fould follow him or nocht,

- So come ane Knicht richt lustie to behold,  
 1010 And him in armis tenderlie did fold ;  
 And Sir, he said, [ay] blifit be that day  
 That ge war borne, fa may I [ever] fay ;  
 Ge have delyverit me for ever more  
 Of wofull torment, and evill woundis fore.  
 Clariodus, quhen this ferlie can see,  
 He was abaifit, and said, Quhat may this be ?  
 The Knicht fayis, I fall gow tell or I gone ;  
 Bot first your woundis I will flanch anone.  
 Alfweith wnarmit was Clariodus ;  
 1020 And he with diverse herbis vertewus  
 Stemit his woundis, and flintit the bleiding ;  
 Syne said he thus, Sir knicht, but failgeing,  
 My father was of Portingall ane knicht,  
 And eke my mother was ane lady bricht :  
 To Wairdis then was givin grite credence,  
 Thairfor my mother gart with diligence  
 The Waird Sisteris wait quhen I was borne,  
 To heir quhat waird thay fould lay me beforne ;  
 Agreit thay war, and in melancholie  
 1030 Thay wairdit me, gif ane knave chyld war I,  
 That efter I was fevin geiris old  
 To be transformit in ane lyoun bold,  
 And so to be ay quhile the nobillest knicht  
 Into this warld under the funis licht  
 Sould draw my blood in battell or in flour :  
 I have, alleace, done evill abone measoure,  
 Bot now my fault most wickit and proterve  
 All finisbit is ; quhairfor whill that I sterve,  
 I falbe youris, evin so Chryst me save.  
 1040 The fairest castell in Portugall I have,

And greateft lordſchip eik in that cuntrie,  
 As it is myne, I geive it zow alfe frie ;  
 Sir Porrus, in Portingal thay me call.  
 I geive zow heir ane ring of gold royall ;  
 I wald convoy zow throw the land glaidlie,  
 Bot I will not cum upon horſe quhile I,  
 For my trefpas, go pairt of pilgramage.  
 Ather from uther paſſit his voyage.

The Squyer that was with Clariodus  
 1050 Said unto him, My lord, it ſtandis thus ;  
 I wald anone be knichtit of zour hand,  
 I am ane nobill, ze ſhall underſtand,  
 And Guy de la Riviere thay me call,  
 Lord of that ilk my father is at all.  
 Clariodus allweith then maid him knicht ;  
 Syn on thair horſis muntit baith on height,  
 And to the ſeitie went, quhair baith them met  
 Full monie ane man of micht thair at the zet,  
 Halfand him with triumph, laud and glorie,  
 1060 Quhilk great joy he fand of his victorie,  
 Unto his Innis dois him convoy ;  
 Quhair that his hoſt refavit him with joy,  
 And had him unto ane chalmier him to reſt,  
 [And] of his arming doing him deveſt,  
 As he that werie was with hard fighting,  
 With grivous woundis that war fore zaiking.  
 For his hurting his hoſt was fore adreid,  
 He cauſit him to ſup and go to bed.  
 On morrow the new maid knight, Sir Gwy, gart wryte  
 1070 Letters at lenth, in quhilk he gart indyte  
 The maner of the battell, all at right,  
 Betwixt the awfull lyoun and the knicht,

And to the King of Galice hes thame fend.  
 And quhen this thing was to his Hienes kend,  
 Grit glaid he was, and all his court also ;  
 He gart four knightis furth them dres, and go  
 Clariodus to bring to his presence.

The knightis passit with great diligence  
 Unto the feitie, quhair they met Sir Guy

1080 The new maid knight, and thay full worthilie  
 At him speirit quhair was Clariodus.

And he againe to them did answeir thus,  
 He is in his bed, he is ȝit werilie,  
 Dreidlie thairof ȝe awcht have none ferlie;  
 For had ȝe seie him in the flour as I,  
 Ȝe wald have littell wonderit thocht he ly :  
 Bot I fall see if he awakis ȝit,

And fyn anone ȝow answeir bring of it.  
 He went belyve and tauld to him the cace,

1090 How that four knightis cumin for him was,  
 Unto the Galice King him for to bring.  
 Fra tyme that he had knowledge of this thing  
 Anon he him dressit in his weid.

Sir Guy full glaidlie for the knightis geid,  
 And tham allwyth brings into his presence.  
 Thay hellsit him all four with reverence,  
 And schew to him, as ȝe have hard report,  
 How that the nobill King did him exort  
 To cum to him withoutin tarying.

1100 He thaim refavit with great cherifching,  
 Saying, I fall obey the King his will,  
 And wonder glaidlie his bidding fall fulfill.  
 Syn at his host he tuike his leave to wend,  
 And fudanlie did on his horse assend,

- And raid furth to the Kingis palace richt,  
 And from his horſe anone can licht.  
 The knichtis him convoyit to the King.  
 The King wpraiſe and come to his meiting.  
 Clariodus upon his kneis ſat doune,  
 1110 And courteſſie did helpe his Hie Renoune.  
 The King in armis hes him taine aloft,  
 He thankit him baith heartfullie and oft  
 For ſlauchter of the lyoun wode and fell ;  
 Saying to him, Welcum of knichtheid well,  
 That hes reſcourſit my realme with hard fighting,  
 And maid hes of my pepill ranſoming ;  
 Therefor the third pairt of my realme heir I  
 To ȝow and ȝouris do give perpetually.  
 Clariodus inclynit to the King,  
 1120 Thanking his Heenes into mikill thing ;  
 Thus ſaying, Sir, ȝe do me honor more  
 Nor I deſervit ever or could ; quhairfore,  
 To doe ȝow plefance God gif me grace,  
 In this cuntrie or in ſum uther place.  
 The King went to his denner into hall,  
 And on the forſaid foure knichtis gart call,  
 And to ane chalmer Clariodus gart leid,  
 For ȝit his woundis war both greine and reid ;  
 He gart for leiches all the cuntrie ſearch,  
 1130 And brocht the beſt [that] men did of reherſe,  
 Quhilk ſchortlie hes taine him into their cuire ;  
 He haillit him of his woundis haill and ſure.  
 And quhen the King was ſet to his denneir,  
 Sir Gwy all haill declairit the manneir  
 Betwix the lyoun and Clariodus  
 Of the ſtrong batell wod and furious.

The King rycht greatlie wonderit at his taill,  
 Sa did the lords all at the tabill haill.

I leave the King thus fitting at his tabill.

1140 Clariodus with knichtis honorable  
 Was fervit in his chalmer with alkin thing  
 That unto his estait was pertining.  
 So come to him ane great chirurgiane,  
 Be the Kings ordinance his hurts for to fane.  
 This man in fapience was ane maister great ;  
 It neidis not all things for to repeat,  
 Bot finallie his woundis beine all feine,  
 The herbe he fand that was laid on tham greine,  
 Quhairof he espyit sonne the vertew,

1150 Sayand, the herbis kynd he weill knew ;  
 He laid it on the wounds againe, but fabill,  
 And said, it hes beine to ȝow profiteable ;  
 I pray ȝow be of comfort gud and blyth,  
 With Godis grace ȝe fall recover sweith,  
 That ȝe may ryde, and on horse armis beir,  
 And for ȝour lady breke alfe great a fpeir  
 As ȝe have donne in tornament befor ;  
 Have nobill curage and be glaid thairfor :  
 Thair still into his bede he gart him ly,  
 1160 And dynit thair with knichtis standing by :  
 When he his woundis had anoyntit all  
 With pretious falves and balmes maist royall,  
 Into his Innis into the toune he went.  
 Richt glaid [then] was the King in his intent,  
 [That] he remainit in his companie,  
 Clariodus, [the] flour of chevalrie.  
 Quhen he had dynit, fra the buird he raisè,  
 And glaidlie to Clariodus he gais,

- Comfortit him with wordis tenderlie ;  
 1170 And he againe him thankit courteslie.  
 The King gart fend to chalmer for the Queine,  
 And for hir dochter, and uther ladyis scheine ;  
 And thay ar cuming at his ordainance,  
 Whome for to fe it was ane great plesance.  
 Clariodus hes maid great reverence  
 Unto the Queine, fo great of excellence,  
 And wald have ryffline, bot the King wald nocht,  
 So deir he had his bed with bargain bocht :  
 Scho cherifit him, and did him great plesance,  
 1180 His deidis doing greattumlie advance,  
 And doune scho fat upon his bed fyde,  
 And with him speiking thair did long abyde.  
 Then said the King unto Clariodus,  
 If it nicht make zow mirrie and joyous,  
 My dochter fall rycht glaidlie to zow sing :  
 Quhairon he said, I pray zow ower all thing  
 To sing ane song : the King did hir command ;  
 And scho begane anon without demand,  
 And with ane voice that plesant was to heir ;  
 1190 Of quhois song Clariodus had gud cheir,  
 So weill scho song it easit him of his noy.  
 Clariodus said to the King, Ma foy,  
 Zit hard I never sic finging to this day,  
 Into na cuntrie, of sa zoung ane may ;  
 For scho was zit bot seven zeiris of age,  
 Thocht nature had put hir in sic curage.  
 Lang tyme remainit thay with Clariodus,  
 To hold him out of thochtis langorus.  
 On this ways daylie, schortlie to indyte,  
 1200 Him visit King, Queine, and ladyis quhyte ;



And fill with him remainit leichis gud,  
 Whyll he was haill of woundis. To conclude,  
 Now leave will I Clariodus heir fill,  
 And of ane uther mater speike I will.

The four trew fellows of Schir Clariodus  
 In heartis war all fad and dollorus  
 For langour [that] thay could get na tyding  
 Of him thay luifit atoure all eardlie thing.  
 Palexis and his brother Amadoure,

- 1210 Baith day and nicht oppressit with langour,  
 Unto thair uther two brether hes thame drest,  
 Richard de Maiance, Gilgeam de la Forrest,  
 Saying to them, We are accordit thus,  
 We go to pas and feike Clariodus,  
 And ge two here to remaine with the King,  
 Ay of the court to fend us sum tydeing.  
 On this ways beine agreit finallie,  
 Thir two ar pallit to the King in hy,  
 And askit leave to pas the said voyage.
- 1220 Thay war grantit with ane blythe visage.  
 Thay tuike thair leave anone at King and Queine,  
 And at Meliades the lustie lady scheine,  
 Quha callit on Palexis secreitlie,  
 Saying, Commend me oft and hertfullie  
 Unto Clariodus, gif ge him find,  
 And say, like langour deidlie dois me bind,  
 That gif I hear no tydingis haifillie,  
 Than daith fall me devoure but remedie ;  
 And in taikin ge fall bide him take
- 1230 This heart of gold, quhilk is of culloure blake ;  
 Bide him it cullour alse quhyt with plesance,  
 As it is blake with forrow and pennance.

- Thay tuike thair leave and to thair horfe they went,  
 And speid them fast with travell diligent  
 Whill thay had passit the boundis of Ingland,  
 And then strange cuntries and wyde thay fand,  
 And ever efter Clariodus thay speir,  
 Bot na wit gat thay of him far nor neir ;  
 Then war thay wounder wobegone and fad,  
 1240 Deiming sum mischance him happinnit had.  
 When thay had fought him in mony far cuntrie,  
 Thay happinit in ane wode with tries hie,  
 Quhilk for to pas was strange and perrilus,  
 Whair whyllume walkit feir knichtis antrus.  
 Thay two enterit in at the forrest fyde,  
 Whair sonne thay harde ane litill thame besyd  
 Ane petious cry lamentabill to heir ;  
 Then can Palexis at his fellow speir,  
 Heir ge gone voice that beine rycht lamentable ?  
 1250 Quhat ever it be, to ws it war meritabill  
 To succour at our mycht gone creature.  
 Then spurrit they with diligence and cure ;  
 Then at the last thre knichtis they can fie,  
 The quhilks, with hartis full of crueltie,  
 Ane naikit man hade bunde rycht fellounlie,  
 Wha ceislit never mercie for to cry.  
 Palexis said, Fair Sirs, be your leave,  
 That man ge do murther and mischeve ;  
 It is agains the ordour of knichtheid  
 1260 To do sa cruell and sa foule a deid.  
 Thay said anone, The thing that we doe heir  
 Ge can it not remeid on na maneir.  
 Quoth Amadour, Ge fall him leave with us,  
 Or him defend with deidis chevalrus.

- Thir knichtis thre withouttin wordis mo  
 Rycht cruellie fet on the brether two.  
 Palexis hes the formist knicht borne doune,  
 For he was wicht and mekill of renoune,  
 And with the fall his kne baine brake in two.
- 1270 Then the foure knichtis can togider go,  
 And two for two thay fought full fellounlie,  
 And fraike at uthar wonder cruellie :  
 Bot lang the battell might not thus induire,  
 For Sir Palexis and worthie Amadure  
 War hardie knights, and wounder strong in feild  
 As ony micht be helmed wnder scheild ;  
 Thir knichtis two behuifit for to die  
 Incontinent, or for to goldin be ;  
 And quhen they vincust beine aluterlie,
- 1280 Thay askit mercie wonder petioullie.  
 Palexis said, Than or we grant ȝow grace,  
 Ȝe mon all thre make aith into this place,  
 That our command ȝe trewlie fall fulfill  
 [In] what so ever we ordane ȝow till.  
 Thay grantit this, and swore as thay than said ;  
 And than anon thir [twa] brether them bade  
 In Ingland pas to Philipon the King,  
 And unto him ȝeild but tarying ;  
 And say that Amadur and Palexis
- 1290 Ȝow sent unto his excellent nobilnes,  
 Declairing him without diffimulance  
 Of this mater all hail the circumstance.  
 Thay grantit to this ordinance all thrie.  
 The bundine knicht then gart thay loufit be,  
 And gart them also ask him forgiveness,  
 For he was knicht of full great worthienes :

- And bad ilk knicht thay fould thair namis schaw ;  
 Ane of them said, If it lykis ȝow for to knaw,  
 Sir Gault de le Spyne I am but circumstance,  
 1300 My fellow eike height Ame de Plesans,  
 Cardrois de la Reffe they call ȝon woundit knicht ;  
 In Provence cuntrie beine my dwelling rycht,  
 My fellow is of Flanders natioun,  
 The hurt knicht is of Pollis regioun ;  
 Ilk ane of ws come honour to conqueir,  
 And preffoners all caught as ȝe fall heir :  
 Within ane myle fra hyne, in ane castell,  
 Dwellis ane knicht wonderfullie cruell,  
 Quhilke is The felloun callit but petie ;  
 1310 Ane wyfe he had of wounderfull beawtie ;  
 So com ane knicht by rydand upon cace,  
 And reveist hes the Lady fair of face ;  
 Synfyne all knichtis cumand throw his land  
 He dois them vinqwisse with his [michty] band,  
 And garris them fweir to do ficyke as he  
 To uther knichts cuming in his cuntrie,  
 His lady traifing for to have againe ;  
 We thre hapinnit with him to be taine,  
 Qubairfor this knicht we tuike in this maneir  
 1320 To save our aithes, traist weill this is no weir ;  
 Men callis him The felloun but petie,  
 For sen his Ledie revifcht was, never he  
 Did grace nor petie to no creatoure ;  
 And he is wicht and hardie over meafour ;  
 He laikis no thing langing to knichtheid,  
 Saif he is only crwell of his deid.  
 Ather from uther can depairt anone ;  
 Syn thir thrie knichtis ar to England gone.

- When they war weill recoverit of thair fore,  
 1330 To Philipone the King they went but more ;  
 [And], as they height, they did them to him geild,  
 Schawing how they owercumin war in feild  
 Be Palexis and Amadour in feir :  
 So furth to him declairing the maneir,  
 The King hes them receivit tenderlie,  
 Saying thir wordis to thame fstanding by,  
 More am I holding to Sir Clariodus  
 And to his coufings bauld and chevalrus  
 In conqueis of my honour and renoune  
 1310 Nor all the knichtis of my regioun.  
 He thame feistit and treitit nobillie,  
 And thame rewairdit wounder michtilie.  
 Thay tuike thair leave, and passit to thair land,  
 Quhen so they hade compleitit thair command.  
 Palexis now and Amadur also  
 War scant two mylis the Kingis castell fro  
 Of Galice, qubair Clariodus beine git,  
 For so the cuntrie maid thame for to wite.  
 Thay ludgit in ane toune that heich was wallit,  
 1350 And Joyous to name it was callit.  
 Thair host them tauld how that Clariodus  
 Was interteinit in that cuntrie famous,  
 And how he vinquift had the lyoun strong,  
 With all the proces and circumstancis long ;  
 Whairof thay war rycht glaid in thair intent.  
 Airlie in morrow thay in palice went,  
 Whair they met with Sir Guy the new maid knicht.  
 He did them glaidlie welcum at his micht.  
 From them he passit to Clariodus  
 1360 That was in chalmer, faying to him thus,

- Two knichtis at the ȝet ar lichtit doune,  
 Rich woundour fair and gudlie of fafchoune ;  
 To ſpeike with ȝow ar thair defyris mair.  
 Clariodus than ſped him furth in haift,  
 Rycht woundour glaid and joyous of his cheir,  
 For weill he trowit thay war his cuſſings deir.  
 When he tham ſaw, he did tham inbrace,  
 And tenderlie tham kiſſit in that place.  
 Thair cuming than went to the Kingis eare,  
 1370 Whairof he had ane joy, commixt with feare  
 That thay from him ſould fetch Clariodus,  
 Whilk in his eyes ſemit ſo gracious  
 That he him lovit evin as his awin lyfe.  
 For the two knichtis he ſent belyve ;  
 And quhen thay war brocht to his preſence,  
 Thay ſaluſt him with kingly reverence,  
 And he refavit tham in fair maneir,  
 Saying, Welcum ȝe ar my frindis deir ;  
 Sumthing I am adread into my heart,  
 1380 That ȝe from me Clariodus depairt ;  
 And if it be the cauſ of ȝour cuming,  
 Ȝe ſall my heart wnglaid in mikill thing ;  
 Ȝit glaidlie for his ſaik I ſould ȝow love,  
 That this regioun hes brocht from ſik unrove ;  
 His frinds ſall ever welcum be to me  
 So long as I am King of this cuntrie.  
 The lordis them receavit all about,  
 Knights, Ladyis and all the luſtie rout.  
 Clariodus them tuike in ſecreit wayis,  
 1390 And ſpeirit all the maner and the gyfe  
 Of all the court of England how it ſtude,  
 And of Meliades baith fair and gude ;

And thay at schort hes tauld him [all] the cace,  
 Bot I no thing rehearse will in this place  
 Of hir luif taikin, quhilk I let owergone.  
 The King unto his denner went anone ;  
 And after denner to the feildis went  
 All throw ane meid of flouris redolent ;  
 Enlange ane river maid thay thair walking,  
 1400 Whair fum did play and uther fum did ling,  
 Sum rowit furth on galayis on the fluide,  
 Sum beholding on the feildis stude,  
 Sum with his fellow raillit and maid sport,  
 In joy and bliffe was all the lustie fort.  
 The King hes gart Clariodus with him go,  
 Sir Palexis and Amadour also,  
 And with his knichtis caulit them to gone  
 To pastyme, and to putting of the stone :  
 Bot thay all uthar knichtis did exceid,  
 1410 To quhilke the King soberlie tuike heid ;  
 He all confiderit and held him still,  
 Whais great wifdome dantit ay his will.  
 Thir brether greatlie commendit of the King,  
 As he them thocht lyke in everie thing  
 Unto thair Eam, Clariodus the gud ;  
 It schew full weill that thay war of a blude.  
 Quhen thay had lang disportit in the meid,  
 The King tuike Sir Clariodus and geid  
 Unto the palice, saying to him thus,  
 1420 Is it your will, my freind Clariodus,  
 That your two cufings go and se the Queine,  
 And my dochter, that young of geiris beine ?  
 Sir, said the Knight, as lykis to your Grace.  
 Then enterit they anon wnto the place,

- And to the Queinis prefence fonne thay geid,  
 And fcho, of ladyes, full of womanheid,  
 Adrefit hir and came in thair prefence,  
 Whilke mirrour was of bewtie and clemence ;  
 With hir was Cader hir zounge dochter fcheine,  
 1430 In zeuth upryfing wounder fair to feine.  
 Unto the nobill princes faid the King,  
 Take thir two knichtis into commoning,  
 That new beine cuming, and fchort them with plefance.  
 And fcho obeyit with humbill reverence.  
 With uther knichts zounge ladyis did difport ;  
 To tell the fafchioun it war lang to report.  
 Still at thair plefance they remainit fo  
 Whill tyme was cum fupper to go to.  
 When they had fouppit and maid rycht merrie cheir  
 1440 They them difportit on this fame maneir.  
 When tyme was cum to beddis for to gone,  
 Then everie man went to his bed anone.  
 Four knichtis did Clariodus convoy  
 Unto his chalmer, quhair maid was mekill joy,  
 And courlis came of meitis dalicat,  
 Of nichtie wyne, and fpycis aureat.  
 Lang quhan they feiftit had in this maneir,  
 To bed they went, baith knicht and baicheleir.  
 Devoydit was the chalmer fuddenly,  
 1450 Clariodus and his coufings him by ;  
 To bed is went all fcreit bot them thre ;  
 Of diverfe thingis fpeirit at them he,  
 And thay him anfwerit as he did inquire.  
 Then faid Clariodus, My freindis deir,  
 I have beine thinkand on zour mariagis,  
 Ze fall that be with great lynagis ;



- Amadur, ge fall have in wadding  
 The lustie sifter of the Spanisch King  
 Of Spaingie land with gow to go to bed ;  
 1460 And Palexis, my couling, ge fall wed  
 The King of Galice dochter to gowr wyfe;  
 Be now content or never in gowr lyfe,  
 It is not lang sen ge hir saw, trow I.  
 Weill, Sir, quoth they, ge sport gow merrily,  
 What now fay ge of gowr awin wadding.  
 Quod he, That fall I efterwart inbring  
 When ge beine waddit and to honour brocht ;  
 Gow to displease this mater speik I nocht,  
 And if thairto gowr self be nocht content,  
 1470 Na mair thairof to speike I me assent.  
 Be this Amador fell found on sleip,  
 The quhilk Palexis persavit and tuike keipe,  
 And this unto Clariodus he said,  
 Meliades, that fresch lustie young maid,  
 As ge me bad, I gave the [hie] plesance,  
 Declairing hir, with everie circumstance,  
 The maner haill and caus of gowr byding ;  
 Bot quhen scho wist that it was futhfast thing,  
 That to the lyoun ge fould geive battell,  
 1480 Hir bricht cullour sonne waxit wan and pail ;  
 Scho founit deidlie, that peitie was to see,  
 In warld nicht no ladie more dolour drie :  
 It war ower lang to tell gow all the cace,  
 How scho with teiris hir beawtie did deface ;  
 Receave this harte of gold inamellit blake,  
 Scho bad gow in remembrance it take,  
 And it to make alle quhyt with conforting  
 As it is blake with forrow and weiping.

The heart recevit has Clariodus,  
 1490 And kilfit it weill oft, faying thus,  
 Maist fair of wichtis, fairest to praise,  
 Naught may my wits all inewgh suffais  
 Your Ladyschipe to thanke with humbilnes  
 According to your trewth and gentilnes ;  
 When fall I doe to you so great plesance,  
 As ye for me have sufferit oft pennance ?  
 Meliades, wald God now [that] ye wist  
 That ardant heat, langour and birning thrift  
 On me so fore for langing for your presence,  
 1500 Quhilke beine my warldis joy and sufficence.

He thus regrating, Palexis sleipit found  
 When Phebus bricht had rune his course around,  
 And schew his face into the orient.  
 Clariodus he raisè, and furth he went  
 Unto the King, faying on this maneir,  
 My coufingnis as ye se ar cum heir  
 For me, that heir hes maid lang sojorning ;  
 Now grant me leave to pas unto the King,  
 Whilk specialle thir knights bes for me send.  
 1510 Woe was the King quhen verilie he kend,  
 That he no longer with him wald abyde ;  
 Then said he thus, Seing it man so betyd  
 That ye from us neidis mone depairt,  
 I you beseeke and pray with all my hart  
 That ye wald grant at my desire ane thing.  
 Clariodus said anon to the King,  
 Ye fall me no tyme pray, bot ay command,  
 And I thairto obey fall but demand.  
 The King said thus, Clariodus,  
 1520 Advyse quhat is best and most pretious

- In my realem, and takit I ȝow pray;  
 For unto ȝowit falbe readie ay.  
 Then, Sir, ſaid he, ſeing it be ȝour pleaſance,  
 That I fall aſke efter ȝour ordinance,  
 Heir is Palexis, my freind and my couſing,  
 Whom as myſelf I luif but ſainȝeing,  
 I aſke ȝour doughter to him in mariage,  
 If that ȝe wald diſdaine with our linage  
 For to allay of ȝour great gentilnes;  
 1530 And I ane thing fall height ȝow heir dreidles,  
 That he falbe, within ane ȝeiris ſpace,  
 Ane crounit king, throw help of Godis grace.  
 Blyth was the King of thir wordis, and ſaid,  
 Clariodus, I hald me weill apayed.  
 This Knicht anone ſat doune upon his kne,  
 And thankit him with great humilitie.  
 The King anone has gart be brocht the Queine,  
 And fair Cadar, his luſtie dochter ſcheine.  
 Clariodus hes ſent for Palexis.  
 1540 When Amadur and he cummand was,  
 The King ſaid to his dochter on this ways,  
 Heir ar thrie knichtis mikill for to praiſe,  
 With ane of them if ȝe ſould waddit be,  
 Whom wald ȝe choſe, ſay on, dochter, let ſee.  
 Thus unto hir he ſaid in his bourding.  
 And ſcho to him hes ſo maid anſweiring;  
 Of thir knichtis my choſe if I ſould have,  
 Clariodus I chuſe above the leave,  
 [Of knichtis beſt, ſic maik wold I like well.]  
 1550 Then luich the King, and ſaid, Its na mervell  
 Suppoſe ane elder woman had it ſaid,  
 When ȝe, dochter, that beine ſo ȝoung ane maid,

Hes chofen him to be your paramour.  
 Clariodus than changit his cullour.

- Now in this mater to be fchort;  
 Seing lang it war the proces to report,  
 The King with all his lordis beine advyfit,  
 [It was a thing quhilk gretumly they pryfit]  
 That Palexis the frefch and nobill knicht  
 1560 Sould wad anon the Kingis dochter bricht;  
 And efter this ane bifchop gar thay bring,  
 And handfast them but langer tarying.  
 Clariodus gave hir ane rich coller  
 With gold all fet and michtie ftonis deir,  
 Togidder with ane diamond bricht,  
 At his depairting, as ane gentill knicht;  
 The officeris and fervants in the hall  
 He gave rewardis, and monie giftis royall.  
 The new maid Knicht forȝet he nocht,  
 1570 Ane cloath of gold full curioufflie wrocht  
 He gave to him, and uther giftis mo.  
 At King and Queine they tuike thair leave to go,  
 And of the court at everie lord and knicht;  
 Syn towards Ingland tuike thair gaitis rycht  
 With great triumph, honour and commend.  
 So of this firft Buike I make ane end.

THE SECUND BUIK  
OF  
CLARIODUS.

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THIR Knights ryding towardis their contrie,  
Out of Ingland quhen thay war jornayis thrie  
Thay enterit in ane vaill lustie and greine,  
Throw quhilk thair ran ane feimlie river scheine ;  
On it was maid ane brig with pilleris wight,  
Whair that on bread ane man nicht pas furth right,  
By quhilk to thame was no readie way ;  
And on the brig alls sonne as enterit thay,  
Ane armit Knicht thay met, with speir in hand,  
10 Sayand to them, Fair Siris ge mone stand,  
Or ge ower pas ge fall have mair adoe.  
Soberlie said Clariodus him to,  
What beine the caus that ge wald stop our way ?  
Then said the Knicht, I fall it to gow say ;  
Ane of gow thre rycht heir man gif me feild,  
And if that I him vinquse under scheild,  
Incontinent ane uthar I fall say,  
Or ower the brig ge fal pas on na way.

- If that it may na uthar wayis be,  
 20 Then, laid Clariodus, cum on thy way to me.  
 Togidder joynis thir knightis of renowne,  
 Thair meiting was baith hard and felloun,  
 And on thair steidis them togidder bair ;  
 Thair speiris flew in peiffis in the air ;  
 Thair bodies met with sik ane michtie force,  
 Quhilk to the eard this Knicht sent man and horle.  
 Clariodus git held his fadill fill,  
 The uther raife with force and eiger will.  
 Clariodus discendit from his steid,  
 30 And to this Knicht hardilie he geid.  
 They met with awfull fwordis scharpe of steill,  
 Full cruellie as can thair heidis feill ;  
 They finote at uther as bairis wode and keine,  
 Or as twa rampand lyounis in thair teine,  
 That in thair breifts furious was and wode ;  
 Endlang thair fydis streimit doune the blude ;  
 The rivar dynit with thair dints in ire ;  
 Heich from thair helmis the sparkis flew of fyre.  
 Full awfull war thir knightis to behold,  
 40 With irefull straikis quhilk nicht not be told ;  
 Ather from uther feirclie dang the scheild,  
 As alfe the mailgeis scatterit in the feild ;  
 They hew throw helme, throw habergeone and plait,  
 Whill that thair fwordis with bluid war wat.  
 Palexis than and Amadur also  
 Was for thair Eame in heartis wounder woe,  
 Beholding on the michtie campioun,  
 Whilk was in fight alfe feirce as ane lyoun,  
 Full mikill of bodie and alfe of heicht,  
 50 With gyen corpis wounder strong and wicht.

- So cruell battell had they never feine,  
 They seamit as two dragounis wode and keine ;  
 Thay wint thair had not beine sic fighting fell  
 Bot gif it had beine betwix twa feinds of hell.  
 This asper batell wode and wehement  
 Wox tham betwine fo fcharpe and violent,  
 That long it might not indure nor left,  
 On ather fyd behuifit them to rest ;  
 Baith akit was thair armis and thair handis,  
 60 Thay stand abake and leanit them on thair brandis,  
 And up thay put thair visouris from thair face  
 The air to take, and braith for to purchas.  
 When they had lang tyme them reposit thus,  
 We ar weill reffit, said Clariodus,  
 Now let us enter new to our combat.  
 The uther said, Be him that me creat,  
 Thow may weill thinke it is aneuch to thé,  
 It is ane fill and fum pairt mair to me ;  
 Git had I never half sa mikill adoe ;  
 70 I thé befeike that first thow schaw me to  
 Thy name, that I aske for thy knichtheid,  
 Againe or we to new battell proceid ;  
 This aske I only for thy nobilnes.  
 The uther said, That dar I doe doubtles,  
 Clariodus to name men dois me call.  
 The Knicht then inclynit law withall,  
 And fra his head his hewmund did unplace,  
 And be the point his sword, with humbill face,  
 He tuike, and to Clariodus he geid,  
 80 Sayand, O flour of armis and of knichtheid,  
 To thé I geild me as to the worthiest Knicht  
 Of all this world, and to the gentlest wicht ;

And unto him anone his fword he gave,  
 And said, My lord Clariodus, refave  
 My manreid for now and ever mair;  
 I knew gow not, quhilk me repentis fair.  
 Clariodus him receaves fweitle  
 Into his armis, quha thankis him heartfullie.  
 This Knicht him askit forgiveines

- 90 That he of folie was fa rackles,  
 To fight with him quha rather he fould ferve;  
 Sayand, My lord, greate blame I do deferve;  
 I have this long tyme levit wickitle,  
 Of my trespas I ask God mercie;  
 For throw my cruell lyfe and tyrranie,  
 Men callis me The Felloun but peitie,  
 For Joyfa Ramose they war wount me to call,  
 The caus of this I fall gow tell at all.  
 He schew him furth the maner les and more  
 100 Of his lady as ge have hard before,  
 Fra him how scho was revifchit be ane knicht.  
 Clariodus all wnderftud at ryght,  
 Palexis had tauld him ever ilke deale.  
 He said, Sir Knicht, the caus I know full weill,  
 It was me tauld or this quhair that I raid;  
 Thairfor forget it, fen thair is no remeid  
 For to make cair for it or git regrate,  
 Allé fair ane lady ge may have I waite.  
 He said, Sir, full fuith it is that ge fay;  
 110 Bot of gowr gentilnes I gow pray  
 To go with me this nicht to my ludging,  
 For it is now rycht lait in the evining,  
 And far alle to ane uthar harberie place.  
 Clariodus him glaidlie grauntit hes.



- Now togidder thir Knichtis went in feir  
 Unto this Lordis castell schyning cleir,  
 With courious kirmellis and goldin chainis bricht.  
 [When the varlotis saw The Felloun knicht]  
 Then doune they let the draw brig fall anone ;  
 120 And thay glaidlie ar to the castell gone,  
 Whair that with mikle myrrines and joy  
 The Knichtis to ane chalmer thay convoy,  
 Whilk was arayit wounder pretiousslie  
 With gold, and filk and arais full michtie.  
 When that the supper was alredie dicht,  
 And all to hall went, this faid Knicht  
 Unto Clariodus faid in this maneir,  
 Ten priffoneris I have with me heir,  
 Whilk for your faik full glaidlie salbe fred ;  
 130 And fyn he gart them to the hall be led,  
 And bad them say, Clariodus that he  
 Them loufit out of priffoun ranfoune fre ;  
 And fyne anone, dispuilzeit of his hate,  
 Befor thir priffoneris on kneis fate,  
 And askit thame forgivennes everie knicht,  
 Saying, he fould amend at all his micht.  
 Thir wordis he faid so lamentabill,  
 The knichtis vox in heartis merciabill,  
 And him forgave with tender imbracing.  
 140 Clariodus, with rewth to se this thing,  
 The teiris ower his cheikis haillit down,  
 So pitious was thair meitting and fermoune.  
 When this was done, they all to supper went  
 Of nobill cheir, quhair nought was indigent ;  
 Full royallie thay fure with abundance  
 Of everie thing that might do them plesance.

- In mides of this fupper raife this Knicht,  
 Whilke lord was of this place, and paffit rycht  
 Unto ane clofit, and with him brocht againe  
 150 Rose water cleir, doing thir wordis faine,  
 I am callit The Felloun but pitie,  
 For all men fpeikis of my crueltie ;  
 Now think I to leive fo vertoullie,  
 That my gud word fall go allé opinlie :  
 Thairfor if it nicht please your Lordfchipis all,  
 From thence Le Fortoun de Amure ge me call,  
 And I forever renunce all fellonie.  
 Clariodus weill vnderftud the quhy  
 That he the water brocht in coup of gold,  
 160 With ane new name that he be baptifit wold ;  
 Whairfor the coup he held with hand on height,  
 And let the water fall upon the Knicht,  
 Sayand, Le Fortoun de Amouris I thé call ;  
 Fra laughter then ilk ane could neer devall ;  
 Ane noyis up raife that mirrie was to heir,  
 When he was baptifit on this maneir.  
 When they had foupit with mirrines and joy,  
 Clariodus to chalmer thay did convoy  
 And his two coufingis, quhilk to bed ar gone  
 170 Whill bricht Phebus on morrow com anone.  
 Rycht as Clariodus anone up rofe,  
 Le Fortoun de Amouris to his chalmer gois,  
 And with him brocht baith harneis, fcheild and fpeir,  
 And all that ganit to ane knicht to weir,  
 And tham presentit to Clariodus,  
 Firft helling him, than faying to him thus,  
 Sir, brokin ar your harnes in fum part,  
 Quhairfor I now befeike with all my heart

- That ge wald weir this harnes for my faike.  
 180 He thankit him, and did the harnes taikie,  
 And him inarmit in it luffilie.  
 And eike this Fortoun de Amouris nobillie  
 The ten Knichtis rewairdit on this wyfe  
 With ten fair harneiffis gudlie to devyse,  
 And ten fteidis the best in that cuntrie.  
 When thay rewairdit war on this degrie,  
 Thay thankit him, and tuike thair leave to wend.  
 Clariodus did on his horse ascend  
 Whill it was neir awcht houris in the day,  
 190 Fortoun de Amouris convoyit him away.  
 The way depairtit of thir Knichtis than,  
 Thay tuike thair leave at uthir everilke man.  
 Ane reale rob gave Sir Clariodus  
 To Fortoun de Amouris quhen they pairtit thus.  
 Ather to uthir did heartlie them commend,  
 Imbraicing uthir, then fra uthir wend.  
 And the ten Knichtis on this same maneir,  
 Thair leave hes taine, [and] bamwart went ifeir.  
 Clariodus, thus furth the way ryding,  
 200 Ane mellinger come in his [gait] meitting  
 From fair Meliades his lady deir,  
 Whilk was hir awin varlat Bonvaleir.  
 He was rejosit thair of greatunlie,  
 And him refavit wounder tenderlie.  
 When he had speirit all things as he list,  
 He tuike hir letteris and for joy tham kist ;  
 And bad his coufingis ryd befor sumthing,  
 Whill he advyfit war with hir wryting.  
 “ My best belovit Knicht, and joy onlie,  
 210 To go I me commend rycht heartfullie

- Abone all uther eardlie creature.  
 As I that lang thinkis abone meafure,  
 I have fent gow this fecreit melfinger  
 And varlot of my chalmer Bonvaleir  
 In proper perfoun with gow to fpeik, [and] fe  
 If ge be blyth, that he may fay to me  
 That he gow faw, and with gour felf infpak,  
 In mikill thing quhilk will me glaider make.  
 Send wurd with him, my Knicht, I gow befeike,  
 220 Of gour eftait, and of gour weilfair eike.  
 I bad Palexis me to gow commend,  
 And eike with him ane writting wald have fend  
 War not that alfe awtentike beine his faw  
 As ony dyt in letter, as ge knaw.  
 And for to fchaw to gow of my eftait,  
 Ge have my hart all haill gouris, God wait.  
 Ge left me with no weilfair nor plefance,  
 Bot cruell ficking, forrow and pennance:  
 Quhairfor ane thoufand tymes I gow pray,  
 230 To vifit me in all the heaft ge may;  
 For I may never be in joy perfite  
 Whill I gow fe, the grund of my delyt.  
 Whairfor, my Knicht and only paramour,  
 I have gow fent ane ballat of amour,  
 Befeiking gow that frefchlie for my faike  
 Ge hald it, feing I did it make.  
 No more as now, bot God that is above  
 Keip gow, my Knicht, quhom ower all I love.”  
 When this ballet was red be Sir Clariodus,  
 240 He was in heart richt bliffull and joyous;  
 He cloffit it, and laid it nixt his heart  
 Under his arme, rejoyfing him inwart;

Syne haiftilie efter his fellowis raid,  
 Calling to him Bonvaleir, and thus said,  
 [Of England Court the tydingis tell. And than]  
 Bonvaleir first at the King began,  
 Syne at the Queine, and tauld that thay war glaid,  
 And syne at fair Meliades the maide ;  
 Syne of the Court he tauld of everie stait.

- 250 Be they had speirit all it waxit lait ;  
 And fast thay raid quhile they com to the plane  
 Quhair they saw stand ane fair horse it alleane  
 Neir by ane wode, quhair, throw the way richt,  
 Thay raid full fast, for cumand was the nicht ;  
 Whair founne thay hard into the wode tham by  
 Ane cairfull voice, lyke to ane manis cry :  
 Unto the voice they sped them haiftily,  
 Whair that they saw ane man bundin ly ;  
 Twa litill duerffis was sitting him neir,  
 260 Upon his breist thair sat ane lady cleir  
 With cruell feir, and in hir hand ane knyfe,  
 Saying, Fals trator, thou fall lose thy lyfe ;  
 Heir fall thou sterve all only of my hand,  
 Me may thou not remeid nor [git] gainstand ;  
 Fals theif, I fall me wraike on thé full weill,  
 This knyfis poynt thy dowbill heart fall feill,  
 And eike I fall thy heart heir carve in two,  
 Never me thou fall begyle nor git no mo.  
 Clariodus discendit from his horse rycht thair,  
 270 Seing this cruell Lady, sa merciles fair ;  
 He said, Madame, do never that felloun deid,  
 Have rewth and pitie for gour womanheid ;  
 With that he tuik hir in his armis two,  
 And to hir spake fare monie wirdis mo.

- This Lady, birning in hir crueltie,  
 With tygir mynd, and attrie face to fe,  
 Full tyrranlie as feindlie coccatrice,  
 Unto the Knicht scho anfwieirit on this wyfe,  
 Pas on, and intromet gow not with me,  
 280 For at gour counfall think I never to be,  
 This trator falbe dead, or ellis I.  
 He faid, Have patience, O my fair Ladie,  
 And that ge ar ane woman have in mynd,  
 And never to ane man be so unkynde  
 As him to flay, doing gour self defame,  
 Bring everlastfing reproch to gour name.  
 Scho faid, I winit ge had beine ane Knicht,  
 And ge ane preacher ar becumin richt ;  
 So furth and in sum paroch church go teache,  
 290 For heir it helpis gow no thing to fleich,  
 He falbe deid, or I myself fall flay.  
 And quhen Clariodus hard hir so fay,  
 For lawghter uneis nicht [himself] conteine,  
 For scho was as ane lyoun alse keine ;  
 And faid, Madam, this tyme for my faike  
 Ge falbe gratiours ; I undertaike,  
 Gif he hes faillit, he fall to gow amend,  
 And his offence war to me maid kend.  
 Sir, scho faid, I am this Knichtis wyfe,  
 300 Whom to I have beine trew in all my lyfe,  
 And him I have taine in adulterie  
 As falfe tratour with ane far worfe nor I ;  
 For scho is nothing in comparifoun  
 To me, nether in beawtie nor renoune ;  
 Think ge not this ane thing impertinat,  
 That this falfe tratour, theif and renegat,

- Defaice fould [thus] ane lady as am I,  
 Quhilk am mair nobill of genealogie  
 Nor he, or ony of his parentille ?  
 310 Think ge not deid he hes defervit weill ?  
 Clariodus began to fmyll a litt,  
 And faid, Lady, in him lyes all the wyt ;  
 Bot git for worschip of your womanheid,  
 Ge fall have mercie heir of his misdeid ;  
 And in tyme cuming, if he to you offend,  
 Menteine I fall your quarrel and defend.  
 So with fair wordis and with humbilnes,  
 Relaxit he this Knicht that bundin wes,  
 And tham agreit, schortlie for to say,  
 320 Syne wald his leave have taine and went his way ;  
 Bot thay him prayit that nicht to remaine  
 With tham, quhilke he grantit, the futh to saine.  
 This Knicht lape on behind Clariodus,  
 Him gyding hamwart, myrrie and joyous  
 That so had skaipit betuix the bow and string.  
 Clariodus faid, How befell this thing,  
 That ge war with this Lady bundin so ?  
 The trewth, he faid, I fall not hyd you fro ;  
 Scho fand me with ane woman in quyet,  
 330 And secreit in hir heart it buire full great,  
 And never schew me ane luike of displifance  
 Whill in the wood it happinit thus perchance  
 Me to unarme me, and ly doune to fleipe ;  
 To quhilk scho and youn dwerfis tuike [gude] keip,  
 And on me semblit fleiping as I lay,  
 And band me thus, the fuith if I you say ;  
 And had not beine ge come in this cace,  
 I had bein deid, but mercie or but grace :

- Whairfor not fufficis my wittis all,  
 340 Gow for to thanke ; bot heir heicht I fall,  
 Jouris to be for terme of all my lyfe,  
 That hes me fuccurit from my cruell wyfe.  
 So raid thay furth unto the Knights palace,  
 Wher they recevit war with great folace ;  
 Anone they foupit and maid rycht myrrie cheir,  
 And fyne to bedis went they all in feir.  
 Clariodus lay in bed him alone,  
 And quhen his coufingis fleiping war, anone  
 He callit Bonvaleir, and did him fay,  
 350 Go fetch ge me ane instrument to play  
 Fra gone ladie ; furth went this Bonvaleir,  
 Whilk hes him brocht ane herp with stringis feir ;  
 Inke and paper he gart him bring alfo,  
 And fyne commandit him to bed to go,  
 Saying, he had to do fum biſſines.  
 He paſſit furth quhen all men fleiping was,  
 And enterit in ane luſtie garth of flouris,  
 And tuike his Ladyis ballet of amouris,  
 And ſet it on ane note plefant and richt ſweit ;  
 360 And quhen it was all finiſchit and compleit,  
 He ſang it with the harpe rycht myrrillie,  
 To heir whilk was ane joyous melodie :  
 When this was doune he begane to wryte,  
 Unto his ladie as followis the indyt.

“ LODSTAR of love, and lampe of luſtieheid,  
 Bloſſome of beautie, and roſe of gudliheid,  
 Illuſtar lillie, and leime of my delyt,  
 To gow, the faireſt flour of collour quhyt,  
 I me commend ane hundreth thowſand ſyis,  
 370 Whom in my daith my lyfe and comfort lyis ;



Ȝow thanking efter nor I can heir report,  
 Of ȝour fresch ballat of plesance and comfort,  
 Of ȝour tender wryting so winder sweit,  
 Whilke for to heir rejosis all my spreit.

Amadure and Palexis baith ifeir

Into the court I fend with Bonvaleir,  
 And with no wicht I will discoverit be,  
 My heartis Lady, whill that I ȝow se :  
 And speciallie, Madam, I ȝow requyre,

380 If ȝe will doe ocht for my desyre,  
 The postrum of your garth ȝe gar unclofe ;  
 To be thair this nicht is my purpose,  
 The tent hour withoutin ony dread,  
 To speike at lasfour with ȝour Ladyheid,  
 Whom God in gud prosperitie conserve,  
 And in honour quhidder I leif or sterue."

When endit hade Clariodus this thing,  
 To bed he ȝeid withoutin tarying.

At morne he hard ane mese with gud intent ;

390 Syn to the lord that awcht the paleice he went,  
 And quyetlie thir wirdis faid him to,  
 For secreit materis that I have adoe,  
 I wald ane chalmer of ȝow borrow heir,  
 Whill that my bislines compleitit ware.

The Lord answeirit and faid, Not ane only,  
 Bot all my chalmers, hause and harberie,  
 Or then I war wyld, wode, or out of mynd,  
 Confiddering ȝe have beine to me sa kynd.

He thankit him ; fyne to his chalmer went,

400 Saying to thame, Loe this is my intent,  
 To pas to Denmark I have maid ane vow,  
 The caus quhairof I will not schaw as now,

- Perchance beirefter ȝe may have witting.  
 ȝe two fall pas in Ingland to the King,  
 And schaw to him that I am haill and feir,  
 And of my jurnay on this maneir ;  
 Me recommending on most humbill wyfe,  
 [And that full oft, to fair Meliades,]  
 To hir, and eik unto the court ower all ;  
 410 And quhen I may have lafour cum I fall.  
 Heiring this taill, thir knichtis war full wo ;  
 Bot, for his great displeasour dread they so,  
 No thing they said, bot rycht at his command  
 They wald obey withouttin mair demand.  
 Then efter callit he on Bonvaleir,  
 Saying, Commend me to my Lady deir,  
 And unto hir ȝe say that in schort space,  
 I thinke to fe hir fair and gudlie face ;  
 Geive hir this letter in ane taikining  
 420 That I fair weil : and so, at thair depairting,  
 Fyfte florings of gold he gave him thair ;  
 And then Bonvaleir tuike [his] leave to fair.  
 His cougnis tuik thair leave with imbracing ;  
 And in Palexis hand he did inthring  
 Ane rich flour of lustie diamand,  
 The quhilke bricht was and illuminand ;  
 And him commandit in secreit wayes,  
 That he shuld geive it to Meliades.  
 Bonvaleir and thir nobill Knichtis two  
 430 Thair leave hes taine hamwart for to go ;  
 Thir Knichtis two did on thair horse ascend,  
 And Bonvaleir hamwart with them wend.  
 Thir Knichtis, with this varlot Bonvaleir,  
 In thair voyage so softlie can them steir

Whill they com neir the cuntrie of Ingland.  
 Bonvaleir, to thir Knightis inclynand,  
 Said, I wald ryd before war it your will.  
 Thir Knichtis baith consentit him till.  
 Bonvalier haiftit him on fike wyfe  
 440 That in schort tyme into the toune he hyis,  
 As for that tyme quhair lugit was the King ;  
 Anone alfo he changit his clothing,  
 As he had not beine fra hame nor absent.  
 Rycht founne unto Meliades he went,  
 And fand hir in hir wairdrope quyettlie,  
 Playand on ane hearpe rycht mirrilie.  
 And quhen scho of Bonvaleir had ane sicht,  
 Greatlie rejosit was this Lady bricht,  
 And haftilie scho speirit of his tyding.  
 450 And then Bonvaleir, on his kneis fitting,  
 Said, Gud tyding I have to you, Madame ;  
 Clariodus the Knicht of mekle fame  
 Commending him unto your Ladieheid,  
 And bad me say unto you but dread  
 That in schort tyme he fould your beawtie see ;  
 And heir ar letteris that he dereftit me,  
 And bad me to your Hienes them present.  
 Scho them refavit than incontinent,  
 And rede ; bot quhen scho had witting  
 460 Of all his tryfting and of his cuming,  
 Thairfor scho tuike sic comfort and plesance,  
 Scho thocht hir heart for joy begouth to dance ;  
 Then said to Bonvalier, I have feine  
 Your letteris, quhilk sum centenis dois containe,  
 Within few dayis that Clariodus  
 Salbe in this cuntrie heir with ws.

- Bonvalier said, Madame, fa traift ge me,  
 That he fall cum quhen he may readie be ;  
 He me rewairdit fa nichtlie,  
 470 And alse hes gevin me of gold fa larglie  
 That I fall rich man be for ever moir,  
 I gow requyre that ge him thank thairfore.  
 I fall him thanke, scho said, at his cuming,  
 For ge have donne gow pairt in everie thing ;  
 Go furth and fetch me Romaryn alswith.  
 At hir command scho com with visage blyth,  
 And said, Madam, with me quhat war gow will ?  
 Tydings, scho said, I have to tell gow till ;  
 The nobill and worthie Clariodus, my Knicht,  
 480 Salbe heir, God willing, with ws this nicht.  
 Romaryn answairit and said, God me save,  
 Those beine the tydandis fainest I wald have.  
 This nicht he cumis, said Meliades,  
 At ten houris but dread on this wayis,  
 In at the gardine postrum thinkis he  
 All privlie to have his entrie ;  
 Thairfoir I pray that ge the postrum keip,  
 So that the tyme [appoynted] we not sleip.  
 Romaryn said, Madame, not this onlie,  
 490 To keip the postrum, bot I readilie  
 Wald go for gow to the warldis end,  
 To bring to purpose quhilk ge two pretend :  
 Considiring that, bot villanie or blame,  
 Gow love to the increffing of gow fame,  
 My part I fall fa weill doe to gow baith,  
 That it fall never returne to gow no skaith.  
 Thir two as now thay spike no more  
 For persaving ; Meliades thairfore

- Unto hir Ladies went hir to difport,  
 500 Fulfillit with all glaidnes and comfort.  
 To court then cuming was [Sir] Palexis  
 And Amadour, quhilk with all biffines  
 Went to the King, quha full tenderlie  
 Speirit for Clariodus, and quhy  
 That he not cam. And they have anfwair maid,  
 Saying, This is the caus of his abaid,  
 He man in Denmark pafs for caufis feir ;  
 Bot he will fpeid him hame founne to be heir :  
 He bad ws that we fould him recommend  
 510 Unto your Grace, on quhome he will depend  
 Abone all princes aneth the firmament.  
 The nobill King in heart was not content  
 That cuming was not git Clariodus,  
 And baith his coufings com him fra thus.  
 He fpeirit at them uther tydings new ;  
 And they him plainlie all the maner fchew  
 Of all the jufting and the tornament  
 Of Spaine, and how the praisfe and loving went  
 All onlie with Clariodus and no mo.  
 520 And word be word they tauld him alfo,  
 How that he manfullie vinqiift the lyoun,  
 And all the cace they tauld with lang fermounne ;  
 And how that with The Felloun but petie  
 He faught, and gart him leave his crueltie.  
 And quhen the King this hard fa great ferlie,  
 He bliflit him and faid, I trew fuithe,lie,  
 That sic ane Knicht be not in all the warld as he,  
 Of ftrenth, and nurtur, and magnanimitie.  
 Thir wordis faid the King, and bad them go  
 530 Unto the Queine, and to hir tell alfo

- The ferlie thing, quhilk unto him they schew ;  
To quhom they went anone, and did falew  
Hir nobilnes ; and scho maid them to go  
With hir into ane garding to and fro  
Whill they had tauld hir all the circumstance,  
And word be word without dissimulance ;  
Quhilk was to hir ane thing maist mervellous,  
How that he might achieve sic acts perrellous.  
Sir Amadour went walking with the Queine ;  
540 And Sir Palexis with the Ladie scheine,  
And said, Madame, Clariodus the Knicht,  
Oft him commendis unto your bewtie bricht,  
And sendis to you this flour of diamant ;  
Saying, Within few dayis in verament  
He fall you se. Then said Meliades,  
Sa lang from us he bydis on lik wyse,  
I trow the plesance of his awin cuntrie  
Sall gar this land with him forgottin be.  
Palexis for to blind scho said this thing,  
550 For he nocht wist of Bonvaleiris wryting.  
Palexis said, For fuith Madam I trow,  
He had rather die than forgottin you ;  
Uneis scho might from lawghter then contine,  
And thocht that he knew litill them betwene ;  
Bot weill scho did consider his lawtie,  
For to his Eame ane gud parte keipit he.  
Be this was said, the night aprochit neir ;  
The King then drestit him to his suppeir ;  
For joy that cuming war thir knichtis, he  
560 Sent for the Queine and Ladies of beawtie,  
To soup with them that night into the hall.  
The courlis com with trumpits found royall ;

Rycht nobill cheir they had, with abundance  
 Of delicat meits and wynis of plesance.  
 When they had foupit and chirit nobillie,  
 And eftir fupper danfit mirrillie  
 With joyous play anone and gud difport,  
 The Queine unto hir chalmer went at fchort,  
 And with hir went Meliades the bricht,  
 570 Wha ay thoct on the cuming of hir Knicht.  
 And quhen it did aproch neir the hour,  
 Scho laid unto the Ladyis of hir boure  
 That fcho was evill difpofit, and wald ly  
 Into hir wairdrop that nicht quyetlie.  
 Hir Ladyis hir convoyit to the doure,  
 Quhilk Romaryn clofit eftir hir fure.  
 This Lady langer thoct this nicht perfay  
 Nor fcho befor had thoct ane moneth day ;  
 Whairfor fcho gart Romareine go full oft  
 580 To hir pofttrum and fet hir paillis foft,  
 That naine fould hir heir. So, oft fcho paf  
 Whill that fcho fand him ftanding at the laft ;  
 Then fcho undid the port full billilie,  
 And fyn kneillit to him full humbillie,  
 Sayand, My Lord, ge ar full welcum heir.  
 He laid, Grand mercie ! with ane knichtlie cheir ;  
 Bot he wald not hir kifs quhill he had feine  
 His awin Lady, quhilk he avowit beine.  
 When fcho the get had clofit likerlie  
 590 They com togidder befor this gOUNG Ladie.  
 When he hir faw he fat down on his kne,  
 Bot ane long tyme ane word not [fay] nicht he,  
 Nor git this Lady, for ower great comforting ;  
 Full war thair hearts of bliffull rejoyfing ;

Ouercum thay was with love in everie fyd,  
 Whilk in thair breiftis was so multiplied  
 That they abaisit lang war in this wyfe.  
 And unto him first spake Meliades,  
 Welcum my Knicht, welcum my sufficence,  
 600 Welcum my warldis joy and haill plesance,  
 Welcum my heartis love, Clariodus,  
 Whais lang absence hes beine to me noyous.  
 Then answeirit he and said full courtellie,  
 My heartis Ladie and my joy onlie,  
 How have ge fairne sen our last depairting?  
 Now fair I weill, quod scho, in everie thing,  
 Sen ge ar cum, the caus of my weillfair.  
 With that scho strenthit him in hir armis thair,  
 And he also did hir softlie imbrace,  
 610 And kissit uther oft into that place.  
 This Knycht then besyd hir doun scho sat  
 Upon ane cuschoun of rich velvat.  
 Speikand fyne of divers materis of plesance  
 Belonging unto loves observance,  
 My paramour, said fair Meliades,  
 To me it is reveallit in secreit wyfe,  
 That ge fould have beine wadit into Spaine;  
 This jelusie did hote in me remaine;  
 For ever, great love as it dois oft befall,  
 620 Hot jelusie ower love does dwell at all.  
 Clariodus said, Madam, be not adred,  
 Quhen that the King of Bethingham fall ȝow wed.  
 The King of Spainis syster fall me have,  
 And that salbe rycht suith, fa God me save.  
 And suith it was, of Bethingham the King  
 And hir freindis had spokin of hir wadding;



- Quhairfor scho leuch, and said, Ze know your fell,  
 All is not trew that everie man dois tell.  
 Amongis them thus mirrillie they sporte,  
 630 They thocht the night to tham was all to schort.  
 Clariodus said, I have ane interpryse  
 To do in armis, quhairfor ze mon devyse  
 What cullour I fall weir ; for if that I  
 Be into reid, then fall I verily  
 Be knowin to all the court in everie steid,  
 For wait ze weill that long I wore the reid.  
 Then said Meliades in this maneir,  
 Now it is Mayis moneth fair and cleir ;  
 Wharfor, according to the seasoun scheine,  
 640 Convenient war that ze sould weir the greine.  
 Clariodus hir thankit courteslie  
 Of hir cullour, and said, Madame, glaidlie  
 At your command that cullour I fall use  
 For saike of you, and no man to refuse  
 In tournament, in peace, nor git in weir,  
 Als long as I your gudlie cullour beir.  
 Ane chaine of gold scho gave him lang and small,  
 With love knotis that cassin war ower all ;  
 And bad that he sould weir it for hir saike  
 650 Abone his geir ; quhilk he did undertake.  
 And he hir gave ane lustie brallet,  
 All wrocht with gold and pretious stonis set ;  
 And for his saike he prayit hir to weir it.  
 The day aprocht, quhairof they war effeirit.  
 Romaryn said, It wilbe day alsweith,  
 And thairof war thir lovers nothing blyth ;  
 They tuike thair leave at uthers imbracing,  
 With pitious wurdis, and with killing,

- With forrowfull fighing, and with tirie face ;  
 660 Into thair myndis thinking oft, Alleace,  
 That ever thay fould depairt fo fuddantlie ;  
 Affuring uthers with aithes fikerlie  
 Trewth and gude love for ever more to left.  
 Depairting fyne with heartis fore opprest,  
 To the postrum went Clariodus,  
 With fichis fad and heart dolorus ;  
 Whom convoyit the Lady Romaryn,  
 And at the postrum did to him inclyne ;  
 Whom at he tuike his leave richt courteslie,  
 670 And thankit hir baith oft and heartfullie  
 Of all hir secreit service donne before,  
 Sayand, He fould think on it evermore.  
 Then stickit scho the postrum privilie,  
 And to hir Ladie com up haiftlie,  
 Whair scho hir fand makand ane pitious mone,  
 Hir gudlie face with tearis all wobegone  
 For forrow of the fuddane depairting  
 Of him quhom that scho lovit ower all thing.  
 Bot Romaryn did comfort hir fo fast  
 680 Whill to hir bed scho bounit at the last,  
 Whair scho lay waiking, and thinking on her knight  
 Whill Phebus schynit in her chalmer bricht ;  
 And then scho raife and hir arrayit anone,  
 And with hir Ladies to the Queine is gone.  
 Clariodus, or that [the] fun up schyne,  
 Was at the forsaide knightis place againe.  
 The portar trowit, for he was ane valiand knight,  
 He had beine feikand eventures all nicht.  
 To bed he went, and fleipit quhile it was day ;  
 690 And fyne he raife and founne did him aray.

When he to God had prayit devotlie,  
 And dynit eik, he laid full courteslie  
 Unto the Lord, Len me ane servitour  
 That can ane erand doe with biffie cure.  
 The Lord him grantit hes rycht heartfully,  
 And callit on ane servand neir him by,  
 And him betaucht, faying, Ze fall refave  
 This gour man quhilk I in dewtie have ;  
 For he is secreit, wyfe and trew in all,  
 700 Whairfoir to name we Diligence him call ;  
 He fall gour varlot be withoutin dreid,  
 If ze him lift, for tearme of lyfe poseid.  
 Clariodus him thankit reverentlie ;  
 This Diligence he hes sent haiftilie  
 For diverse things that was convenient  
 For him to weir into [the] tornament ;  
 And bad him alfe ane browderer him bring,  
 And eike ane armurar that was cuning,  
 And diverse filkis baith greine and uthar hew.  
 710 This Diligence full weill the waris knew ;  
 He tuike the money, and went on his erand ;  
 And everilk thing, rycht as he did command,  
 He furnifchit hes, and bocht into fchort fpace ;  
 And brocht with him the workmen to the place  
 Whair that he bade. And then Clariodus  
 Went to the Lord againe, and laid him thus,  
 Sir, ane maifter of work mon ze be ;  
 Heirefterwart as ze wald, Sir, charge me ;  
 Gar put gon workmen in fum quyet hous,  
 720 And fe that they be verie laborus  
 Whill thay have maid ane harnes fair and fure ;  
 And bid that they with greine fatine it cure,

- Of Tutabone weill all broderit with the floure,  
 For zonder cumin is ane good broderour ;  
 My uther harnes they may as patroun taikie,  
 And thay thairby the meitter fall it make.  
 The Knight all undertuikie with diligence ;  
 Bot he himself wald not cum in prefence  
 Of tham that maid his harnes, dread that thay  
 730 Sould him reveale againe in the tornay.  
 He gart them alfe make gounis of fatine greine,  
 For men and wemen, gudlie for to feine ;  
 The varlots of the place he gart aray  
 Of fatine greine all of ane leveray,  
 Imbrowderit with the flour of Tutabon ;  
 So that he left not unrewardit one.  
 Clariodus sex virginis fair to feine  
 Gart all be clothit into fatine greine ;  
 The zoungeft he gart aray hir lustilie  
 740 With gold and stonis winder plesandlie ;  
 Abone hir treffit hair of delyte  
 Was fet ane chaplet all of pearlis quhyt.  
 And sex squyeris he hes gart cleath also  
 In greine fatine, with this Madin to go  
 Unto the King. He teichit hir parquer  
 What scho fould say, as efter ze fall heir.  
 This Madine richt to Windischore is went,  
 Wher that the King as than was resident,  
 And lichtit at the palice zet adoune,  
 750 Whair monie men rycht gudlie of renoune.  
 Four awfull bearis was to the King present,  
 [With quhilk his Knichts fould fight incontinent.]  
 Great preafe of pepill com them to behold.  
 This damifell, bot of fyftine geiris old,

- Went throw the preife whill scho com to the King,  
 Whair kneillit doune this gudlie Madine benign ;  
 And first scho helfit him and syne the Queine,  
 And then Meliades the lustie ladie scheine ;  
 Syne with he voice scho said before them all  
 760 Thir wordis, that rehearse to gow I fall :  
 King Philipon, unto your Excellence  
 The Grein Knicht hes me sent with reverence ;  
 The quhilk plainlie commandis me to say,  
 Ane tornay set is for ane moneth day  
 Be him, bot heir ane litill gow besyde ;  
 Gif ony Knicht, that dois with gow abyde,  
 Will him assay, he fall refavit be  
 In justing, for those dayes thinkis he  
 Them to assay, if thay will cum him till ;  
 770 And he that is win fall be at the will  
 Of him that straike him down but let,  
 To quhat priffoun he will him in set.  
 The Grein Knicht beiris the flour of Tutabon,  
 Wha will assay let him cum on anone  
 To joyous Mafon not far gow fro,  
 Four myllis of space it is and no mo,  
 The Lord of it Sir Pennent hecht dreidles  
 Of La Carere, ane knicht of worthines.  
 When scho had said thir wordis oppinlie,  
 780 The King and all the court had great ferlie  
 Of hir language, that scho, sa young of age,  
 So nobillie compleitit had hir melleage.  
 Among the rout great prease was hir to se,  
 So weill arayit, and of so great bewtie.  
 The King said, Lady, I have great joy to heir  
 Your speache pronuncit with womanlie maneir ;

- And for to se your bewtie maist bening,  
 Your port, your cheir, your speach and gud having ;  
 Now and your gyding greatlie I commend,  
 790 And eike the Greine Knicht that now heir fend.  
 We ar to him beholdin in great maneir,  
 That hes ws fend so gracious ane messinger ;  
 If that ge pleis, ane quhill ge fall abyd,  
 Whill I speik with thir Knichtis me besyd ;  
 Syn ge fall answair have and that anone.  
 He with his Knichtis ar to counfall gone.  
 Thay war content and blyth everie Knicht,  
 Consenting at thair power and thair nicht  
 To mak them redie to the turnament,  
 800 Whairon accordit thay with ane consent.  
 Befor the King sat doune ane Knicht,  
 Sir Broun de la Mere hardie and wicht,  
 And askit thair that he the formost day,  
 To just nicht enter in the said tornay.  
 The King him grantit ; and syne returnit sweith  
 Unto this Virgine so bening and blyth,  
 Saying to the fair Madine, To the Greine Knicht say,  
 He salbe servit all out ane moneth day  
 At his desyre, and thanke him hartfullie  
 810 That hes ws chargit so honorabillie  
 Unto so nobill ane act and fair disport.  
 Then he delyverit hes this Madine at schort ;  
 At quhais passing into remembrance,  
 Ane diamond he gave hir of plesance ;  
 The quhilke scho did refave with humbill cheir,  
 And thankit him upon ane fair maneir.  
 This lustie Madine returning haistilie,  
 Hir squyeris ryding lustilie hir by,

- Syn to Clariodus did hir dres,  
 820 And tauld him the maner mair and les,  
 How all the court had joy of hir cuming,  
 And how scho was delyverit with the King,  
 And how that hir beheld Meliades,  
 Quhilk was the rose of everie luftines ;  
 Abone mefour commending the bewtie  
 Of hir that was so angill lyke to see ;  
 And fuith it was that ilk Meliades  
 Beheld hir with all cure and bines,  
 For weill scho wist quhairfra scho was fend,  
 830 The mair scho did unto the Madine attend.  
 Quhen scho had tauld him all the remanent,  
 Clariodus unto Sir Pennent went,  
 And said, Ze mon ane chalmer gar provide,  
 That is of herberie mekill roume and wyde,  
 And gar aray it lustilie and fair,  
 Perchance in it sum strangers fall repair.  
 When this was said, Clariodus furth went,  
 And twa paviliouns lustilie gart upstent  
 Of greine filk wrocht, and in ane large plaine,  
 840 Ane flicht schot fyndrie, the fuith if I fould saine,  
 With filkin roppis also of the famine hew ;  
 Ane for him self, quhair, of the bricht gold new  
 Inbrowderit was the flour of Tutabone ;  
 For his companioun the uther was anone.  
 Within thir twa was ordanit everie thing  
 That langit unto tornay or justing.  
 Be all was put to poynt and dune at rycht  
 The day was gone, and cuming was the nicht ;  
 Clariodus his bodie did devest,  
 850 Syne to his bed he geid, him for to rest.

- The mirrie day displaying in the morrow,  
 The glaid foullis, devoid of nichtis forrow,  
 With fugarit nots making ane mirrie found  
 Aganis bricht Phebus blyth ascentioun,  
 Whilk with his afour beamis of delyt  
 Oppinit on bread the tender blomes quhyt,  
 Doing the bloffumes breke in the spray,  
 And everilk bank in grein dois he aray.  
 Clariodus, the flour of Mars, his knichts  
 360 Full lustilie into his weidis him dichts,  
 With knichtlie cheir and curage leoneine,  
 Thinking or Phebus in the waft declyne,  
 That he fould for his foverane Ladyis faike,  
 With speir in hand, ane manlie counter make.  
 When he ane mefs had hard, and tane difjune,  
 He gart four gudlie squyeris enter sounne  
 Into the Knichtis pailgeon, and that anone  
 Sould with him juft ; to serve him thay ar gone ;  
 Syne ordanit he two virginis that war cleir,  
 870 By the reingeis to leid his awin courseir ;  
 The Ladie of the place his helme did beir,  
 Hir following foure fresche virginis of effeir ;  
 The Lord himself to serve him of his lance ;  
 And all in greine arrayit for plesance ;  
 His four squyers upon the famine wyle  
 War all in greine, maist gudlie to devyse.  
 Then to his pailgeoun went he spedilie,  
 Inearmit at all poyntis full richlie,  
 On his companioun thair abyding still.  
 880 He had with him baith trumpit and clarioun chill,  
 Garring await if they saw ony Knight  
 Cum from the Kingis corut enarmit bricht.



And be it was of the day houris ten,  
 Againis the fune ane Knicht cumand thai ken,  
 Lucent as lampe and leming in his weid,  
 Withe lance in hand, upon ane fnaw quhyt steid ;  
 Two knichtis him convoyit nobilly,  
 And gud Sir Amadur raid him by,  
 And uther fyve him for to serve at all ;  
 890 He feimit feirce and strong as ony wall.  
 When he aprochit neir the pailgeoun,  
 The four squyers with rycht bening fermoun  
 Recevit him, and offerit him entrie,  
 And prayit him to licht thair ; bot he  
 Wald not licht doune, bot thankis to them gold.  
 Anone quhen thus Clariodus can behold,  
 Alse suift as falcoun he sprang upon his steid,  
 As glorious angill schyning in his weid ;  
 Fret full of stonis radious and licht,  
 900 All browderit with gold depaintit full bricht,  
 Out throw the greine gudlie to decerne,  
 Whair ilk gilt mailge glemit as ane sterne ;  
 And for the Lady had his helme to beir,  
 Ane falsse visar for kening he did weir ;  
 Hir ladies all, as ge have hard me say,  
 Convoyit him furth all into greine aray.  
 When that Sir Broun and his fellowis beheld  
 The Greine Knicht cum so nobillie to the feild,  
 Unto his feiris he said that stude him by,  
 910 Gone is the knichtliest sicht aluterly,  
 And the most gudlie that ever I saw with ey ;  
 And so said all the rest of his meinge.  
 Clariodus threw on his helme anone,  
 Sir Pennent with his speir is to him gone.

- The trumpits blew and heraldis cryit all,  
 The menftrellis playit with gle angellicall.  
 Thir Knichts as two lampis leiming licht  
 Of aureat ſplendor ſchynit as ſtonis bricht ;  
 They ſmot thair ſteidis with ſpuris hardelie,  
 920 And ran togidder wonder feircelie,  
 Whill that thair ſchaftis ſcharp and ſquaire  
 Flew all in peices abone them in the aire ;  
 They tuike new ſpeirris and ran togidder in feir,  
 Full knichtlie com thir men of armis cleir,  
 Girdand ſo faſt as ane fireſlochtis glance,  
 Sir Broun on Clariodus brake his lance,  
 And he him hit againe with ſic force  
 That he ane ſpeir lenth ſtrake him fra his hors.  
 The Greine Knicht thene returnit to his tent.  
 930 Four gudlie ſquyeris to Sir Broun ar went,  
 Sayand, Sir Knicht, the cunand weill ge knaw.  
 Ge mon to priſſoun with on ane law.  
 Sir Broun anſweirit and ſaid, Richt weill  
 Your willis I fall obey everilk deill.  
 They led him to ane priſſon of plefance,  
 Be the Greine Knichtis nobill ordinance ;  
 Quhilk chalmer was arrayit nobillie,  
 With clothes of gold and arais full michtie.  
 The ſquyeris ſaid, Ge moſt heir abyd,  
 940 Whill we unto our lord the Greine Knicht ryd.  
 The ſquyeris com unto Clariodus,  
 Quhilk was hame rydand mirrie and joyous  
 Toward the place of Sir Pennent the Knicht ;  
 And at the gettis quhen he did alicht,  
 They tauld to him all the maner cleir,  
 How they demainit had the priſſoneir.

Clariodus unto his chalmer went,  
 And him unearmit thair incontinent ;  
 Then hes he for Sir Pennent sent belyve,  
 950 Sayand, Sir Knicht, ge pas and eike your wyfe,  
 And take with you the fex virginis in hy,  
 With other squyeris in your companie,  
 And with Sir Broun ge soupe and make you blyth.  
 Sir Pennent said, It false donne alfeueith.  
 The Knicht furth went as he commandit was,  
 With all the forfaisid ladyes more and les,  
 And gart bring furth with them ches and tabill,  
 And instrumentis that war delectabill,  
 With herp, and lute, and instruments for to play ;  
 960 And in this chalmer, put in gud aray,  
 They enterit sounne, and said on this maneir,  
 Sir, the Greine Knicht hes sent us to you heir,  
 To do you plesance and hold you companie.  
 Sir Broun answerit and said, I traist gif I  
 Have no worse priffoun nor this I fall not pleine ;  
 And so to tell the trewth and not to feine,  
 The fairest man of armis and the best  
 Is the Greine Knicht, and the seimliest  
 That leives now, I trow, under the sone,  
 970 He seimis nocht lichtlie to be wone.  
 Sir Pennant said, And he is thair withall,  
 The gentilest and the most liberall  
 That ever I knew in the dayis of my lyfe,  
 None lawlier in the world is borne of wyfe.  
 When they had soppit and fairne rycht reallie,  
 Sir Pennent tuik his leive rycht humbillie,  
 And left with him four squyeris that war wyfe,  
 In all his deidis to doe him service.

- When cumin was to court Sir Amadoure,  
 980 To heir his tydingis the King had great langour,  
 And bad him schaw as he had hard and feine;  
 And he him tauld the veritie all cleine,  
 Richt as it was, dissimuling in no thing;  
 Of quhilk rehearse great mervell had the King,  
 To Amadur saying, halfe as it war in play,  
 Be of gude curage, the morne ge mon assay.  
 Amadur said, Availl quhat may availl,  
 However it be, the game I sall affaill.  
 The nicht passit, the morrow com alfuith.  
 990 Sir Amadur, sa sone as day could kyth,  
 Inarmit him and in the clofe discendit,  
 And fand awcht squyeris that on him dependit,  
 With Sir Palexis and uther knichtis two.  
 Sueith at the King he tuike his leave to go,  
 And raid furth to the place of jussling.  
 When the Greine Knicht had of him persaving,  
 He come furth cleir enarmit under scheild,  
 Convoyit with his Ladyis in the feild;  
 Whom on Palexis had great joy to behold,  
 1000 And said, My brother Amadur, be bold,  
 For 3ow befor ge have alfe fair ane Knicht  
 As ever was cled in helme or birnie bricht.

- When thay war redie on ather fyd,  
 Full manlie can thai to uther ryd;  
 They smot thair steidis with spurris haiftilie,  
 And ran togidder wounder ferselie,  
 That baith thair speiris abone tnem flew afunder,  
 And baith thair steidis did bakward founder;  
 Thair squyeris did them serve with speiris new,  
 1010 And thay anone raid utheris to persew,

Whill all to fruschit thair lanfis in the feild,  
That all men mervellit that about beheld.

Palexis said, Gif that Clariodus

War in the land, quhilk is unkend to us,

I wald say furlie the Greine Knicht war he,

He is fo lyke to him in all degree.

They ran at uther fa withoutin ho,

Whill fevin speiris brokine war in two.

Weill knew Clariodus, be his valoure,

1020 He was his coufing, nobill Amadure,

And blyth [he] was that he into him fand

Sic strenth, and micht, and deidis valiand.

[Clariodus then tuike the auchten speir]

Both great and strong, and, in ane knichtlie feir,

He drave at him with fik ane feirfull micht,

All to the eard he drave baith horse and Knicht

With fike ane force, that all that was about

Wint that he had beine dead withoutin doubt.

The Greine Knicht raid richt unto his tent.

1030 The squyeris to Sir Amadur ar went,

And speirit if he was hurt, and he said, Nay,

Bot he ane littil fruschit was perfay.

Thus Amadur [eik] was to priffoune led,

Whairof Sir Broun was wounder blyth and glaid,

And said, Welcum, [maist] gentill Amadur,

That fik compassioun hes on gour nighbour,

That ge vouchsafe to cum and visit me.

Then, smyling, said Sir Amadur, Pardie

Ge neid me not to thanke so greatumly,

1040 For gow to visit aganis my will com I;

I ryd heir that we tak no grevance,

For of this justing cum the uterance;

I traift that we fall get mo companie,  
Or then I am diffavit verilie.

- Clariodus [did] pafs to his ludging,  
And him unarmit but tarying,  
And bad Sir Pennent tak his Ladie bricht,  
With all hir madinis, and go unto the Knicht,  
And make him cheir and companie weill more  
1050 Nor to the uther Knicht was donne before.  
And they fo did with all thair cure and micht,  
He wantit nocht pertein it to ane knicht.  
Palexis paf and fchew unto the King  
As ge have hard, and feinget in no thing.  
The King studiit, and had great ferlie  
Of the Greine Knicht, and of his chevalrie.  
Thus quhen that Amadour was strikin down,  
That was ay praislit of sic renoune,  
Abaifit was this nobill King, and faid  
1060 Unto Palexis, Jon grein Knicht fall degraid  
Our Knichtis all, bot ge remeid us fynd;  
Whairfor ge fall no langer duell behind,  
For ay the mair [that we thus] vinqiift be,  
The mair degraidis it our honestie;  
Ge ar our comfort nixt Clariodus,  
Whilk abfent is in this great neid from us.  
Sir, faid the nobill and worthie Palexis,  
I fall againis the Grein Knicht me adres,  
Although he war ane infernall creatour  
1070 I dar my bodie againis him aventour  
Whidder that fortoun be my freind or fa,  
Thair fall no dreidour bandis me him fra;  
Although he fraik me down I have no fchame,  
For Knichtis that ar alle worthie of name

Befor his fpeir poynt hes lyine full law,  
 What fault war it thocht with my feiris I faw.

At morne as Phebus markit up his face,  
 Palexis did his harneis on him brace,  
 And him enarmit furelie clofe and joynt.

1080 When that he was all readie and at poynt,  
 With him Sir Gilgeam de la Forreft raid,  
 Unto the feild he dreflit but abaid;  
 Richard de Maianis, with uther fquyeris mo;  
 Thus all on front unto the feild thay go.  
 And quhen he com unto the first pailgeoun,  
 The foure fquyers to meit him maid tham boune,  
 And him refavit wonder thankfullie,  
 And treitit him richt fair honorabillie.

He thankit them, and wald not with them licht,  
 1090 Bot hovit ftill abyding the Greine Knight.  
 Soune this was tauld unto Clariodus,  
 Quhilk [glad] was of his coufing cumand thus;  
 For weill he knew that he was Palexis,  
 Ane Knight full great of fame and worthines,  
 Brother unto his coufing Amadur,  
 That valiant was for to manteine ane flour,  
 And was in armis his awin fellow deir,  
 Whom he ever lovit weill in all maneir;  
 And he againe him lovit over all thing,

1100 Thocht then he had of him no knowledging.  
 The Greine Knight affendit on his fteid,  
 Bricht as Apollo, fchyuing in his weid.  
 His Lady him convoyit on ane fpace,  
 Upon his heid he did his bricht helme lace.  
 The Knight, Sir Pennent, raucht to him a fpeir,  
 He fteirit his courfour with ane knichtlie feir.

- Gylzeam de la Forrest, and Richard de Maianis,  
 When they beheld his knichtlie governance,  
 Thay said anone to nobill Palexis,  
 1110 To doe thy devore with courage thé adrese,  
 For of this wyde warld aluterlie,  
 Zonder rydis the flour of chevalrie ;  
 And whofo list to se ane gudlie sicht,  
 Let him cum furth and luike upon gon Knight.  
 Sir Palexis, that ever was gud at neid,  
 Delyverlie he lanfit furth his steid ;  
 Nocht better forge could Deame Natur,  
 For he was feimlie of corpis and statur,  
 Lyk to his eame the gud Clariodus.  
 1120 Thir two aprochit to uther thus,  
 Up gois the weirlyke found of clariouns,  
 Togidder gois thir michtie champiouns  
 With speir set all fadlie into the reist ;  
 With manlie heartis baith fordward they preist,  
 And large alse fast as spuris could them speid,  
 And they have met withouttin aw or dreid.  
 Thair speiris flew in peices in the aire,  
 Whill throw the reard the cludis can all to rare,  
 As it had beine ane crake of thunder fell,  
 1130 The castell wall redoundit with the gell ;  
 Baith hurlit bakward thair steidis with a grane,  
 Whill that the noyse dinlit baith aird and staine.  
 The rumour raise throw all the feild about,  
 Of the two Knichtis haveing mikill doubt  
 That thay fould have fruschit throw the steill  
 With the ilke dafch ; bot thay recoverit weil :  
 Also of new two speiris have they hint,  
 And ran togidder as ferce fyre and flynt



- Whill that the trinfchouns ower thair heidis geid,  
 1140 And fyr out followit alfe reid as ony gleid ;  
 They refit never quhile they awcht fpeiris brake,  
 So them betwine thair was ay rap for rap :  
 As fearce as dragouns wood and violent  
 Thair courfe had fetchit from the firmament,  
 And breift for breift had met with all thair mane,  
 Whyll with thair fettheris coverit was the plaine ;  
 So ftrawit was the feild thir Knichtis under  
 Of fettering fchafts, and trinfchouns broke in funder,  
 That folkis all winderit that about them hovit,  
 1150 That they nocht go from thair fteidis behovit.  
 With the laft counter thay maid that day,  
 Than to himfelf can Palexis fay,  
 Thow art no man, for be thy force I feill,  
 Thou art ane feind forgit into fteill ;  
 For never more, fen I could fit on horfe,  
 Was I fo machit with no manis force.  
 The famine thing thocht Clariodus,  
 And with ane mynd ferce and curagious  
 Ane fpeir he gripit winder great and wicht,  
 1160 And with fic force he ran upon the Knicht,  
 He drave him and his hors down togidder,  
 If they wer dead or not, no man could tell quhiddir,  
 To grund thay rufchit with fic ane vehemence,  
 All throw his michtie ftraike and violence ;  
 Bot he, throw Godis grace, full weill efchewit ;  
 His nobill fquyeris him haifilie relevit.  
 Upon the hand he hurt was a lyt,  
 Of quhilk but dread he rekit not ane myt.  
 Clariodus returnit to his tent.  
 1170 Foure of his fquyeris unto Palexis went,

- And did with him as with the uther two,  
 Quhilk full glaidlie schup with them to go.  
 Sir Amadur had joy and great blythnes,  
 Quhen that he saw his brother Palexis ;  
 Sir Broun was glaid also of his cuning,  
 And then alfuith they fell in commoning  
 Of the Greine Knicht, and of his [great] valour,  
 His praise, bewtie, his face, and his figoure.  
 Sir Pennent com as thay war speiking thus,  
 1180 Be the cunning of Sir Clariodus ;  
 With him he brocht his Lady bricht and scheine,  
 With all the virginis freschlie cled in greine,  
 Harping, finging, and making melodie,  
 With joyous found of hevinlie menstrellie.  
 Unto Palexis he maid feist far more  
 Nor he did to the uther twa before.  
 This Ladie, quhilke was ane leich wonder gud,  
 Hes stemit of Palexis hand the blude,  
 And maid it to be hail in litill space,  
 1190 As be the Greine Knicht scho commandit was ;  
 The quhilke [fain] wald have seine [Sir] Palexis,  
 And his fellowis, to doe them glaidnes,  
 Bot for discovering he wald not wend  
 Whill that his enterpryse was at ane end.  
 The priffoneris remainis into firmance,  
 They feill no thing of sorrow nor penance.  
 Of Palexis went hame the companie,  
 And did the maneir plainlie fertifie  
 Of all the justing word be word ;  
 1200 Whairof the guid King thocht bot litill bourd,  
 That priffoneris his Knichts war so caught  
 Be sic ane stranger to quhom he nothing awcht.

- When he had hard that Palexis and his hors  
 War baith to grund [thus] strikin with his force,  
 He ferliet greatlie, so did the court all hail,  
 Of the Greine Knicht and of his [great] avail,  
 Saying, Gif that Clariodus in feild  
 And he alse [came] enarmit under scheild,  
 The two best Knichtis in the warld war met.
- 1210 The King said, Sir Gilgeam, do your debt,  
 With him the morne your strenth ge mone affay.  
 Then can Gylgeam de la Forrest say,  
 Full littil or nocht my strenth it may avail  
 Againis his nicht, quhen Knichtis did affaill  
 Stronger nor I, and nobiller [of] renoune,  
 And faillit not for to be strikin doune ;  
 Bot as my fellowis git I fall affay,  
 And fall not fail to do the best I may.  
 Be he had answeirit thus it waxit lait,
- 1220 And unto bedis went hé and law effait.  
 Gilgeam de la Forrest raise up with the day,  
 And at the King tuike leave and went away,  
 And with his squyeris raid to Mafon le Joyous ;  
 Whom soune perfavit Sir Clariodus,  
 Quhilke smartlie hes donne af his falsé visage,  
 And threw on him his helmet with curage,  
 And with his michtie speir into his hand  
 He met Sir Gilgeam fairlie on the land,  
 And straike him from [his] horse without delay ;
- 1230 And syne unto his pailgeoun went his way :  
 To priffoun was he taine, and that anone ;  
 His fellowis hamwart to the King ar gone,  
 And tauld how Gilgeam soune was strikin doune,  
 Richt as ane bairne full febill of persoun.

The court greatlie mervellit of this thing,  
 Of the Greine Knicht was all thair comoning ;  
 So to and fro thay spake quhile it was nicht,  
 And then anone to bed went everilk knicht.

Richard de Maianis nixt did him persew,  
 1240 And nixt him Sir Theman de la Hew,  
 Syn straike he doune Sir Triframe de Beaufort,  
 And efter him Sir Clarius de la Port,  
 Syne vinqvist he Sir Cardron de la Conge,  
 And efter him Sir Leoport de la Gonge ;  
 So furth induring quhile did ane moneth left,  
 He counterit with ane Knicht ay of the best  
 Whill threttie Knichtis he had strikin down  
 Of tham that war in court of best renoune.

On this ilk moneth in the letter day,  
 1250 The King inquirit of ane squyer or tway,  
 How the last Knight did him impartie.  
 The Knight of Eftur lichtit fuddanlie,  
 And did affend into the hall anone ;  
 Unto the King full glaidlie is he gone.  
 The King refavit him with great blythnes,  
 And fo did all the lordis baith mair and les ;  
 The Queine and all the ladies did him kis,  
 And him refavit [alfe] with mikill blife,  
 As he quho for the commoun profite hail  
 1260 Exerceifand justice had taine great travell.  
 The King him tauld, with everie circumstance,  
 Of the Greine Knight the rule and governance ;  
 And all the maner, as ge heard before,  
 How on the morne he fould juft and no more.  
 And quhan the Earle hard of this tyding,  
 How on the morne that it fould taik ending,

So lawlie he inclynit to the King,  
 And befought him atoure all uther thing  
 That he wald releive him of his regall micht,  
 1270 Upon the morne to fight with the Greine Knight.  
 The King was laith to grant him his asking,  
 For he the realme had haill in his governing,  
 And thocht, if [that he] had beine strikin doune  
 That nixt himself was greatest of renowne,  
 It had to his realme dishonour more  
 Nor all the rest that vinqvist war before :  
 Bot this he him befought fo earnistlie,  
 That be na maner he could him it deny ;  
 Bot grantit him, and said, If ge will fo,  
 1280 My self with geow in companie fall go,  
 [The Quein, and alle the fair Meliades,]  
 With all my houe ; sa help us Godis grace  
 That we may vinqvist upon the letter day.  
 His houshald all commandit he that thay  
 Sould redie make the morne with him to [go]  
 To Joyous Mafon a litill space them fro.  
 Now rest I will to speike more of the King  
 Whill I say of Clariodus sum thing.  
 Clariodus hes gart ane varlot go  
 1290 To Windieschor, to fetch him speiris mo.  
 This varlot hard rehearfing in the toun,  
 How that the King at morne sould make him boune  
 To se the justing upon the letter day ;  
 Whairfor he sped him hame but mair delay.  
 And quhen he com before Clariodus,  
 He presentit him the speiris, faying thus,  
 My Lord, I hard rehearfing in the toune,  
 The nobill King, with monie bauld barroun,

- Sall cum the morne the justing for to lie,  
 1300 In all his lee triumph and royaltie ;  
 The lustie Queine, and eike hir dochter fair,  
 With monie ane seamlie ladie wilbe thair ;  
 Ane Lord is cum unto the court this night,  
 He seimes baith to be wyfe and wicht,  
 The morne quhilk hes taine the justing on hand,  
 The governour they call him of England ;  
 The King himself he schaipis him to convoy  
 With great triumph of plesance and of joy.  
 I saw the Queine furth at ane windo ly,  
 1310 With monie ane lady and damosell hir by.  
 And thair I saw the fair Meliades,  
 The tender blome of youth and lustines,  
 Distingeand the rest about with hir bewtie ;  
 As the day star full of benignitie  
 Surmuntis everie star situat  
 In the illuminus hevinis stellat  
 Scho is the lodstar full of lustines,  
 Of womanheid baith ladie and maistres :  
 My Lord, I trow in trewth had ge hir seine,  
 1320 That scho schould greatlie [by god] praisit beine.  
 When of this tyding hard Clariodus,  
 In breift he was wonder glaid and joyous,  
 That uneis for glaidnes he nicht contene,  
 Remembering on Meliades the scheine,  
 Quhilk was of bewtie the verie flour and rose ;  
 Hir cuming so greatlie did him reiose,  
 Within his breift his heart dancit aloft,  
 Of his fair fortoun thanking God full oft.  
 Unto the varlot for his gud tydings,  
 1330 He gart be gevin fortie French florings ;

Syne gart he fetch the gud Lord of that place,  
 And of this thing he tauld him all the cace ;  
 Commanding him anone to caus be maid,  
 For sight of Lordis, skaffaldis heich and braid  
 On ather half, quhen the justing sould be,  
 Hecher and lower efter thair degree  
 Of nobillis and barrouns on tham sould stand ;  
 And efter that to cover them, so ordand,  
 With leves greine, and flouris reid and quheit,  
 1340 And bricht main bloffomis bluming with delyt,  
 That na tre falbe feine for leif and floure ;  
 Ouerspred with Mayis carpits of verdoure.  
 He ordanit eike two skaffaldis to be maid  
 [In reall flait, and all with purpour claid,]  
 And syne arayit with filkis thair abone  
 And claith of gold, as michtie Mars his throne ;  
 The ane he ordanit for the Kings Majestie,  
 Ane uther for the Queinis royaltie  
 And for hir dochter Meliades the bricht.  
 1350 He ordanit eike ane fair hall sould be dicht  
 Of turnour warke, owerclad with leves greine,  
 And brightest bloffomis that on bewes beine ;  
 And bad tham thair all necessaris intake,  
 Heir ane triumphand banquet for to make.  
 Sir Pennent said, My Lord, goe gow repose,  
 And I anone fall follow gowr purpose.  
 This forsaid Knicht gart searck all the cuntrie,  
 And fetchit thair all workmen that war flee,  
 Wrichtis, and maisters of geometrie,  
 1360 And maist practitioneris of theotrie,  
 Carvors, painters, and subtillest devyfers,  
 To make the listis to the interprifers,

Quha in that land of cunning was or pryfe,  
 Or had ane curious mynd or devyse.  
 Name bot it was in fortrefe or in touris,  
 Or in the hall was depaintit lustie flouris,  
 Or in the hinging of the tapestrie,  
 Or in the listis buildit royallie,  
 Was never hard, of so schort provisioun,

1370 So curious wark in no regioun.

Clariodus went to [his] bed to sleipe,  
 Bot of his Ladie ever in mynd tuke keipe,  
 Now braiding in his dreime for joy,  
 And now escarting for langour and for noy ;  
 Now slumbering soft, now braid awaiking,  
 Now fisching deip, [and] now for joy finging.  
 How oft in breiftis flitis joy and blis,  
 As weill ge know that lovers beine I wifé,  
 Of thame that loves servandis beine alway.

1380 Into his bed now musing as he lay,

He thoct if that his Father come in field  
 Againeft him in armes under scheild,  
 Then that he wald aluterlie forbeir,  
 And not tuich his bodie with ane speir ;  
 Bot onlie that he wald his helme unlace,  
 And geild him to his Father with bair faice :  
 For certainlie my Author tellis me thus,  
 That wounder wyfe was this Clariodus,  
 Richt juft and [gude and] mercifull in heart,

1390 Having all tyme the dreid of God inwart ;

Devote he was, and full of humbilnes,  
 Rycht gentill, and repleit with nobilnes ;  
 Quhilke maid him forwart ay in all maneir,  
 And lovit with the peple far and neir.



- Richt as the luffie candill matutine  
 Begouth with cristall vifage for to fchyne,  
 Befor Aurora, I meine the Morrow ftar,  
 For bewtie that clippit is Lucifer,  
 Throw perfing licht of quhais beimis fcheine,  
 1400 Walknit for love the rewthfull Philomen,  
 With angillis voice fingand befor the day ;  
 Clariodus, quhilk langer fleipe no may,  
 Furth walkit into his mantill and his farke  
 For bißlines, to gar men heaft his warke,  
 Quhilk all that nicht had not fleipit with ey,  
 Bot bißlie war in labour eydentlie ;  
 Craftis men haiftit thair wark perfay,  
 The Knight Sir Pennent ftanding thame by,  
 Devising thingis maift expedient  
 1410 For honour of his Lord armipotent.  
 Quhen that the worthie, wicht Clariodus  
 About the lifts ane quhyle had paßlit thus,  
 Seing that everie thing was donne aricht,  
 Becaus he litill fleipit had that nicht,  
 He went unto his chalmer and tuike reft  
 Quhill that the prince of planits him up drest ;  
 The goldin glemes of gleiting fkyis cleir,  
 Did hevinlie in the orient appeir ;  
 Up raife bricht Phebus with the morrow foft,  
 1420 Up raife the noiße of birdis upon loft,  
 Up raife the nobill King and eike the Queine,  
 Up raife alfo Meliades the fcheine,  
 Up raife the court, and did them all adrefe  
 In pretious weidis of great luffines.  
 The Queine did hir aray full richlie,  
 And hir atyrit full pretioufflie ;

- And eike the lustie madin Meliades  
 Into hir heart could na mair joy devise  
 Nor scho had for to go fe the justing,  
 1430 To fe him that scho did love abone all thing.  
 Quhen of this passage scho was full affurit,  
 With pretious stonis, and rich pearle and purit,  
 Scho did hir fresche and lustilie atyre ;  
 Hir schyning hair as [the] bricht gold wyer  
 Hang schyning into gyltine traces cleir,  
 With croun upon hir heid baith rich and deir  
 Set full of roobies and sapheiris blew ;  
 Ane fairer princes in all the world nane knew.  
 The Count of Estur enarmit him rycht anone  
 1440 At all pairtis, save of his helme alone.  
 Quhen they hard mese and syne disjunit,  
 The silver trumpit syne uptunit.  
 For hors they cryt : the King lape on rycht thair,  
 All coverit with his armis gud and fair :  
 The Queine raid in ane chariot on heicht,  
 All coverit with ane claith of gold full bricht  
 Browderit with pretious stonis and pearlis quhyt,  
 Quhilk to behold it was [ane] great delyte :  
 Ilke in ane chariot raid this young Princes ;  
 1450 Of gold and stonis great was the riches  
 About hir schynit freschlie as the day ;  
 Two snaw quhyt palfrayes led hir furth the way,  
 With harnisching more nor I can schlaw ;  
 For gold and stonis nicht no man hir know ;  
 Threttie ladies followit hir weill beseine,  
 Alse bricht of bewtie as the blossom schein :  
 The Count of Estur ascendit on his steid,  
 With mony ane knicht [attyrit] in fresch weid,

Quhilk buire his speiris and with him abaid ;  
 1460 With his bricht helme ane Lord before him raid.  
 I let them pafe rycht glad and foberly,  
 And of the Greine Knicht [fum thing] speik will I.

The Greine Knicht redie was into his tent.  
 The Knicht Sir Pennent ay full biffie went,  
 Putting all things in rule and governance,  
 Great policie he maid at all plesance.  
 When he thocht everie thing was at poynt,  
 That from perfectioun thair was no difjoynt,  
 For Lordis that war dwelling neir thame by  
 1470 He fent for twelf, abuilzeit reallie,  
 For to relave the King with great honour,  
 Quhilk neir aprochit with court of great valour.  
 And or the King com neir the juffing place,  
 They micht his minstrellis heir ane long fpace;  
 Heich was the noyse, and curious was the found  
 Of talbert, trumpit, and of clarioun.  
 Quhen that the King was cuming neir the feild,  
 He hovit still, and attentivlie beheld  
 The gudlie entres raifit upon heicht,  
 1480 All browderit and depaintit with leves bricht,  
 With gudlie flouris wounder fresche to be feine,  
 The blumes quhyt, and the leves greine,  
 The variant hewis without of purpour thine,  
 With cloath of gold arayit all within,  
 The curious kinnellis ryfeing upon heicht  
 Glittering and fchyning fo winder fair and bricht.  
 Great was the joy thay had on everie fyd,  
 For to behold the Greine Knicht as he did ryd.  
 The King said that it was the gudlieft ficht,  
 1490 That ever he faw in eard of ony wicht ;

So said the lordis and knichtis all in feir.  
 The nobill Queine and all the ladies cleir  
 Great joy had him to se on sik ane wyfe ;  
 And maist of all, the fair Meliades  
 Rejosit was that Knicht for to behold,  
 Whom to hir heart withoutin straike was gold ;  
 To se him ryd so knichtlie in his weid,  
 That love hir sa streingeit withoutin dreid,  
 That it ane seikness grew about hir heart,  
 1500 That suddant flart scho nicht it not escart  
 Of Cupidis bow so big againis hir bent,  
 From quhilk ane hundreth awfull dartis went  
 Ilk efter uther, with woundis greine and new,  
 Throw quhais stoundis scho oft changit hew,  
 Almaist hir passioun insufferabill,  
 Amongis them also scho is to fume abill ;  
 And efter that scho wald recover a stound,  
 And with sic comfort and great joy abound,  
 That uneis for glaidnes [scho] nicht contene ;  
 1510 And thus for love this lufy] Lady beine.  
 Quhen redie war thir nobill Knichtis two,  
 The Kingis herald cryit, Let them go.  
 Full haistilie than rowmit was the feild,  
 And to thair meiting everie man beheld.  
 The Count of Estur com redie in his geir :  
 And the Greine Knicht anone hes taine his speir ;  
 Bot he his helme no way wald let lace,  
 Whairof his felow grit mervell hes ;  
 The caus quhairof ge fall wit efter founne.  
 1520 Anone the trumpits blew a mirrie toune ;  
 The Knichtis baith com to so wonder fair,  
 That all men them commendit that war thair.

The Grein Knicht softlie did his courser steir ;  
 Bot quhen he did aproch his Father neir,  
 Alaweith his lance fourth of his reist he threw,  
 And from his heid his helme he af drew,  
 And to his Father he hes offerit his speir,  
 Saying, with glaidfume vilage and with faire,  
 My Lord, I geild me to gow but straike,  
 1530 So as ge list of me your conquise make.  
 The Count of Estur him beholding thus,  
 And saw it was his sonne Clariodus,  
 Also his speir to grund he caist him fro,  
 And af hes hivit his helme or he wald ho,  
 And in his armis heir he did him brace,  
 And tenderlie him kissit in that place.  
 Great wonder had the peple all about,  
 Upon this thing had ferlie all the rout ;  
 Bot quhen they wist it was Clariodus,  
 1540 The clamour raise and noyse mervellous  
 Amongis them, over all baith auld and ging,  
 For, certes, they him lovit over all thing,  
 And with ane clamour ryfing to the sky,  
 VIVE, VIVE CLARIODUS, they cry.  
 The Lordis lape from skaffald heir and thair,  
 And maid him for to licht with freindlie fair;  
 Bot they uneis in armes nicht him fang  
 For preise of peple that about him thrang.  
 The nobill King so glaid was this to seine,  
 1550 For joy the teiris ran doune from his eine ;  
 Glaid was the Queine, and all hir Ladies eik :  
 Bot maist of all Meliades the meike,  
 Intill hir eyis full plesand was the sight  
 Of him that was hir fervand and hir Knicht,

Quhilk conquēit had hir honour and renoun  
Over all uther Knichts but comparifoun.

What fall I of hir joyes to gow wryt ?

I can not have hir gladnes put in dyte.

The King difcendit from his skaffald thair ;

1560 So did the Queine, and eik hir dochter fair.

Clariodus tham met full courteslie,

And on his kneis fat down full reverentlie,

Helfing the King, quhom he tuike up alfweith

Up in his armes, and with his viſage blyth

Him kiſſit fweithlie, and eik ſo did the Queine,

And ſyne Meliades that Lady ſcheine.

Lordis and ladies did ſo about him thrif,

Him welcuming, that redlie he no wiſt

Whom to anſweir or to thank in thair ;

1570 Bot ay inclynand with ane viſage fair.

Quhen knicht and lord, lady and baitcheleir

Had him refavit with ane frindlie cheir,

Richt courteslie the King he did beſeike,

And ſyne the Queine, and the young Ladie eik,

To pas and tham repoſe into the place ;

Thay grantit him, and went furth with ſolace ;

They enterit in the place, and ſyne anone

In ane fair chalmer he maid them for to gone ;

The Lord ſyne of the place he gart him bring,

1580 And his aquentance thair maid with the King,

And with the Queine, and with Meliades.

When this was donne, he ſaid upon this wyſe

Unto the King, Sir, moſt it gow eſſeiris,

To go and louſe gon werie priſſoneris ;

To quhilk the King hes grantit with gud will,

The Count of Eſtur he gart remaine thair ſtill,

- And eik with him his fone Clariodus,  
To make the Ladies mirrie and joyous.  
He enterit in the chalmer of plesance,  
1590 Whair that the priffoners fould dre thair pennance.  
Thir nobill Knichtis quhen they saw the King,  
They war rejosit into mikle thing ;  
Thay did inclyne and did him reverence,  
Richt as effeirit to his excellence.  
He speirit of thair fashoun and thair cheir  
Sen the first tym thay enterit priffoneir ;  
And thay have tauld him all the circumstance  
Of all thair feisting, and thair great plesance.  
The King beheld the chalmer then willie ;  
1600 And feing it arayit fo richlie,  
Espying all thair playing instruments,  
Thair feisting, and thair plesant abaitments,  
Thair dancing, singing, with found of minstrellie,  
The King said, *Ȝe* ar beholdin grittumlie  
To the Greine Knicht hes *ȝow* priffoned fo,  
*Ȝe* have felt mair of glaidnes nor of wo ;  
Syne them befor Clariodus he brocht,  
Saying to them, Know *Ȝe* the Greine Knicht ocht ?  
How lykis it *ȝow* *ȝour* taker, schaw to us ?  
1610 And quhen they saw it was Clariodus,  
Mirrier Knights war never under the fone ;  
Thair men nicht se ane game new begune,  
Thay did inclyne to him full courteslie,  
And he imbracit tham full tenderlie ;  
He killit Amadur and also Pallexis,  
Qubilk was his coufings of sik nobilnes.  
The Knichts then deliverit war anone.  
The King then to the triumph hall is gone,



- Quhilk browderit was [with] leives and with flours,  
 1620 Richt lustie fair and plesant ower missours.  
 The King commendit it rycht greattumlie,  
 So did the Queine, and eik the young Ladie ;  
 The Count of Eftur praisit it also.  
 They wofche and to the denner syne did go.  
 To the tabill anone was fet the King,  
 The Queine, and eik Meliades the ging ;  
 At the same burd sat the Earle of Eftur.  
 The Merchellis of discrecion and nurture  
 Full bisfilie went ben and but the hall ;  
 1630 At uther buirdis that war collateral  
 They fet the Lordis efter thair degrees,  
 With potent barouns, knichtis, and ladies.  
 And as the first cours com in randound,  
 The mirrie trumpits maid ane mirrie found ;  
 Of clariouns schill, and uther minstrellie,  
 I wist thair was ane hevinlie melodie ;  
 The found out throw the silver mettel thrang,  
 Whill all the grit hall throw the noyise rang.  
 Thair monie diverse course for to declair  
 1640 Ane houris lenth fould occupie and mair,  
 Quhilk neidis not for to be tauld all heire ;  
 Great was the feist with hie triumph and cheir.  
 When silence beine of windand minstrellie,  
 And buird beine servit, by and by  
 The luits beine fayit and the strings,  
 The squyeris danfing alway in the springs,  
 The harpis beine fayit at the full  
 To make hearts mirrie that war dull ;  
 The guthtrone with triumph did record,  
 1650 The cleare fynball with the mirriecord,



The dulcat playit alfo with portative  
 Sad hevie myndis to make exultative ;  
 The dulse, bafe fiddell, with the recordour  
 Afflayit war and fet at ane miſſoure ;  
 Out of Irland ther was ane clerſcheo.  
 [The King begouth to lauch, the Quein alfo,]  
 And then luich all, and maid grit game,  
 He could not mirrie be that thair was drame ;  
 For thair nocht wantit of all warldlie joy

- 1660 That ever had fair Priamus of Troy.  
 The mekill hall was fèrvit far and neir  
 Of rich wynis in goldin coupis cleir.  
 And betwix courfis was ane padgeane playit,  
 Into play coats they curioullie war arayit,  
 By great inchanters and fubtill magicianis.  
 Sweit finging was of craftieft muſicianis,  
 And mirrie danſing of tender virginis quhyt,  
 With pleſant ſtories all of Homer's indyte ;  
 And mirrie fabillis of Guido de Colune,  
 1670 Eik was thair fynis of padgeanis playit dumbe.  
 If I ſould tell ȝow all the long proces,  
 I ſould ȝow irk be ſurfat of exces ;  
 For beſt is ane diſcretioun moderat,  
 For everie thing aucht to be temperat.  
 The Kingis heralds larglie cryit aloud,  
 Of gold and ſilver, and of ſeimlie ſchroud,  
 Gevin to them be Sir Clariodus,  
 That was both wicht, wittie, and famous ;  
 Quhilk all this quhyle was on his ſeit ſtanding,  
 1680 For he was maifter carver to the King.  
 Bot ſoune anone he paſſit af the hall,  
 And tuike with him his priſſoneris all ;

- Saying to them, My frindis trest and deire,  
 Ze do me now the plefour I require,  
 That ze wald gounis weir in fuit with me.  
 Thairto full glaidlie can [they] all agre.  
 He gart furth bring to everie man a gounie,  
 That at the listis he had strikin down,  
 Of claith of gold, hevinlie hewit greine,  
 1690 Furrit with mertrix gudlie for to feine.  
 Quhilk gouns he gart make for thame onlie,  
 Of his great wifdome, and his courtasie.  
 To Sir Pennent ane gown gave he also,  
 [And he] himself that day wore ane of tho.  
 With him thay dynit in the chalmer thair,  
 Syne to the hall [thay] all togider fair,  
 Quhair that the King sat [at] his denner fill.  
 This lustie fort of Knichtis went him till,  
 And thankit him of his great gentilnes,  
 1700 To thame donne be his passing nobilnes.  
 Of Sir Clariodus of great renoune  
 Then said the King with richt bening fermoune  
 Unto the Count of Eftur; Fair coulingne,  
 I weinit our Knichts fould thair ranfoun bring,  
 For to have gevin Clariodus your fone;  
 Bot to gif them he hes first begune.  
 The Count of Efture [anfuerit] Per mon fay,  
 The nobill Knichtis speikis more largely  
 Anents my fone I wait, nor he hes defervit;  
 1710 Ane greater guerdoun for to have thay fervit.  
 Quhen this was donne, thay wolch and said grace,  
 Syne to the floure they went them to solace.  
 On instruments menfrelles playit curioulle,  
 Lords, knichts, and ladies danst mirrillie.

Be this thair enterit into the hall  
 The fex fair Virgins, lustie, quhite and small,  
 That led the Greine Knight to the juffing place ;  
 As rofe and lillie cullour was thair face ;  
 All cled in cloath of filver new and greine  
 1720 Of plefant bewtie, angellyk to feine ;  
 With hairis bundin in traces of gold,  
 Schyning full bricht and pleafant to behold ;  
 All with greine hatis on thair heidis fet,  
 With flainis and pearle michtilie ouerfret ;  
 With fex fair Squyers cled in the fame cullour  
 Them leading, for to fe was great plefoure.  
 First thrie com in, of quhilk the formist had  
 Upon hir hand ane fair fparhalk weill maid ;  
 And to the King fcho kneillit courteslie,  
 1730 And him presentit the halk delyverlie,  
 Saying, The Greine Knicht hes this halke gow fend,  
 Doing him hartlie to your Grace commend.  
 The King this halk refavit fra the maid,  
 I thanke richt heartlie the Greine Knicht, he faid.  
 The uthre thre them followit foberlie,  
 Quhilk gave thre leich of hundis beninglie  
 Unto the King, and all war cullourit quhyt.  
 Thus faid the formist madine of delyt,  
 The Greine Knicht him commendis to your Grace.  
 1740 Then cryit all the court with mirrie face  
 Upon this wayis, VIVE CLARIODUS,  
 Baith wyfe and worthie, nobill and gratus !  
 Then begouth menftrellis mirrilie to play,  
 And for to dance young knichtis did affay ;  
 Clariodus anone begouth to dance,  
 And frefch Meliades of most plefance,

- Quhilk tham becam fo weill and lustily,  
 Them for to se great joy had standing by ;  
 The lordis, ladies, and knichtis in the hall  
 1750 Danfit anone. Thus mirrie maid thay all.  
 When that the dance was ceifit, then the King  
 Clariodus befoght that he wald sing.  
 The quhilk begouth to sing on gudlie wyfe  
 The song that he had maid of Meliades ;  
 Ane squyer of his him helpit courteslie,  
 Whilk sang the tennour wonder plefandlie.  
 When he had sung it, [then] he tuike delyt,  
 And it into ane role cloffit perfite,  
 And put [it] in the hand of his Ladie  
 1760 Without persaving, wonder quyetlie.  
 Meliades glaidlie tuike the sang,  
 And previlie scho in hir flive it thrang ;  
 Syne [secreitlie] his hand scho streingit, thus,  
 Half smyling, saying, Sir, ge ar perrellous  
 Amongs ladies in companie to stand,  
 That so can thring thir billis in thair hand.  
 All eardlie joy for ane quhile dois bot left ;  
 When his lustie triumph was mirriest  
 The King gart call for horse, and that anone  
 1770 But more delay, for he wald hameuward gone ;  
 Sir Pennent he rewairdit moniefold,  
 And held him still as knicht of his houthold ;  
 His Ladie fair, and hir sex Virgins scheine,  
 He gart becum in houthold to the Queine.  
 To Windieschoir the King I let furth ryd.  
 Clariodus behind him did abyd  
 For to rewaird the servants of the place,

And so he did rycht larglie with solace ;  
 Syne followit on the Court quhilk him abaid,

1780 And rycht humblie to the King he raid,  
 And thankit him of his magnificence,  
 And eik the Queine of hir great excellence,  
 Quhilk gave thair nobill prefence in the hall ;  
 Meliades he thankit eik withall.

With court royall, thus raid the King furth rycht  
 To Windischore, and thair he did alycht,  
 Whair [that] the supper redie was at all.  
 The King and Queine ar enterit in the hall,  
 And to the tabill [war] set michtilie ;

1790 And everilk lord of honour, and ladie,  
 War set at supper efter thair degrie,  
 And servit syne with great folemnitie.  
 The King commandit Sir Pennent the Knicht  
 Sould feistit be, and eik his Ladie bricht,  
 And the fex Virgins ; quhilk was donne at all.  
 Then menstrallis playit lufilie in the hall.

Rycht as thay fouppit had and said the grace,  
 So com the Kingis brother Sir Thomas ;  
 Him welcumit the King on fair maneir,

1800 As ze fall efter in this proces heir.  
 Ze nicht have feine ane richt triumphant thing,  
 Of gudlie knichtis had beine at justing ;  
 Bot fra he saw the honnour and the feist,  
 That thair was maid baith more and leist  
 Unto the Count of Estur and Clariodus,  
 He grew in breist haitfull and invyous ;  
 And in his mynd with felloune rancour fyrit  
 He hes ane false and feindlie fact conspyrit

Agains Clariodus the wicht and wyfe,  
1810 And eike agains his neice Meliades ;  
Quhilk tham engreifit oft in grit maneir,  
As ge fall efter in this Treatefe heir.  
The King gart have him to ane chalmer fair,  
And royallie gart him be feistit thair.

When this was donne, the King to chalmer went,  
With mony earlis, knichtis, and lordis potent,  
With mekill glaidnes and with folacing,  
With minstrellis fyne, quhair thay did dance and sing  
Ane weill lang space; fyne everie lord anone  
1820 Hes taine his leive, fyne to his Inis is gone.  
Meliades hir leave hes taine at the Queine,  
And went to chalmer with hir ladies scheine ;  
And quhen scho was in chalmer quyetlie,  
With hir awin secrite fervants gone onlie,  
With the advyse and leive of hir maistres,  
Scho caufit dame Romaryn hir adrese  
To fetch the Lady of Joyous Mafon,  
To make to hir ane mirrie collation.  
Scho bad the varlot Bonvaleir alfo  
1830 That he for Sir Clariodus fould go.

Now Romaryn hes donne this Ladie bring,  
And the sex Virgins plesant and bening ;  
The varlot eik hes brocht Clariodus.  
Meliades was then in heart joyous,  
And tham refavit with ane plesant cheir,  
And with ane sweit and womanlie maneir,  
Sayand to [Sir] Clariodus hir Knight,  
Supple me at gour pouer and gour micht,  
This Ladie for to feist, and make gud cheir.

- 1840 He said, Madame, forsuith my commoun wer,  
 For scho hes oft me feistit [weill] for this.  
 Ane banquit than begane with joy and blife.  
 Meliades then tuike hir be the hand  
 With womanlie effer, doing hir command  
 For to begine the tabill mirrilie ;  
 Bot this gud Ladie full of courtesie  
 Excusit hir to sit so hé at tabill  
 With hir that was a princes honorabill ;  
 Bot that nicht be no bute scho sat [hir] doune,
- 1850 With Amadour ane Knicht of grit renoune.  
 And eik scho baid, with wordis amiabill,  
 Clariodus to stand befyd the tabill  
 And be ane carvour. To quhilk he did consent.  
 Lower sat uther ladies consequent.  
 Dame Romaryn with twa ladies hir by  
 Servit the tabill winder reverently.  
 Great was the banquit and plesant was the cheir,  
 With mirrie wordis rycht joyous for to heir,  
 With fair effer and rycht glaid countinace,
- 1860 With easie sichis grundit on plesance,  
 With law demandis of ladies by and by,  
 With sweit love songis and cumlie minstrelly,  
 With secreit blenkis and inwart beholding,  
 With smylling loukis full of cherishing,  
 With birning breist of thrift and hote desyre  
 With quhilk ilk wicht stomakit beine in fyre ;  
 With all thair plesant drinkis at the tabill,  
 With thrift of love so wode and insatiabill  
 Within thir lovers breistis did abound,
- 1870 Whair Cupids darts had maid monie ane wounde.

Thair courfis heir I will not all indyte,  
 I man on neid restraine my pen alite  
 Or be ouer prolix in my fermoning.

When they had long with joy and conforting,  
 So nobillie feistit that lang it war to tell,  
 All up thay raife, ladie and damofell,  
 And rycht demurlie ane dance thay begane,  
 Ane gudlier faw never leiveand man.  
 Efter the dance, begouth they for to sing ;

1880 Meliades with countenance bening  
 The tribill fang, full angill lyke and cleir,  
 So that it was ane paradise to heir ;  
 Ane nobill tennor held Clariodus,  
 The fame to heir was hevinlie and joyous.

Whill long upon this wayis thay did difporte,  
 The circumstance war long for to reporte.  
 When it was lait, than leave tuike everie wicht,  
 The Ladie kneillit and faid, Madam, Gud nicht.  
 Meliades gart bring of rich collour

1890 Ane goume of claith of gold of grit valour,  
 And to the Ladie of Joyous Mafone  
 It presentit, faying with bening fermone,  
 3e fall refavein this, gentill Coufingne,  
 And for my faik weir it with glaidening.  
 This Lady kneillit, thanking hir hartfully.  
 Syne gart scho bring the fex Virgins hir by  
 Sex fair gounis of velvot cramofie,  
 With rich arming reverfit nobillie.  
 Clariodus rycht glaid was for to fe,

1900 Of this Ladie the great nobilitie ;  
 Hir passing fredome quhen he did espy,



He was rejosit wounder grittunly.  
 Thay tuike thair leaves, thair is no mair to fay,  
 Sir Clariodus convoyit all the way  
 This Lady to hir chalmer, and anone  
 He tuike his leave and unto bed is gone.

At morrow raife all the lordis in feir,  
 And at the Kingis palice did compeire.  
 The feist indurit furth ane monethes space,  
 1910 With finging, danfing, and joy with folace ;  
 Syne lordis tuike thair leave and hamewart went  
 In court quhilk war not daylie refident.  
 Sir Pennent tuike his leave with his Ladie,  
 Rewairdit be the King rycht honorabillie,  
 Whom convoyit Clariodus the Knicht,  
 Oft thanking thame with all his wit and nicht  
 Of the grit kindnes that he into thame fand ;  
 And gart delyver them, but mair demand,  
 Aucht hundereth florings : bot Sir Pennent I wife  
 1920 Was wounder laith for to refavein this ;  
 Bot he moft neidis refave it with instance  
 Of Sir Clariodus, that nobill Knicht moft to advance.  
 Than ather uther imbracit tenderlie,  
 And tuik thair leave rycht fair and courtellie.  
 Kiffit the Ladie hes Clariodus,  
 Returning hamwart mirrie and joyous  
 Unto the court, quhair he remainit fill,  
 And thair had daylie plefance at his will  
 Of his Ladie, and commoning alfo.

1930 Whairfor thair heartis brocht war out of woe.

The Count of Effur tuike his leave to ryd  
 To his cuntrie, ane quhill thair to abyd

With his Ladie, to put in governance  
His landis haill be gud rewle and ordinance.

The King I let dwell still at Windieschore,  
Whill I ȝow tell of new tydingis more,  
In historie as my Awthor dois affend,  
And on this wayis the Secund Buike I end.

THE THRID BUIK  
OF  
CLARIODUS.

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THE King of Cyprus with his court ryding  
Endlang the strandis, in ane fair morning,  
Beheld ane schipe with wind and waves dryve,  
Quhilk on the coast be tempest did aryve,  
Whairin war marchandis out of Sarifinis land.  
The King descendit to heir of thair tydand.  
They schew him that the Caine of Tartarie  
With fortie thowland Turkis was redie  
To enter in his land incontinent,  
10 And him persew with weiris vehement ;  
And said, that thay his ordinance had feine,  
Quhilk on the sea war cumand all bedeine.  
The King abaiflit was [richt] grittumlie,  
And for his counfäll sent he haiftilie ;  
And quhan that with his lordis he beine advyfit,  
For his vassellis to send thay have devifit,  
That thay within fyve dayis sould compeir  
On thair best wyfe, on hors and armour cleir ;

- And to gar provide tounis with victuall,  
 20 For to withstand his foes that fould affaill.  
     This beand donne, the King and eike the Queine  
     To Bruland went, ane toun with wallis fcheine,  
     And thair within providit for ane zeir.  
     His letters he derectit far and neir  
     In his cuntrie, and wairnit all his leigis  
     In ilk toun to provide for the feigis.  
     Thair com to Bruland be the fyvetine day  
     Awcht thoufand fpeiris in full gud aray ;  
     Of quhilkis the King held four thoufand ftill,  
 30 The uthir half they fent the Marches till,  
     To keip the cuntrie endlang the coaft.  
     The Kingis will fulfillit ather hoft.

    Within fchort tyme the Turkis did aryve,  
     And to Bruland aprochit thay belyve,  
     And thair the feige full stronglie thay confirme :  
     The Sowdane with his lordis did determe  
     To have the toune or ever they fra it raid,  
     And thairon grit avoues have thay maid.

- The King to counfall with his lordis went,  
 40 And ordanit folkis in guid abuilgement  
     For to affay the Turkis day by day.  
     The Cyprianis rycht manfullie did affay  
     The Sarafinis full oft with fword and fpeir,  
     And ifchit out on them with awfull feir ;  
     On quhais meiting was grit occifioun,  
     On baith the fydis was flauchter rycht felloun.  
     The wird of quhilk com to the reallem of France,  
     Of quhilk the King had [fo] grit difplefance,  
     Twa thoufand fpeiris he fent them to fupport,  
 50 With his Conftabill ; quhilk redie maid at fchort,

And passit [ftrait] to Cyprus the cuntrie,  
To Carados ane walled toune by fea,  
Whilk was ane myle from Bruland and no more,  
Whair thay on Sarafinis affailgit fore.

From France to Ingland com this ilk tyding.  
When it confavit Philipon the King,  
He was displeasit [eik] in great maneir,  
The King of Cyprus was his couling neir.  
First with his counfall he did him advyfe,

60 Syne to Clariodus upon this wyfe  
He said, Ȝe ar ane Knicht of nobill fame,  
Throuhout the warld spargit is ȝour name ;  
My brother of Cyprus and eame I mone support,  
Quhairfor ȝe take with ȝow ane lustie forte  
Of men of armis, aucht hundreth that ar wicht,  
And speid ȝow to the thrift with all ȝour nicht ;  
For ȝe fall capitane be and governour  
Unto that rout as Knicht of great valoure.  
Then said Clariodus, I thank ȝow grittumlie,

70 Ȝour Heines Sir, that me so nobillie  
Lift to advance into so heich renoune :  
Bot I ungainand am ; be this resoune,  
He sould ane lord be of gritter knowlege  
And wit of weirlie experience and age  
Nor am I : git to take sic thing on hand,  
Nocht this I say, ȝour Heichnes to gainstand ;  
For I no tyme ȝour command will refuse,  
My unskillience I speke this to excuse.

Thair is no bute heirin to speik no more,  
80 Clariodus most neidis make thore.  
The King gart founne his Letters furth adres  
For knichtis of grit fame and worthines.

- When that the armie cuming was all cleir,  
 Clariodus, he said, on this maneir,  
 Thir folkis I beteach in your keiping,  
 More trusting in your wit and governing  
 Nor ony uther Knicht in all my ringne;  
 This companie thairfor I now refigne,  
 Befeking you tham wyllie to demane,  
 90 Whill ye in England visie us againe.  
 With that he did imbrace Clariodus,  
 Taking his leave with wordis pitious;  
 Wha said unto the King, Wald God that I  
 All your command fall doe so diligently,  
 Efter my wit and my knowleging,  
 That to your Heichnes salbe grit pleasing.  
 With wordis of pitie and of tendernes  
 He tuike his leave this nicht; and did adres  
 Unto the Queine, and tuike his leave humblie;  
 100 And at Meliades, quhilk secreitlie  
 Bad him, that he sould quyetlie at eve,  
 Unto hir wairdrope cum and take his leave.  
 Meliades unto hir chalmer went,  
 And all hir ladies unto thair bedis fent,  
 Saying, scho was disposit hevillie,  
 Whairfor scho wald that nicht [all] quyetlie  
 Repose hir in hir wardrop at hir ease.  
 This Ladie, quhom na joyes nicht appease  
 For the departing of Clariodus,  
 110 With ane regrating wondour dolorus  
 Adoune scho fet hir at hir bed feit,  
 Full forrowfull, and brifing out of greit,  
 Bedewing all hir gudlie visage faire  
 With teiris bricht, out letting fisches fair,

As ſcho that mundane joy [wald ay] denud.  
 Romaryn bad hir be in comfort gud,  
 And preichit hir with wirdis of plefance ;  
 Saying, Madame, in heart take no pennance,  
 For ge ſould rather glaid and mirrie be,  
 120 Confiddering that he paſſis in ſuplie  
 Of Criſtine men, the Sarafinis to reſiſt.  
 All this nicht not hir from weiping deſiſt,  
 Bathit in teiris wox hir bricht viſage ;  
 Scho ſaid, Let be, how ſould my wo affwage,  
 When he that is the flour of chivalrie,  
 So luifing me, and I him ſo tenderlie,  
 Sall pairt from me into ſo far cuntrie,  
 Nocht witing efter if I fall him ſe ;  
 Now quhat fall wird of me fra he be gone?  
 130 My heart is deid and cauld lyke ony ſtone ;  
 Ha Romareine, aleace, quhat fall I ſay,  
 How ſould I leive, my heart is all away !

Thus weipit ſcho and waillit pitioullie,  
 That ony wicht nicht rewth have and mercie  
 Hir to behold, or git in chalmer be ;  
 Thair is no wicht ſo crewell but pitie,  
 That nicht from teiris hold, or git conteine  
 Of weiping, fra this Lady he had ſeine.  
 Softly ſcho ſaid, Romaryn go efpy,  
 140 Furth at the garding poſtrum quyetly,  
 If that my Knicht be cumit thair or nocht.  
 This Romaryn hes hir commandement wrocht,  
 And fand him at the get, and him reſavit ;  
 Syne up to wardrope paſſit unperſavit,  
 [Where that his Ladie lay on couch alone]  
 Deadlie of cheir as in her lyfe war none.

- Adoune he fat befyd hir on his kne,  
 For love of God, he said, Madame, let be  
 Your cair and woe, and take to you glaidnes ;  
 150 For out of dread, I have more hevines  
 For sorrow of you nor dowbill of my smert  
 Albeit that daith shuld take me be the heart ;  
 Ye aucht be glaid, Madame, of this voyage,  
 For all my freindis of this ilk passage,  
 This wait I weill, thay shuld it mirrie maik,  
 And forie be if it I shuld forsake ;  
 Quhilk if I had for ony dreid refuist,  
 Of cowardice men wald me have accusit,  
 Than had I beine degradit and unabill  
 160 To love ane Kingis dochter amiabill.  
 Madam, have mercie on your awin woe ;  
 Gif ye no list, aleace, for to do so,  
 For love of God then mercie have on me,  
 That may for pitie not fusteine to se  
 The sorrowful sight of you my Ladie sweit.  
 With that the Knicht anone brist out to greit,  
 That he no wirdis mo as then might speke  
 For inward wo ; it seemit his heart shuld breke,  
 So did the swird of sorrow throw it glyd.  
 170 Thir loveris weiping [fo] on everie syd,  
 Quercum with painis innumerabill,  
 With sighis and sobis uncoverabill  
 Within thair breists, that long they spake na thing,  
 For nather of them could ane word out bring ;  
 With hir was nocht, bot ay, Aleace, my Knicht !  
 And he againe, Aleace, my Ladie bricht !  
 And thus thay fure quhile it was neir the day,  
 Than [wakefull] Romaryn did often say,



- The nicht was fullie gone, [the] day aprochit ;  
 180 Quhilk wurd outhrow [baith] thair heartis brocht  
 Scharp as ane lance, quhilk neidit not I weine,  
 For forrow aneuch was ellis thame betwine.  
 Then said Clariodus, My Lady bricht,  
 Thair is no mair, Fairweill, and have gud nicht ;  
 I recommend me to your ladyheid,  
 Oft prayand God preserve your gudlieheid ;  
 Think on my faith, think on my trew service,  
 Think on your Knicht. And quhen Meliades  
 Saw no refuge, bot he wald pairt hir fro,  
 190 In swoune scho fell for inward paine and woe.  
 In armis softlie tuike Clariodus,  
 And with ane cheir full sad and dollorus,  
 On bed hir laid full tenderlie and soft,  
 And with his hands he held hir heid on loft,  
 Beholding on hir gudlie visage cleir,  
 Whairon the rolling teiris did appeare,  
 As bricht dew dropis upon the lillie quhyte ;  
 Quhairof the deadlie woe can no man indyt,  
 Nor half the cair of Sir Clariodus ;  
 200 His hard regrat to heir was pitious.  
 With cauld rose water com Romaryn fast,  
 And on hir face and handis did it cast ;  
 Bot lang scho lay with deadlie visage greine,  
 That it was rewth and pitie for to seine.  
 And quhen that scho ouircom, scho did up braid,  
 Whair beine my Knicht Clariodus ? scho said.  
 Quoth he, My heartis Ladie I am heir,  
 For love of God make now sum better cheir,  
 And think that we fall meit git efter this,  
 210 Quhen we fall have ineuch of joy and blis ;

- My only Ladie traift withoutin dreid,  
 That for your faike againe I fall me speid  
 Into all haift; and eik ge fal beleive,  
 That I fo laith am your [thus] for to greive,  
 That lang I fall not byd from your prefence,  
 For unto me ane death is your abfence.  
 Forfuith fcho faid, Clariodus, I trow  
 That of this world depairts from uther now  
 The trewest lovers, and the maift faithfull eike;  
 220 And of ane thing my Knight I your befeike,  
 Thocht ge be far fra me in ane ftrange ringne,  
 That ge be neir to me in fweit thinking;  
 And all of fabill falbe myne aray  
 Whill ge returne, thairfor make no delay;  
 Ge fall have heir of gold ane diamant,  
 When ge it fe of me be memorant.  
 And he gave hir ane rubbie bricht of hew;  
 With that imbracing can thir lovers trew,  
 And killit utheris with tearis diffelling,  
 230 And fo weill long thay ftud without fpeiking.  
     Depairtit thus the Knicht Clariodus,  
 And his Ladie, with fighis dollorus.  
 It fould me vex and eik my auditouris,  
 For to indyte the half of thair dolouris;  
 Furth of the chalmer went this wofull wicht,  
 With forrowfull teiris blindit was his fight;  
 To the poftum Romaryn him convoyit,  
 And he, that with melancholie was anoyit,  
 Streingit hir hand and nicht na wirts out bring,  
 240 And to his chalmer went with fair fighing,  
 And upon groufe fell on his bed adoune,  
 Making ane forrowfull lamentatioun;

Quhilk war ouer tedious heir for to rehearse,  
 Quhairfor I will not put it into verse.  
 He tuike na claithis off, he list not to sleip,  
 Bot quhile the day he did compleine and weipe.

Romaryn unto hir Ladie went, and said,  
 Madam, take comfort and anon be glaid,  
 Your Knight is trew, and will belyve returne .  
 250 As he hes heicht, and will not long sojorne ;  
 And furth scho preichit hir ane fair fermoune :  
 Syne in hir bed scho hes hir laid adoune,  
 Whair scho maid ane regrat lamentabill,  
 Whilk to ane bissie mynd is importabill  
 To beir, to aprehend, or to indyte ;  
 And eik hir wo me irkis for to wryte,  
 For never quhill scho saw hir Knight againe  
 Scho danfit, fang, or wore ane hew bot ane,  
 And that was sabill, signe of steidfastnes ;  
 260 For so hir heart was cled with hevines,  
 That scho no list to cum in companie,  
 Bot solitar to walke all quyetlie.

As goldin Phebus the bricht illuminar,  
 Ascendit in the orient preclair,  
 And his diurnall course had new begune,  
 Full lustillie up raife this Mars his sone,  
 The flour of armis nixt God armipotent ;  
 Clariodus, I meane, full diligent  
 Addressit him at morne to his jurnay,  
 270 With all the hast and labour that he may.  
 When he had servit God and taine disjune,  
 The trumpits blew to hors ane mirrie tune ;  
 He lape on hors, and all his companie ;  
 The Court did him convoy rycht honorabillie,

With all the nobill folkis of the toun :  
 Thus raid they furth with trumpit and clarioun  
 Whill thay sex myle had him convoyit,  
 Thay tuike thair leave, baith burges and barrnet,  
 And hame returnit to Windifchore againe.

- 280     Clariodus anone the flude hes taine,  
 He schippit in and all the reall forte,  
 And founne they did arive at Bruland porte ;  
 So weill to tham did Eolus his part,  
 Keiping the wind from everie contrair airt,  
 That be the help of him and Neptunus,  
 Withouttin storme or raine tempesteous,  
 Into the port of Carados thay aryve,  
 And from the schipe went unto land belyve ;  
 Whom founne perfavit hes the garitouris,  
 290   That in the toune and wallis lay and bouris,  
 And tauld the King of sic ane companie  
 Had in thair port aryvit haiftilie.  
 Blyth was the King and glaid, for weill he witt  
 That they war freindis, his foes to resist.

- When the grit Constabill of France hard tyding  
 Of Sir Clariodus suddant aryveing,  
 Rycht glaid he wäs, for divers to him schew  
 Of his valiant deidis and his vertew ;  
 Whairfor on hors ascendit he anone,  
 300   And diverse lordis maid with him to gone,  
 And with grit honour met Clariodus,  
 With knichtis valiant and verteous,  
 Saying, That he was welcum in that land :  
 And ather hes taine uther be the hand,  
 And tenderlie maid thair aquentance ;  
 Syne to the toune returnit with plesance,

- And royallie in at the portis raid.  
 The Frensch Constabill hes grit instance maid  
 Unto Clariodus, with him to go  
 310 To supper, and his tender coufingis two ;  
 He grantit him, and baid his companie,  
 The fairest lugin and the maist gudlie  
 Of all the toun, and thair harberie take ;  
 Foure louetennents thairefter gart he make,  
 To put his folkis in rewle and governance ;  
 To supper fyne thay passit with plesance.  
 And so among all uther commoning,  
 He speirit of the tounis befeiging ;  
 And fyne of thame within and thair defence,  
 320 And of the Cainis hé magnificence,  
 Of everilke skirmage and new debait  
 Of Cyprianis and of Saraseinis of lait.  
 The Constabill utart everie thing at richt,  
 Wha wan the feild, and quha was put to flicht.  
 Whilk commoning was plesant and joyous  
 Unto the heiring of Sir Clariodus,  
 Wha tuike his leave when the supper was done,  
 And to his folkis haiftit him full foune,  
 And bad them all be readie be the day,  
 330 Inarmit weill, and into gud aray,  
 For he wald let them wit of his cuming.  
 Thay grantit glaidlie all to his biding.  
 Clariodus reposit him that nicht,  
 And on the morne, be the day waxit licht,  
 He ischit furth with all his companie,  
 Enarmit at all peices nobillie,  
 And on the Heathine host full hardilie  
 He maid ane haistie onfet, with ane cry,

- The mightie God namand upon height ;  
 340 With that they rusehit on them with sic nicht  
 Throuhout the host alfweith raise the affray,  
 For thay war taine all out of [gud] aray.  
 Our Cristine men so fearcelie them affailit,  
 That baith in strenth and hardiment thay faillit.  
 Bot throw the bugills and the clariouns foundis,  
 Returnit all this false heard of Mahoundis,  
 And cruellie set on Clariodus :  
 Bot he, that was both wyfe and chevalrus,  
 Loude his anfeinge he did among them cry,  
 350 And with his hé renownit companie,  
 With speiris scharp so manlie with them delt,  
 Whill monie of thame anone the deid hes felt ;  
 Of quhilk up raise the clamour and the sound,  
 That all the wallis rang of Bruland toun,  
 And all the toun of Carrados also ;  
 The King himself unto the wallis did go,  
 The Constabill of France with monie knight.  
 Be this the day upcleirit and vox licht,  
 Whair thay nicht weill behold the battell,  
 360 Wha did defend, and wha did best affaill.  
 Ferce was the fight, and awful for to se,  
 On ather syd thair was bot Do or die.  
 Clariodus with nichtie speir in hand  
 Affailzeit so, no man nicht him gainstand,  
 Bot ather man or hors geid to the eard,  
 Among the Heathen so manlie he him steird.  
 When monie ane speir he brokin had afunder,  
 He drew his fword, and thocht that it was wonder  
 Him to behold, quhilk as ane lyoun wod  
 370 Never feicit to sched his foes bluid.

- Befor his face, loe, heir ane knicht goes down,  
 And thair ane uther lysis into fwoune,  
 The thrid on arfoun gapis as he war deid,  
 Fra fum he carves the arme, and fum the heid,  
 That of his deidis grite plesour had the King,  
 And so had all the peple auld and ging.  
 The French Constabill perfavit everilk deill,  
 How no helme nicht gainstand his brand of steill,  
 And how the Heathin he huntit to and fro,  
 380 Howbeit thay war fighteris monie mo,  
 Saying, He wenit into threttie knichts  
 Had never beine the curage nor the nichts,  
 That he saw into that Knicht that day.  
 His hé honour on all fydis praisit thay.  
 Ane Heathin Knicht that was of maist renoun  
 On Sarafeinis fyde, pryfit ane champion,  
 That to the Caine was verie neir cougine,  
 Quick throw the thikest of the preife did thring,  
 And set upon Clariodus the gud;  
 390 He, as [ane] lyoun, asper, feirce and wod,  
 Ane speir recoverit [lyand] neir him by,  
 And met the Knicht so wonder feircelie,  
 And so him raife all throuch the bodie out,  
 That to the eard he duschit down but doubt.  
 With that on height he cryit on his anginge,  
 And he, quhom that no Turkis nicht dereinge,  
 Set on them new with all his companie  
 With so grit curage and so hardilie,  
 And cryit upon the Heathine with ane schout,  
 400 And with thair steillit brandis that war stout,  
 Thay said thair fydis for till fow full faire,  
 And dang thame doune in draves heir and thair,

Whill all the feilds with deid bodies war ſpred,  
And all the Heathinis gave thair bake and fled.

Be that the nicht aprochit was and neir,  
That ſkantlie men as than nicht know thair feir;  
Quhairfor he left the chafe as [for] that nicht,  
And enterit in the toune with wallis wicht  
Of Carados againe to his lugin.

- 410 The Conſtabill with folkis auld and ging,  
Of all the toune him met triumphantlie,  
[Who had that day behavd ſo valiantlie,]  
Him welcuming with nobill feiſt and cheir,  
Being to the toun convoyit on blyth maneir.  
The fair begining maid Clariodus  
Upon the Heathene, that was utragius;  
Whome I leave in the weiris on this wayis,  
And ſpeike I will of fair Meliades.

- Quhen it was maniſeſt to this trator Knight,  
420 The Kingis brother, full of fraud and ſlicht,  
How that Clariodus with ane armie  
In Cyprus land was [thus] in chevalrie,  
The Count of Eſtur home to his cuntrie  
Was went alſo, his barnage for to ſee,  
He ſeingit letteris of his awin indyte,  
Throw his [foull] invy, malice and diſpyte,  
As they had cumit from Clariodus  
Unto the Kingis dochter, beiring thus,  
That ſcho the King ſould poyfoun preſentlie,  
430 That thay the cuntrie nicht poſſeid thairby.  
Quhilk letteris in a bag they had bein cloſit,  
And with ane mynd wonder evill diſpoſit,  
Unto the King he went in ſecreit wayis;  
The Queine intill ane uther chalmer lyis



Richt weill at ease, and wist nocht of this thing.  
 This tratour Knight hes schawin to the King,  
 That Sir Clariodus had letters sent  
 Unto his dochter Meliades the gent,  
 To poyfoune him, that thay might be his airis ;  
 440 And so the treffoun furth to him declairis,  
 And schew him furth thir letteris oppinlie,  
 That he himself had dyttit traitouroullie,  
 And said, that in ane taverne quhair he lay,  
 Ane messinger thair ludgit in the way,  
 And in his drukinnes, as did befall,  
 Out of his bulgit schuik his letters all ;  
 Ane varlot of the taverne thame up tuike,  
 And brocht them me upon the morne to luike,  
 And of this mater of me he was so red  
 450 [When of the letters I him questioned]  
 He him absentit and hes fled away ;  
 Quhairfor in haft, without ony mair delay,  
 I com to warne gow of this falsë treafoun.  
 The King him trowit, and without reafoun,  
 For haistilie credit he wald gif all tyme,  
 An war it anents never so grit ane cryme,  
 Quhilk is ane fault full grit into ane King ;  
 He braid unto his sword, rycht haistining,  
 And wald have went his dochter for to sla.  
 460 This tratour wist if he went out fa,  
 That redderis fould have maid impediment,  
 For all hir lovit that upon hir blent.  
 Na, Sir, he said, my counfall ge fall doe,  
 Sum burriouris ge fall gar cum gow to,  
 And tham command to worke at my bidding,  
 And I fall caus but ony persaving,

That scho be taine and flaine without the toun,  
 And thus fall endit be hir false treafoun ;  
 I taik on me to taik him efterwart,  
 470 And of sik justice gif to him his part.

The King neir wode in his melancholie,  
 Hes gart be brocht thir murtherers in hy,  
 And them commandit under all heift paine,  
 That his ane dochter fould with thame be flaine,  
 That litill wist, aleace, of this mater,  
 For paine inewch was at hir heart full neir  
 For the lang abfence of Clariodus.

This traitour Knicht hes furth delyverit thus,  
 And went to the chalmer of Meliades,  
 480 And cryit furth on hir this hafte wayis  
 Unto the King. And scho but mair abaid  
 Obayit him, and on hir kne abraid,  
 Sum deill affrayit, furth scho did hir marke  
 In treafes with hir kirtill and hir farke,  
 For scho was ay obedient, meike and wyfe,  
 And beningne alfe, as heart could [eer] devyfe,  
 Trusting hir father had beine at sum malice ;  
 My deireft on, scho said, quhat may gow pleis ?  
 The King, he said, wald fpeike with gow allone.  
 490 He wald not let Romaryn with hir gone.  
 And quhen, aleace, thistender innocent,  
 Thus with hir Eame throw the hall is went,  
 He hir delyverit hes or he wald flint  
 To the murderer, quibilk haiftlie hir hint  
 On felloun wayis, rycht ruddie with rufching,  
 Nocht handillit as the dochter of a King,  
 Bot as trespaffour with awfull cheir and fchore ;  
 Hir tender bonis thay stronglit all fo fore

Scho wald have cryit ; bot scho nicht not, alleace,  
 500 So with hir courtche they wompillit all hir face,  
 Stopping hir mouth fo hard and cruellie  
 [That] scho nicht uneis draw hir breath gudlie :  
 So furth at ane privie postrum hir led  
 Suiftlie to ane forrest as the traitour bad,  
 To murther hir quhar na man nicht tham fe.

Ah ! be this warldis instabilitie  
 Wha fould in riches or hie estate beleive,  
 Sen nane the chance of fortoune [can] echeve !  
 Hir variance and unstabilitie  
 510 Alyke is redie to heich and law degre ;  
 For febilnes oft cumis efter nicht,  
 And efter dayis cumis the dewlie nicht,  
 And oft tymis joy cumis efter sorrow and caire,  
 And efter winter cumis the fumer fair ;  
 Throw wyldnes of [the] frostis and of haill,  
 Murnis full oft the merie nichtingall,  
 And blythlie lingis on the ilk branch againe  
 Quhair scho befor had weipit hard for paine :  
 So men full oft throw walth and grite riches  
 520 Fallis in povertie and in febilnes,  
 Whom efter fortoune glaidlie dois restore  
 To mair honour nor ever thay war before ;  
 And git thairefter flydis doune fra hir quheill,  
 From weill to woe, and fyne from wo to weill.  
 This tranfitorie joy it nicht not left,  
 Heir is no ease bot trubill and unrest ;  
 For alle unfiker is heir ȝour dwelling,  
 All changing is our joy fra abyding.

Schir Thomas is returnit to the King,  
 530 And said, Be glaid, Sir, take gud conforting,

Ze ar delyverit weill and haillie  
 Of gone wickit and deidlie enemie,  
 I thinke to delyver zow eik also  
 Of him that is the worker of this wo ;  
 Ze fall the morne gar call to zow the Queine,  
 And all zour maist familiaris bedeine,  
 And schaw to them the cace how it is went ;  
 And gif that thay be not thairwith content,  
 Ze fall them punisch as it weill effeiris,  
 540 Sen that ze know the danger that appeiris.  
 When this was donne he passit to his bed,  
 Thinkand that he his purpose weill had sped.

The King, in his melancolike passioun,  
 The nicht all ower turnit up and doune,  
 And in his breist ay wirking to and fro  
 This suddane vengeance and [alse] haillie wo  
 Upon his dochter and himself in eike,  
 For sake of hir that seamit wyfe and meike,  
 And syne so fweit and fair ane creature,  
 550 And so weill taught and lovit abone meafoure,  
 And was his only bairne withoutin mo ;  
 Unfufferabill was his paine and wo  
 For his awin chyld of fatherlie pitie,  
 That scho the caus of sic ane treafoune be.

Romarein trowit, that scho so long abaid,  
 The King in tender commoning hir had  
 Of pleisand materis, so that scho thocht not lang ;  
 And this scho thocht, aleace, scho thocht all wrang,  
 It was not so, it was the more pitie,  
 560 Scho being of so wounderfull bewtie.

Upon the morne the King sent for the Queine,  
 And tauld hir of Meliades the scheine,

And quhat was wrocht ; thair is no mair to tell,  
 With pitious cry scho to the eard doun fell  
 In swouning cauld, and with ane deidlie face,  
 And of hir ladies oft was the Aleace !  
 Then nobill knichts with wofull heartis ran,  
 And held hir up with visage pail and wan.

When this is knowin in castell and in toun,

- 570 The clamour raise with lamentatioun  
 Amongis the pepill, with hiddious noyis and beir  
 [For sake of her, that was their Princefs deir,]  
 Them fells demainand that pitie was to see,  
 Wringand thair handis, and cryand for pitie,  
 Beitting thair breiftis and face forowfullie,  
 And tormenting them fells without mercie.  
 No wofuller in Troy raise up the foun,  
 For Hectoris daith, thair mightie champion ;  
 Nor quhen the Greikis enterit in thair ire  
 580 In ower thair wallis, and set thair toun on fyre,  
 And slew Priam, and brint Paladeon,  
 Nor was into the court of Philipon,  
 With lamentatioun, and with sorrowfull cry,  
 For hir that was the richt lodstar and gy  
 Of vertew, bewtie, and of gentilnes,  
 Fredome, renoune, honour, and nobilnes.  
 Wo worth the King, thay cry, and his counsell,  
 Doing this deid so wickit and cruell,  
 Quhilk fall this realme turne to destruccioun  
 590 By the vengence that fall from hevine stryke doun  
 Upon [thir] wretchis for the blood saikles  
 Of hir that in all vertew stude maikles  
 Into this wyde world without comparifoun ;  
 Fy on the murtherers ! fy on the fals traoun !

Fy on the cruell daith for ever more !  
 The skaith is done that no man may restore.  
 Bot had it beine kend to the pepill thair,  
 How that Sir Thomas kindlit had thair cair,  
 He hade beine rent thair with ane thowfsand handis,  
 600 That git the mater na thing underftandis.  
 Romaryn rave hir hair out with hir neives,  
 And with hir cairfull voice the court fcho deives,  
 Smyting hir face that forow was to fe.  
 Now of this lamentationn let I be,  
 And fpeik I will of fair Meliades,  
 How that fcho was demainit, and quhat wayis.

When that thir four murthereris anone  
 War with the Ladie to the forreft gone,  
 And had hir brocht unto the famine fleide,  
 610 Whair [that] they thought to put hir to [the] deid,  
 Thay said, Ladie, richt heir mone ge die ;  
 Hir countenance than pitie was to fe ;  
 Trembling for dreid, abaisit of hir cheir,  
 With quaiking voice fcho said, My frindis deir,  
 Why fould I die ? Have ge that in command ?  
 What have I donne ? Thay said, without demand  
 We wait no caus, but we commandit ar  
 To flay gow heir, dreidles we want no mair.  
 Then fell fcho on growfe richt pitioullie  
 620 Befor thir murthereris, afking ay mercie  
 Full rewthfullie, with lamentabill voice,  
 For love of Jefus that diet on the crofe,  
 With gour waponis have pitie me to ding,  
 Thinke that I am the dochter of a King,  
 Let manlie pitie enter in gour hearts,  
 To doe to me, ane fillie woman, fmarts,

And thinke that of ane woman ge war borne ;  
 Mercie, for him that wore the croune of thorne,  
 Of me, alleace, that may ȝow not gainstand,  
 630 That now ȝour scharpe swordis hes in [ȝour] hand.  
 Thay said, No buite is for to carpin so,  
 We mone our felfs be flaine or ellis ȝow flo.  
 Then towart hir they went with awfull fair.  
 Now grant me this, scho said, I aske no mair,  
 Let me heir to God do my oratioun,  
 Syne this mone be my last devotioun.  
 Go speid ȝow foune, quoth thay, and tarie nocht.  
 Alleace, hir spirit than was all on flaucht.  
 Doune on hir kneis scho sat full humbillie,  
 640 Quaiking as aspe, and schaiking pitioullie,  
 For dreid of daith afrayit out of measure  
 Fra that scho saw [that] thair was no favour.  
 Scho said, O Lord, that fittis in hevinis hé,  
 Of mercie King, thow mercie have on me ;  
 As thow disdaint for me thy creature  
 To licht into the glorious virgine pure,  
 And sufferit for me deidlie woundis fyve,  
 And raise upon the third day [fyne] to lyve,  
 And fyne affcendit to the hevinis with glore,  
 650 Thow grant me this that meikle I implore ;  
 As I am innocent of this mateir,  
 Have mercie on me, Lord, I thé require,  
 And save me from thir tormentouris fell,  
 Quhilk in this wood with waponis wald me quell.  
 When scho had prayit lang upon this wyfe,  
 To God scho hir betaught, and fyne did ryfe ;  
 Syn to hir tormentouris scho did returne :  
 And thay that hard hir praying thus and murne,

- And hard hir pitious lamentatioun,  
 660 Hir bening wordis and hir orifoun,  
 Weill knew of gylt that scho was all faikles ;  
 Whairfor they rewit on hir hevines ;  
 They went altogither, and was advyfit  
 To banisch hir, quhilk founne they have devyfit,  
 And thocht thay wald hir nocht faikleflie flo ;  
 And, thus according, [unto] hir they goe :  
 And scho, that weinit to have bein deid anone,  
 Fell into fwound allé cauld as ony stoné ;  
 And quhen scho overcome, scho cryit Mercie :  
 670 Thay said, Lady, for rewth we will apply  
 To save your lyfe, bot ge fall banischit be ;  
 For verilie we think it grit pitie,  
 To slay ane Ladie of so grit bewtie.  
 Scho thankit them on kneis heartfullie,  
 And with hir armis finall thair legs imbract,  
 And height to take the sea in all heaft,  
 Saying, Fair firs, I may gow never aquite,  
 That me to leive hes grantit sik respite ;  
 Rewardis I have none to give gow heir,  
 680 Sic as I have sik fall ge have but weir ;  
 Scho hir denudit of hir vestur thair,  
 And left no thing upon hir bodie faire  
 Except hir fark bot scho to them it gave ;  
 Thay neidit nothing at hir [for] to crave,  
 For scho them frelie offerit but disdaine  
 All that scho turfit, but hir litill chaine.  
 When this was donne thay to toun tham adrest ;  
 And scho in middes of the wyld forrest  
 Full waine of wemen was left hir alone ;  
 690 Hir visage was all [weit and] wobegone,



In farke allone, withoutin cloathes moe,  
At midnicht mirke, and wift not quhair to go.

To Shir Thomas thay turnit hame againe,  
And tauld him that the Ladie thay had flaine.  
With wordis fair so flatterit he the King,  
He was content quhen he hard this tyding;  
The auld servandis hail he gart remove,  
That to the King [leill] favour had or love;  
Whom he suspectit gart banisch furth totell,

700 And quhom he lovit thay still in Court did dwell:

So be his wickit wayis of traſoune,  
He brocht this realme neir to confuſioun.  
He dreid the Count of Eſturis ham cuning;  
Quhairfor he ſent to him but tarying  
Counterfute letters upon the Kingis name,  
That he ſould dwell in his cuntrie at hame  
Ay quhill he ſend to him ane wryting [cleir,]  
Or ellis that he ſould cum on no maneir.

This Lady naikit in the wood allone

710 Full pitioullie did weipe and make hir mone,  
Befeikand God to ſend hir help and grace  
To ſchape out of that dreidfull wildernes.  
Scho paſſit furth and wift not quhair to go,  
Into the wood ay turnand to and fro  
Forward and bakward amongs the thornis keine  
Whill all to rent on breeris hir ſarke beine;  
And quhen ſcho hard ocht fleiring hir befyde  
Into ane buſch full darne ſcho wald hir hyde,  
Quaiking for dreid that folk ſould hir eſpy  
720 And murther hir, alleace, ſcho wift not quhy;  
Whyllis ſcho wald ly ſtill and tak [gude] keip,  
And uther quhyllis out throw the hedgis creipe,

- Whill that hir hyd as lustie lillie quhyt,  
 Whairon to luike was sumtyme grite delyte,  
 Was all to rent and carvin heir and thair  
 With thornie pikis wounding hir full fair ;  
 Hir tender hyd and [lustie] snow quhyt skine,  
 As Mayis bloffome, smoth, [and] quhyt and thine,  
 Was all depaint, allace, of reid cullour,  
 730 As mixteoun of rofe and lillie flour,  
 Throw blood that was [from] hir bodie bereft,  
 As scho with seurgis had beine all to best.  
 That nicht scho passit with so grit pennence,  
 Praying to God with bening sufference.  
 And be the morrow cleirit up alyte,  
 Out of the forrest scho was passit quite ;  
 Then went scho furth in warld scho wist no quhair,  
 Whill that for fault of meit scho hungerit fair.  
 Syne of ane litill hous scho gat ane fight,  
 740 To quhilk scho did hir speid with all hir might,  
 Whair scho ane woman fand, to quhome scho said,  
 Fair dame, for love of that ilk blissit maid,  
 That bure the birth that sufferit for us deid,  
 Refresch me with ane litill peice of breid,  
 And gif me of your almous for to eit,  
 That am in poynt to swone for want of meit.  
 This woman was bot rud of conditioun,  
 And hir beheld so maiglit up and doune,  
 Scho said, Evill woman fra my dore ge go,  
 750 And ask them meit that thé demainit fo.  
 Then weipit scho that was full will of reid,  
 And furth scho past, asking of God remeid.  
 Richt far scho went and saw na kynd of toune,  
 For fault of foude scho was in poynt to swone ;

Febill fcho wox, and full of hevines,  
 That had beine in rest with all tendernes ;  
 Be surfute of travell and hir grit rebute,  
 Quhilk was not wonit to gang upon hir fute,  
 Hir tyrrit lymis no farther nicht hir beir ;  
 760 Whairfor in heart fcho had full mikle feare.  
 Bot, as God wald, ane uther hous fcho saw,  
 And as fcho nicht fcho towardis it could draw,  
 And fand the gudwyfe standing in the dore ;  
 Scho said, Have mercie on me ane woman pure,  
 That far hes gaine without cloathis or fude ;  
 For love of him that stervit on the rude,  
 Ge me refresch with sum pairt of your meit,  
 As I that hungrie am and faine wald eit.

This woman was in heart merciabill ;  
 770 When fcho had hard hir wordis lamentabill,  
 Scho hir beheld that fair was for to fe,  
 Replenischit with wonderfull bewtie,  
 Hir plesant port, hir sweit and louefum face,  
 Hir bricht hairis wyde wavelling out of lace,  
 Hir snow quhyt face with bloud all reid depaint,  
 Hir self so made, so weirie and so faint,  
 Hir lustie visage all with teiris weite,  
 As bricht dew dropis on the lillie sweit ;  
 So fore with mercie hir heart was owercum  
 780 Hir to behold weiping so allone,  
 Scho grat for rewth, and tuike hir in hir hous,  
 Saying, My doghter how hes it happinit thus ?  
 I trow sum folk that hes beine evill advifit,  
 For your grit bewtie hes gow thus suppryfit.  
 Nay, said this Ladie, traist gow verilie,  
 That I am undeflorit of my bodie

Of all filthines or sic corruptioun ;  
 Fair dame, have mercie on my infortoun,  
 And schaw me how my leving I fall wine,  
 790 And quhat labour first I fall [to] begyne ;  
 I wald doe service faine for my living,  
 And fall be leill, doubt ge na uther thing.  
 Ane peice of gray breid the wyfe hes to hir brocht,  
 The quhilke to eate [scho] wounder gud it thoct,  
 That breid of maine to hir was never so fweit,  
 Quhilk plesantlie scho tuike and [foon did] eate :  
 Ane drinke of water than to hir scho gave,  
 Saying, My dochter, so mote God me save,  
 I wald wisch ȝow unto sum gud maistres,  
 800 Bot ane poure woman is myself doubtles,  
 I may ȝow not susteine [long] heir with me ;  
 I have ane cummer dwelling by the sea,  
 That deallis with marchandice and hes riches,  
 And mister hes of servantes as I ges,  
 I traist scho fall resave ȝow in service ;  
 Scho is alse full of vertew and gentrice :  
 Bot ge ar naikit, and thairfor, Alleace !  
 And I have no gud claithe in this place  
 ȝow for to geive ; bot for my faullis heill,  
 810 For love of God sumthing fall I [ȝow] deill.  
 Ane old sakcloath [belyve] scho brocht hir thair,  
 And hes it put upon the Lady faire,  
 And with ane corde it seffonit hir about.  
 On humbill wayis scho thankit hir but doubt,  
 Saying, Fair dame, God ȝow forwaird and quyte,  
 And gif to ȝow the kinrike of delyte,  
 For it that ge have gevine me richt heir,  
 Of meit, and cloathes, and meritabill cheir.

This Gudwyfe raife, and faid, My dochter fair,  
 820 Now goe with me. Togidder then thay fair  
 Unto the fea strandis whill thay [be] come ;  
 Scho fand hir cummer at hir hous at home,  
 Scho helfit hir, and on this wayis scho faid,  
 Commer, I have brocht [heir] to ȝow ane maid  
 That wald have fervice, and ȝe have mikill to do,  
 I dare be bought that vertewoufe is scho ;  
 Scho is weill taught, and full of gude maneir,  
 Scho gainis weill to be ȝour chalmerer.  
 Ha, gude cummer, that is weill faid of ȝow !  
 830 Ane chalmerer ! and waits not quhair nor how  
 That scho is cumit, or gif that scho be leill,  
 I have no will with ftrangeris to dealle.  
 This Lady faid, Fair lady, have ȝe no dreid,  
 I fall keipe lawtie baith in word and deid.  
 The Gudwyfe, both for rewth and for pitie,  
 And for the prayer of hir commer, ſche  
 Hes hir refavit into hir fervice,  
 And hir affignit to ane [mein] office.

The woman paſſit to hir hous againe.  
 840 Meliades in fervice did remaine  
 With hir maiſtres ; the quhilk unto hir faid,  
 Now, at this tyme ȝe mane be biſſie, maid,  
 For unto Eſtur cuntrie mone we faill ;  
 If it lykis ȝow with me for to travell,  
 Go beare ane fardill of ȝou wole anone  
 Unto the ſchipe, quhilk readie is to gone.  
 And quhen the Lady hard of this tiding,  
 Scho was full glad, and faid, At ȝour lyking,  
 To faill or go ather be land or ſea.  
 850 Speid hand, the gudwyfe faid, for cheritie.

- The wole to beir fcho helpit hir maistres,  
 Whill it unto the fchipe all caried was.  
 The marineris be then all redie wer  
 Out of the hevin to pas ; the day was cleir,  
 The winde was gud, and up the faills thay drew,  
 Full fast thay glyd, out throw the floodis they flew,  
 Whill thay com to the cuntrie of Efture.  
 When thay aryvit into ane port full fure,  
 Swyth landit this Gudwyfe with hir new maid,  
 860 Whair thay fand cairtis, and theron hes laid  
 Their merchandeice, and unto Eftur toune  
 Thir twa ar past or that thay maid fojorne,  
 Whilk was the faireft toune in that cuntrie,  
 Thair dwellis the Earle and eike the Ladie frie.  
 Meliades full nait and biffie was  
 To beir at the command of hir maistres  
 The woll unto hir coufigne [laif] ; and fyne  
 Hir maistres gave hir quyet discipline,  
 Saying, My dochter, be biffie in service,  
 770 My awnt the better [then] will gow chereice,  
 For I perchance will leave gow with hir heir,  
 Quhair ge may vertew and gude maners leir ;  
 What is gour name anone ge to me fchaw ?  
 Scho faid, My name is Ladar, ge fall knaw.  
 Ladar, fcho faid, gour cloathes doe away,  
 And I fall fumthing better gow aray.  
 Scho gave hir fark, kirtill, [and] hofe and fchoune.  
 The Lady kneillit quhen that this was doune,  
 And thankit hir with fober humbill cheir,  
 880 And was alfe weill content withouttin weir  
 As fcho was quhyllume of cloath of gold pretious ;  
 Of haill cloathing hir heart was full joyous.

This Gudwyfe passit to hir coungis,  
 And ather uther grate with tendernes.  
 Quhen thay had spokin togidder at lafer,  
 They gart belyve make redie the supper,  
 And to it went with mirrie cheir and glaid.  
 This Ladie stude, and to thame service maid,  
 And that scho did so weill and perfytlie,  
 890 With fair effeir and countenance gudlie,  
 That mervellit was the Maistres of this hous,  
 Quhilk in her heart was mirrie and joyous,  
 And speirit at hir awnt quhat [maid] scho was :  
 And scho hir told the maneir mair and les,  
 And how scho was so trew and diligent  
 In hir service, and humbill of intent ;  
 And counfallit hir to taikie hir in service,  
 For scho was vertewus ay at all devyse.  
 Scho hir refavit with ane glaidsum cheir,  
 900 And syne did efter ryse from the suppeir.  
 Hir cummer departit, and hir leave taine hes,  
 And went to bed ; and Ladar biffie was,  
 And then to bed scho went hirself to rest,  
 As scho that was with labour sore oprest ;  
 Bot mikill of the nicht scho did bewaill,  
 That fortoun did so scharplie hir assaill ;  
 Zit ay scho thankit God and gave him gloire,  
 Of all hir trubillis and hir chanfis foire :  
 Bot never scho nicht forget Clariodus,  
 910 Of quhais love scho brint so mervellus,  
 And langit so, that winder was to tell  
 Hir sad thochtis, hir tormentis all haill.  
 Unto hirselfe with mone full pitious,  
 Alleace, scho said, wist ge, Clariodus,

- What travell I have endureit for your faike,  
 Full wofull waldge be, I undertake ;  
 And how that I arayit am and clede,  
 And how so purelie that I ly in bed,  
 Ge wald not at the leift all be content :  
 920 Bot all is welcum to me that God hes sent,  
 Whom I befeik of his magnificence,  
 Clariodus, to fend your patience,  
 That for my faike ge do not sic vengeance,  
 That efter may turne to your displifance.  
 When scho was so weirrie, formurnit, and forweipit,  
 With trubillit spreit and frayitlie, scho fleipit ;  
 And gat up airlie be the nicht was gone,  
 And maid the fyre, fyne fet the pote thairon ;  
 The hause scho fwoupit and did all that effeirit.  
 930 Hir Maistres raife richt as the day upcleirit,  
 And to the marcat [early] wald scho went  
 With Ladar as ane fervant diligent.  
 Then [up] scho tuike ane fardell on hir heid,  
 And with hir went withoutin ony pleid.  
 The woll thay fauld for pryce that mycht suffice,  
 And hame for it tuike uther merchandyce ;  
 Syne to the denner went and maid gud cheir.  
 The Gudwyfe raife up efter the denneir,  
 And at hir aunt scho tuik hir leave to wend  
 940 Hame to hir cuntrie, doing hir commend  
 To freindis all, and to this Ladar eike ;  
 And scho, with countenance bening and meike,  
 Hir thankit of hir gentrice, inclynand,  
 And wald hir have convoyit to sea strand :  
 Bot scho wald not, bot gart hir hame returne ;  
 The uther into England, but sojorne,



Is went to schipe, and founne arivit thair ;  
Full oft this Ladar bad hir weill to faire.

- Thus scho remainit with hir new maistres,  
950 And did hir ferve with so grit bilfines  
That scho hir lovit as hir dochter deire.  
Upon ane day, scho said on this maneir  
Unto hir maistres, Had I filk and gold,  
I fould make workis fair for to behold ;  
Purfis, beltis, with collourit quaife and kell,  
Whilkis wald full weill into the mercat fell,  
And quite the cost that I unto gow make.  
Ge fall it have, scho said, I undertake.  
Scho bought hir pirnis baith of gold and filke.  
960 And scho hes maid hir fair workis of that ilke.  
Hir maistres hes them presentit in the faire,  
And mikill mony scho tuike for thame thair.  
So at the last amongs hir workis all,  
Full curious workis scho maid, and most royall  
War over the lave in curiositie,  
The quhilk hir maistres grit ferlie had to see ;  
Whairfoir scho gart hir fold them in ane cloath,  
And follow hir, thocht scho sumthing was loath,  
Unto the Earleis palice of Eftur.  
970 This Ladar, that was ane ladie of nurtur,  
Obeyit hir maistres, and on with hir is went.  
Unto the Countes both thay war present,  
Whilk callit on this Ladar for to se  
Hir marchandice ; and with benigntie  
Scho com and kneillit to this Ladie down,  
And schew hir workis craftie of fashoun.  
The Countes them commendit grittumlie,  
And said, they war the fairrest works alluterlie,

- That scho had feine into hir lyves space :  
 980 So com the Earle in at the dore in cace,  
 Thay raife to him and maid him reverence.  
 Meliades of angellyk clemence  
 Be then recoverit had hir bewtie,  
 And was againe alfe luffie for to fe  
 As of before, and haillit haill and found,  
 Whair breer and thorne had maid hir mony wound ;  
 Thairfoir grit mervell was amongs them all  
 Of hir bewtie that flude imperiall  
 About all uther ladies that was thair,  
 990 Over uther flouris as dois the lilie faire.  
 For as ane thing celestially to fe  
 The Earle did behold hir plesand bewtie,  
 He thocht scho femit, and eike he thocht hir lyke  
 To the Princes of all Brittain kinrike,  
 The Kingis dochter, Meliades the bricht,  
 Baith of hir visage and of hir havingis richt ;  
 Bot weill he trouit that Meliades  
 Sould never beine arayit on fike wyfe.  
 Hir steidfastlie luik to [full] oft he wald.  
 1000 [And when scho saw that he did hir behald,]  
 Abaisit scho was, and sunnthing hir declynit  
 Hir bricht visage that so of bewtie schynit,  
 As scho that never furthie was nor peart,  
 Nather in presence nor git into desert ;  
 Bot as ane innocent ever under dreid,  
 Full of assurit [modest] womanheid ;  
 Far from Dormigill in crueltie,  
 Or Panthassilla in magnanimitie,  
 Bot neirer Grisswald with hir tender breist  
 1010 Of soverane vertew, quhilk is God aneist.

When that thay had thair marchandice all fynit,  
 And mirrilie collationat and dynit,  
 The nobill Countes tuike at thaim hir leave,  
 Gart twentie goldin baffants to tham give.  
 Grit talking was amongs them all that nicht,  
 Of Ladar and of hir brave bewtie bricht.

When thay come hame hir maistres said hir to,  
 We are rewairdit nichtlie, quoth scho,  
 All for ȝour verie craft; Have silver heir,  
 1020 Be ȝe butlar and make us mirrie cheir.  
 This Ladar hes refavit the mony,  
 And maid hir maistres weill to fair perdie,  
 Of mychtie wyns and plesant meitis deir;  
 Syne servit hirwith womanlie effeir.  
 Scho bought hir stufe of gold and silkis than,  
 And with hir warkis mikill thing scho wan.  
 Now of this Ladar leave I will ane throw,  
 And of Clariodus funthing to ȝow schow.

Clariodus in armes day by day,  
 1030 So mikell he wrocht at everie hard aflay,  
 That wonder was to tell or ȝit to heir,  
 The knightlie deidis of him that hes no peir;  
 His nobill bodie was never out of stoure,  
 His bloodie sword reffit never ane houre  
 Fra day being whill that the nicht apeir,  
 He so rememberis on his Ladie cleir,  
 To bring the Turkis to distructioun,  
 That he may hame more glaidlie mak him boun.  
 Thair fell on him so hard remembrance  
 1040 Of his Ladie, with sic continuance,  
 That nather micht he sleip nor ȝit take rest,  
 Langourus absence so fairlie him opprest;

Ather he thocht the weiris to make fchort,  
Or ellis to die among the Heathin forte.

He had ane quarter of the toune to gyde,  
And ane port readie for to caft up wyde,  
When that him lift, to ifche upon his fone.  
On of his conftabillis gart he call anone,  
And bad make redie be the day was licht  
1050 His companie, and in thair geir themdicht,  
That be the morrow all his luftie forte  
Sould redie be abyding at the port.

Thay foupit with the Conftabill that nicht,  
Disporting thame with heartis glaid and licht ;  
Syne tuike thair leave, and to thair bed ar gone.  
He on the morne could glaidlie him difpone  
Out at the porte to ifch with all his meinge,  
And at all peices enarmit weill was he,  
And ifchit furth with all his companie  
1060 Upon the awfull Turkis quhair thay ly.  
The trumpit blew ane weirlyk found on heicht ;  
He gave his courfour with his fpurris bricht,  
And fchot upon the Heathin with ane fchout,  
And with his fpeir he enterit in the route  
Amongis his foes ; bot or his big lance brake  
Full monie ane Sarafine lay deid on his bake.  
He pullit out his fword delyverlie,  
And dang the Heathin doun difpittfullie ;  
He maid alfe monie peices of thair theis,  
1070 As dois the wricht fmall fpaillis of the treis,  
All rougently he rufchit throw [the] rout  
Of woundit men ; befoir him gois the fcbout.  
The Caine himfelf hes hard the fuddan cry  
Among his folk rifing fo hidiously,

On hors he lape and forward com in haift;  
 The nichtie Sowdane him followed fast.  
 Clariodus was war, and weill he knew  
 That the grit Caine com him to perfew;  
 He ruschtit upon him with ane felloun feir,  
 1080 And with his sword him tothe fadill scheire;  
 His corps devidit into pairtis two;  
 And syne unto the King he did rycht fo.  
 The Heathin wouderit upon that felloun deid,  
 And him the way thay roumit than gud speid.  
 The Cristein men feing his deidis mervellous,  
 Thay cryit, VIVE, VIVE, CLARIODUS!  
 Long lyfe, renoune, heich glorie and honoure  
 Be unto thé that is of warldis flour.  
 He namit Jesus, that blissit Saviour cleir,  
 1090 And forwart preissit with ane knichtlie feir;  
 His folks did manfullie thair foes assaill,  
 Thair swordis went alse thik as schour of hail.  
 When the Constabill hard tyding of this thing,  
 To feild he cam withoutin tarying,  
 With knichtis that war valiand in feild,  
 On hors enarmit cleir under scheild;  
 At quhais cuming monie ane Turke can die.  
 The King of Cyprus, on the turret hé,  
 Beheld the battell furious and woode,  
 1100 The crewell scheding of the Heathine bloode  
 Be Cristine knichtis bauld and chevalrus,  
 And speciallie be gud Clariodus,  
 Wha restit never, bot ever dang all doune,  
 He was in fight furious as ane lyoun.  
 The King did him commend, and ferliet of his deidis,  
 He gart his men assend upon thair steidis,

- And ifch out of the toun to thair support ;  
 Full manie thowland thrang out at the port,  
 As swift lyouns defyrus of thair pray ;  
 1110 The Cristine men preisit to the hard assay.  
 Fast heir and thair the Heathine ar dung down  
 With mortall straikis of occifioun ;  
 Bot maist of all the gud Clariodus,  
 Alse fearce in fight as lyoun furious,  
 His brand ay bathand in the Heathine bloode,  
 So fairis he as ane tyger woode ;  
 Before his forcie arme of great renoune,  
 Unto the ground both hors and man gois down ;  
 His countenance baith wyld and terribill,  
 1120 His michtie corpis baith wicht and invincibill,  
 Strong as ane toure againis the speiris poynt,  
 Micht naine againe abake him put a joynt.  
 When he thus throw the feild so forcilie  
 With sword in hand did ryd, richt ernuflie  
 The Heathline fort for him war so adreid,  
 That richt as scheip befor him [fast] they fled.  
 Of cruell slaughter seidis never the stryfe,  
 Whill not ane Heathin man was left on lyfe,  
 For thay war vinqvist all and dungin doune,  
 1130 And finallie put to confusioun ;  
 And of the Cristine diet few or none,  
 So gratioullie did God for thame dispone.  
 Efter the feildis great difcomfitour,  
 Clariodus, that mikill was of valoure,  
 Is to the michtie Caineis pailgeoun went,  
 Whair infinit of thesaure importent  
 Was keipit in full great quantitie,  
 The number of it could no man eslimie ;

- Thair was of gold, and pretious stannis deir,  
 1140 And rich juellis to by ane reallem weill neir,  
 Quhilk he gart be turfit to the fea  
 Unto his schip; and fuith it is that he  
 Amongis men gave mekill of this riches,  
 For he all tyme was full of nobilnes.  
 Among all uther thesaure fand he thair  
 Ane tabiller of chafe richt wounder fair,  
 Of gold all wrocht with pretiouse stonis bricht,  
 Diamants, sapheiris and roobies casting licht;  
 Whilk stonis war so grit and ferlie deir,  
 1150 As radious lampe schyning also cleir,  
 The knightis did it pryfe that war thair  
 To be worth ane kingis ransoune and maire.  
 He gart ane squyer tak it and with him go  
 Unto the Constabillis tent withoutin ho,  
 Difarmit of his helme; and quhen that he  
 Come in the tent he said, Sir, God go w fe.  
 The Constabill answeirit and said, Ha, gentill Knight,  
 In your arming thair is no fault of fight;  
 How ar ye now unarmit now so sounne,  
 1160 I traist, quoth he, the danger is all donne.  
 Then leugh thay both with joy and mirrines.  
 Clariodus said, Will ye play at the ches.  
 Gea, said the Lord, have ye ane tabilleir?  
 That fall ye fe, I have it with me heir.  
 He schew it furth in prefence of thame all.  
 And quhen the Constabill saw the ches royall,  
 Whair of the men war all of massie gold  
 And stonis bricht, gudlie to behold;  
 So faire of forme, and great of quantitie,  
 1170 He said it was ane royall fight to fe,

- And said, he never saw so rich ane thing,  
 The maik of it posselt no Cristien king.  
 Clariodus said, Of your nobilitie,  
 Sir, will ye doe ane plesance unto me,  
 As for to give this tabiller of ches  
 Unto the Queine of France hir nobilnes,  
 Me humblie commending unto the King,  
 And to the Queine maist lustie and bening,  
 As I that am thair servitor at all  
 1180 Whill that I leive; bot ye forgive me fall,  
 That I yow charge fik message for to doe,  
 The quhilk perteinis not your honour to,  
 I meane fik travell to undertaike for me,  
 War it not to the Queinis Majestie;  
 I fould this have presentit myself trewlie,  
 War not that I in Ingland suddantlie  
 Man pas, quhairfor as now ye me excuse.  
 The Constabill said, I will no way refuse,  
 So mikill service do to yow as this;  
 1190 And quhen ye list to France to cum, I wif  
 Ye salbe welcum, dreidles, to the King,  
 For he hes hard of yow gud comoning;  
 Diverse reports hes cumin to his eare  
 Of your great heighnes both in peace and weir;  
 And so hes [he] relavit the tabilleir.  
 Togidder as they spake on this maneir,  
 The Sarafinis tents spuileit thair meinge,  
 Whair thay fand thesawre [in] great quantitie,  
 Whilk maid thame rich for terme of all thair lyfe.  
 1200 Thir Lordis hes them readie maid belyve.  
 The French Constabill and Sir Clariodus  
 Upon thair hors assendit full joyous;



Unto the King of Cyprus thay raid ifeir,  
 The qubilk did meit them in his best maneir  
 Without the ports, with royall companie,  
 The joyous trumpits founding mirrilie.  
 The King hes donne the Conftabill imbrace,  
 And him refavit with ane mirrie face,  
 Oft thanking him of his nobill fupport.

1210 To quhom the Conftabill thir wordis did report,  
 The laud heirop perteinis not to me,  
 Bot only to this Knicht that ge heir fe,  
 Clariodus, the rofe and flour of armis,  
 From his fword edge nicht helpe no harnis;  
 He was the haill caus of the difcomfitoure,  
 Nixt God our forcie campioun in the floure,  
 Give him the laud, give him the thanks always,  
 Of victorie and Turkis haill fuppryfe;  
 His nobill deidis giving great commend,

1220 Saying, But dreid, unto the warldis end,  
 Thair is no Knicht onlie with his hand  
 That hes donne half the deidis valiant  
 In all his tyme that ge have donne this day,  
 Thairfor ane honour ge have conquift for ay;  
 I wonder nocht thocht ge be valgeand,  
 For ge ar cum, as I [do] underftand,  
 On baith the fydis of rycht nobill bluid,  
 And thairfor, Sir, on neid ge mon be gud.  
 Clariodus faid, Sir, withouttin dreid,

1230 Ge gif to me more name than thair is deid;  
 Bot onlie half alfe far as ge report,  
 Richt weill befet I wald think [me] at fchorte.

The King put him betwixt thir Knichtis twa,  
 And altogidder to Bruland can thay go,

- And enterit in the Kingis palice fair,  
 Full great triumph and feasting [alfe] was thar.  
 The Queine and eike hir dochter com to hall,  
 With monie lustie ladie gent and small.  
 It war ane want thair courfis for to tell.
- 1240 Clariodus, that is of knightheid well,  
 Was cherifit so and fealtit on sik wyfe,  
 Long war to schaw the maner and the gyfe.  
 When thay had dynit, thay all to chalmer wente.  
 The King, the Queine, with lustie ladies jent,  
 Thair all the day did dance and make gud sport,  
 The seafoun war ower prolix to report.  
 When even aproachit, to supper then they go,  
 Thair royall fair as now I will pas fro.  
 Efter the supper, on the samine wyfe,
- 1250 I can gow nocht the maner all devise  
 As thay disport, carrell, dance and sing,  
 Lordis, ladies, and lustie knichtis zing.  
 Clariodus requyerit was to dance;  
 He him excusit with fair countenance,  
 Bot all for nocht, excuse avail nichte none;  
 With uther lordis he to the dance is gone,  
 So verie weill and manerlie withall,  
 Pryfit he was with ladies grit and small,  
 And with the companie everilk wicht.
- 1260 Thay thus disport quible mides of the nicht;  
 Syne everilk lord and ladie leave hes taine  
 Full courtellie, and to thair Innis are gaine.  
 The King had sonnes that war richt fair and zing,  
 That loved Clariodus abone all uther thing;  
 With him they ar to Innis gane infeir,  
 And all to make him companie and cheir;

The Conftabill eik him chereft tenderlie,  
As he that was baith vailgeand and worthie.

Thus, day by day, thair is no more to tell,

1270 In nobill joy and mirrines thay dwell  
Whill that awcht dayis war all gone outrycht;  
Syne tuike thair leave to pas everilk wicht,  
Firft at the King, fyne at his Lordis eike,  
Syne at the Queine and at hir Ladies meike.  
At thair departing wofull was the King,  
For he thocht that his luftie dochter ging  
Sould have beine waddit with Clariodus,  
Thocht fortoun wald not tholl it to be thus.  
The King maid to the Conftabill inftance

1280 For to commend him to the King of France,  
And thanke him of his help and gude fupplie;  
Syne thefawre gart in full grit quantitie  
Deliver unto him before he went,  
Imbracing [him] rycht hartlie in intent.  
Ather from uther tuike thair leave anone.  
Syne the King tuike Clariodus allone,  
And faid, Fair Sir, commend me to the King,  
And thanke him of his nobill fupporting  
Againis my foes ftrong in battell;

1290 And eik I thank ȝow of ȝour grit travell  
That ȝe have maid, cuming in this cuntrie;  
Syne of ȝour nobill helpe and gud fupplie,  
Bot quhais vailgeand deidis and chevalrie  
We hade not lichtlie gottin victorie.  
Grite giftis profferit to him the King,  
Bot he thairof as thane wald [tak] no thing.  
And quhen the King hes feine [that] it is fo,  
He gart ane fquyer for ane palfray go,

- Quhilk as the snow in collour was all quhyt,  
 1300 And of fasslioun wounder donne perfyte,  
 Both meane and taill did of [the] bricht gold schyne,  
 In warld men deimit thair was none so fyne.  
 Then said he to Clariodus, Sen ge  
 Naine uther giftis will refave of me,  
 This horse I give ȝow of a gentill kynd,  
 That ge may [ever] have me in ȝour mynd.  
 Full courteslie then thankit he the King,  
 And said, Sir, I am ȝouris in all thing  
 Whill that I leive, so wyfelie God me speid,  
 1310 As I that trew falbe in word and deid  
 To ȝow and ȝouris for now and ever more;  
 ȝour Henes keep the michtie King of glore.  
 So thay depairtit with tender imbracing,  
 For verie pitie weipit than the King,  
 And rycht so [forelie] did Clariodus,  
 For to depart thay war so dolorus.  
 At all the Court thair leave hais taine thir two,  
 With thair meinge and to thair hors they go;  
 And then ascendit all with ane purpose,  
 1320 Thay raid unto the port of Carrados,  
 Whair that thay fand [thair] schippis all redie,  
 The marineris thay wrocht full bissilie.

The Constabill now at Clariodus  
 Hes taine his leave with wordis gracious,  
 To cum in France requyring him sa fast,  
 So that this Lord hes grantit at the last,  
 His aquentance to make with the [gude] King.  
 To him anone promisit he this thing.  
 When the Constabill his leave hes taine thus,  
 1330 He bad adew to Sir Clariodus,

And enterit into his barke, and that anone,  
 And all his folkis ar to thair schipis gone.  
 The air was cleir, the wind was verie gud,  
 They drew up faillis, and sped them ouer the flude.

Clariodus gart furth ane barke hir drefe  
 All full of nobill trefour and riches  
 That he had won into the Caines tent;  
 Unto his Father in Eftur he it fent,  
 And bad commend him to his Father thair,  
 1340 Schawing to them at lenth of his weilfair;  
 Syne enterit into his fchip richt haiftilie,  
 And to thair fchipis went all his companie;  
 Thay drew up faillis fweith, and furth thay glyd  
 Atowre the floodis that ar baith roume and wyd.  
 Now ceife I of Clariodus ane throw,  
 And of the Conftabill fumthing will fchew.

The Conftabill of France aryvit fweith  
 Unto the port of Rowan, glaid and blyth,  
 And went to Parice with all his folks in feir,  
 1350 And to the King is gone with mirrie cheir.  
 The King richt glaid was of his hame cuming,  
 And maid to him richt heartlie welcuming,  
 And fpeirit of his tydingis and his fair.  
 Be richt report he told him les and maire  
 Of all the weiris fchortlie for to faine,  
 And how the Caine of Tartarie was flaine,  
 And of his hoft the haill diftruftioun;  
 And of the valiantnes and grite renoune  
 Of the maift worthie and wicht Clariodus,  
 1360 And of his deidis worthie and chevellrus,  
 And how his only manheid and his nicht  
 Monie ane tyme pat the Turkis to flicht,

- And how he flew the Caine and put him down,  
 And pat his folkis to thair diftruſtioun,  
 Whairthrow the mortall weiris tuike ane end,  
 And how he bad him to his Grace commend ;  
 And how the King of Cyprus worthines  
 Bad him commend him to his Nobilnes,  
 Him thankit of his folkis and fupplie,  
 1370 And how that he promifit for to be  
 His in all thing, and ſtand in his quarrell,  
 Richt as he did to him in ſtrong batell.  
 Blyth was the King quhen he hard this tyding ;  
 Bot of this Knicht he ferliet ouer all thing,  
 Throw quhais deidis the Turkis war diftroit,  
 Of him to hear his heart was fo joyit,  
 That he never irkit of him to ſpeir,  
 His face, his faffoun, his ſtatur and maneir.  
 He tuike him in ane chalmer him allone,  
 1380 And ſpeirit at him uther tydings anone.  
 And he tauld furth as he requyrit ay ;  
 Git, Sir, he ſaid, I have ſum thing to ſay,  
 This nobill Knicht of quhilk I [do] ſow tell,  
 The verie flour of chevelrie and well,  
 Hes ſent ane gudlie preſent to the Queine,  
 I wald anone that it war with hir ſeine.  
 Firſt I will ſe it, ſaid the King ; and thane  
 To ſech this tabeller he ſent ane man.  
 Sone it was brocht, preſentit to the King,  
 1390 Quha it beheld, confidering in all thing  
 Of it the valour and the [wondrous] micht ;  
 He ſaid, Forſuith it is the faireſt ſight,  
 And the maiſt pretious of the quantitie,  
 That in my lyfe I ever ſaw with ey.

- He fent anone to chalmer for the Queine,  
 Wha com with all hir ladies fair and scheine,  
 Whom the Constabill saluſt hes, and ſyne  
 Hes tauld hir all the cace or he wald ſyne;  
 Scho luikit on the royall ches of gold,  
 1400 That pretious was and luſtie to behold,  
 And it commendit wonder grittumlie,  
 And ſo did all the ladyes that ſtude by.  
 Then ſaid the Queine, I thanke the gentill Knight,  
 That hes me ſend this theſaure of ſic nicht,  
 Forſuith he was no wratch I dar [it] tell,  
 That hes pairtit with ſo rich ane jewell.  
 And ſyne confidering, ſaid the nobill King,  
 That he [ȝow] never ſaw in his leving,  
 And ȝit to me his name [it] is unknowin.  
 1410 The Constabill ſaid, With honour it ſalbe ſchawin,  
 He is to name callit Clariodus,  
 Knight of this warld maift worthie and famous,  
 Sone to the nobill Earle of Eſturland.  
 Then ſaid the King, He man be vailȝeand,  
 For he is cumit of nobill parentell,  
 His Father the Count know I verie well;  
 I have him ſeine into this Court repaire,  
 Under the ſone I know non gudlier,  
 In all maner and wyſer nor is he,  
 1420 The better alwayis his Sone neidis moſt be;  
 And eik of Sir Clariodus himſell  
 Out of Ingland full oft have I hard tell,  
 And of his manlie bewtie and vertew,  
 Now find I weill that thay ſaid of him trew,  
 Whairfor, certes, attoure all [uther] thing,  
 I long to have him in my Court dwelling.

- The Conftabill faid, He hes promifit me,  
 Within fchort tyme in this land for to be.  
 That wald I, quoth the King, fa God me fave,  
 1430 Then his aquentance dreidles I fall have.  
 When they had long tyme commonit in that place,  
 The Queine gart put the chaker in that cace,  
 And gart ane ladie take it up anone,  
 And fyne unto hir chalmur is fcho gone.  
 Thame now in France in joy we let remaine,  
 And fpeike we of Clariodus againe.  
 Clariodus did all his bißlines  
 To gar the mariners them fpeid and dres  
 To land alfweith with all thair faillis bent,  
 1440 Of his Ladie fic thochts can him torment ;  
 The more that he aproachit to the land,  
 In heat defyre he was ay [more] birnand  
 His Ladie for to fe : and then belyve  
 On Ingland coast he did laiffie aryve,  
 Neir by the toun that reallie is wallit,  
 Belvilladoun quhilk to name was callit ;  
 Thair landit he and all his chevalrie,  
 And to the toun thay raid richt royallie.  
 Clariodus, as he raid throw the freit,  
 1450 None of his auld aquantance could he meit ;  
 In all the toun no kynd of man he faw  
 That he was aquantit with or did knaw ;  
 He faw fo monie faces that war ftrange,  
 He dread full fair that thair had beine füm change  
 Into the Court ; quhairfor he mervell hade ;  
 Thay fled him ay and war for him adred,  
 For thay war of Sir Thomas inputing,  
 The toun to rewle and put in governing.



- At his Innis this Lord [then] lichtit doun,  
 1460 And hes gart herberie his folkis in the toun,  
 All bot his fellowis quhilkis ever abaid  
 With him still quhidder he ȝeid or raid.  
 His host him helfit fum deill hevilie.  
 Perfeving hes Clariodus thairby,  
 Tuik in his mynd ane suddant trew confait  
 That fum tratour had wrocht a fore debait  
 Agaisnis him, bot most was in his thocht  
 Meliades, if hir had aillit ocht.  
 Full suddantlie to changing can his hew,  
 1470 The bluide alfweith intill his face it schew ;  
 Of misbeleife the stound struik to his heart,  
 That in his breift it trublit him fore inuart ;  
 Unto his chalmer fadlie he is gone.  
 And to his host then cumin is anone  
 Ane merchand of the toun, speiring thus,  
 If he had spokin with Clariodus.  
 Na, said the host, I dar not with him speike,  
 For wo my heart was abill for to breke  
 When I him saw ; bot he hes perfaving,  
 1480 Throw my fad cheir he tuik evill conforting.  
 The merchand said, Methinke that gud it war,  
 That to my Lord we passit both in feir.  
 The host consentit, that Bartane heicht to name.  
 This Allane was ane man mikill of fame,  
 And monie ane day was mair of the toun ;  
 Bot from his heicht Sir Thomas pat him doun.  
 When unto chalmer cuming war thir two,  
 This Allane was in heart full hevie and wo,  
 Who helfit him with teiris distelling,  
 1490 Clariodus perfavit this in all thing,

- Allane, ge ar full welcum unto me ;  
 What new tydingis, my frind, [fra Court] bring ge ?  
 Now tell how fairis the Kingis nobilnes,  
 The Queine and hir zoung dochter the Princes ?  
 I cam not in Court, said Allane, thir monie day,  
 Whairfor the maner I can not tell perfay ;  
 All that zour Father pat in the Kingis cervice,  
 Sir Thomas hes put out on felloun wayis,  
 And me he hes exonerit among the leave  
 1500 Of the office that I had wount to have ;  
 The King he rewellis and gydis as he list,  
 Whairthrow the realme is hereit and oprest ;  
 No man may cum into the Kings prefence,  
 Bot throw his gyding and his gud plesance ;  
 And ane thing, Sir, and worst of all the leave  
 That he hes donne, thairfor the Feind him have,  
 Be false report and divillisch treafoun eike  
 He hes gart take Meliades the meike,  
 The Kingis dochter and his heare also,  
 1510 Withoutin caus and cruellie hir flo,  
 And, fy ! alleace ! murderit hir foullie,  
 Into ane nicht without onie mercie,  
 With cruell churllis mordreift cruellie,  
 The trewth I may not tell [zow] for pitie.  
 When that Clariodus hard this tyding,  
 The crampe of death did [fast] to his heart thring ;  
 He gave ane igh, and said, but wordis mo,  
 Ha, Ladie myne, and ar ge endit so !  
 The fword of forrow gave him sic a wound  
 1520 Unto the heart with sik ane deidlie ffound  
 He micht not suffer it, bot doune he fell  
 So pitioullie that forrow war to tell ;

Unto the pavement as deid dufchit he,  
 Hispaill viſage was gaitflie for to fê.  
 Pallexis up ſtart ſoune, [and] cryit Ha!  
 For ower grit wo he wiſt not quhat to fa.  
 The Knichtis foure and burgis twa [than] ran,  
 And liſtit up the paill and deidlie man,  
 And on ane bed him laid or thay wald ho,  
 1530 And with thair handis ſchuike him to and fro,  
 And ſoune his teith oppinit with ane knyfe;  
 Bot ſtill he lay [thair] deid as out of lyfe,  
 And nothing lyke from daith [for] to revert;  
 Whairof his fellowis ſic forrow tuik in heart,  
 Thay maid ſik duill that never hard was maire,  
 Never ſicht thay ſaw grevit them [fa] fair.  
 Sik forrow maid Pallexis and his brother,  
 That naine of them nicht counſall gif to other.

In this eſtait lang lay this jentill Knight;  
 1540 Bot the grit King of glorie and of nicht,  
 That ever is wicht quhaever be waike or ſeik,  
 He wald not ſuffer of his mercie meike  
 Him that was gentill ay and merciabill  
 In ſik ane wyſe to end ſo miſerabill.  
 So at the laſt he out of ſound abraid  
 Alſe wode of cheir, and luikit rycht affrayd;  
 He ſaw ane window and wald have lappin out;  
 His fellowis them aſſemblit him about,  
 Withholding him among them tenderlie,  
 1550 Him comforting with wordis moſt heartlie.  
 He paiſit then the chalmer up and down,  
 Melancolike, alſe furious as ane lyoun;  
 His eine thay brint and flamit as ane gleid,  
 Defyring to revenge the traitorheid

- Of the maist faikles murder and felloun,  
 Done to this innocent Ladie be trefoun.  
 Alleace! he said, quhat fall I do or fay,  
 My warldis joy is [from me] rest for ay;  
 O now quhair fall I go or quhair fall I ryd,  
 1560 Quhair fall I walke at evin or morrow tyd!  
 Whairto for sleip fould I to bedis go,  
 Or quhairto ryfe, I waits of nocht bot wo,  
 Or quhairto leive I, [now] thus myne allone,  
 When all my cumpanie is fra me gone;  
 O Death, cum slay me cative in distres,  
 That never fall have ane day of mirrines!  
 Why lests my bodie, feing my heart is flaine,  
 Fairweill for ever all eardlie joy againe!  
 And this he said with sik ane pitious cheir,  
 1570 It was ane paine him for to se or heir;  
 And forrow him tormentit so fellounlie,  
 Monie ane tyme he cryit God mercie,  
 Have mercie, Lord, that [wiselie] hes me wrocht,  
 Syne with thy daith so deir thow hes me bocht,  
 That I fall not in desperatioun;  
 Thy woundis fyve be my salvatioun  
 That I do nocht that may my foul [eer] tyne;  
 I ask thé mercie, sweit Redemer myne,  
 Now of my greif and my impatience,  
 1580 Who am bereft of all intelligence,  
 And can no refoun have nor sufferance  
 Whill daith upon me do his utterance;  
 And eike have mercie on gon fair Ladie,  
 Sen I hir lovit for no villanie,  
 As for the cryme scho stervit ane innocent,  
 And pitioullie with churlis all to rent,

And murtherit as ane theif without a judge,  
 Be thow hir reffait, fuccur and refuge ;  
 And let thy woundis be for hir remeid,  
 1590 That for hir finnis oppinit war fo reid ;  
 Among thy angellis refave hir in thy joy,  
 As thow that ar of mercie Prince and Roy.

With that the teiris geid out of his eine,  
 With fichis deip, and fobbis ay betweine,  
 That none on lyfe micht fe him nor behold,  
 Bot he anone fould weipe thoch he not wold,  
 Suppofe his heart war harder nor the ftone.  
 His fellowis foure maid ane pitioufe mone  
 For him in fecret [wyfe] ; bot not the les,  
 1600 With fuggedit wordis of great humbilnes,  
 Thay comfortit him, and oft bad him eit :  
 Bot he fo fillit was with dolour grite,  
 No meit he wald ifay ; bot bad that thay  
 Sould to thair fupper go without delay.

When they had foupit all, thame gart he call,  
 And faid, Go fend furth to our frindis all  
 In this kinrick, both Prince, Earle, Lord and Knicht  
 That lovis me, or in my quarrell richt  
 Will make defence, and pray thame tenderlie,  
 1610 Into all haft that thay will make redie  
 To cum with all their nobill chevalrie  
 In my fupplie ; for now [that] verilie,  
 I never thinke flefch to eit nor wyne to drinke,  
 Whill that I make gon Tratour to forthinke  
 That ever he trefoun wrocht on fike wayis,  
 And quhill the daith of fair Meliades  
 Revengit be, that all the warld fall heir.  
 Then Allan faid to him on this maneir,

My Lord, ȝour charge I fall fulfill alway ;  
 1620 Bot if ȝe wairne thoſe Prinſis, as ȝe ſay,  
 Sir Thomas will get wit, and will evaid :  
 Bot will ȝe [now] my counfall doe, he ſaid,  
 Ȝe fall cum to him [richt] without wairning,  
 In that ſame place quhair he is with the King.  
 In the toun of Clarans quhairin he remains,  
 Ouklie we carie hay in carts and wains,  
 And I my ſelf fall hay have to the toun ;  
 Whairfor I wald [that] threttie men war boun,  
 In cairtis cloſit [all] weill privilie,  
 1630 All ower with hay coverit quyetlie,  
 And [fo] no man will ſtope [thame] quhill that thay  
 Be went within the gettis, quhair ȝe may  
 Ane buſchment have a litill ȝow befyde,  
 That haifilie may efter them in ryd.

When he hes hard him on this wayis conclude,  
 He thankit him, and ſaid the way was gud ;  
 And bad all ſould be donne as he [had] ſaid  
 Againe the morne, and all thus reddie maid.

He callit on his luiftennantis than,  
 1640 And bad thay ſould be redie everie man  
 Neir by the toun of Clarans by the day  
 In the wode fyd, and hold them quyetlie  
 Whill that thay hard thame cry within the carts,  
 And then to ſpeid them [out] with mirrie hearts.

When this was ſaid, they went all to [their] bed,  
 Clariodus him leinit doune all cled,  
 All nicht bewailing hir death pitiouſlie,  
 That was ſo fair, ſo gud and womanlie :  
 Bot up he raiſe full long before the day  
 1650 With his foure fellowis, doing thame aray

- In weirlyk weidis ; and fyne went haiftlie  
 To Allanis Innis, quhair all war maid redie.  
 Clariodus and his fellowis anone,  
 But longer tarie ar to ane cart all gone,  
 With utheris whom thay lykit best to have,  
 Ane cartar come and furth [the gait] thame drave ;  
 The uther cairt [then] fillit was also  
 With men of armis, and thus furth thay go  
 To the toun of Clarains be the licht of day,  
 1660 Whair the draw brig founne drawin have thay ;  
 The port was oppin, they enterit suddently,  
 With ane grit noyis raifit up the cry ;  
 With that the buschment brake with [richt] gud speid ;  
 Clariodus affendit on his steid,  
 And to the palice raid or he wald ho ;  
 Pairt of his folkis commandit he to go  
 The toun to searck, and ay quhair thay finde  
 Sir Thomas' men, in priffoun them to binde.  
 Clariodus then [maist] unfrayitlie  
 1670 In palice enterit with all his chevalrie,  
 And in that chalmer quhair that was the King,  
 With him Sir Thomas, not witting of this thing ;  
 For had he wittin that Sir Clariodus  
 Had landit beine and com so neir as thus,  
 He wald have fled away if that he micht.  
 Amongs them enterit hes this nobill Knicht  
 And lawlie on his knie faluft the King  
 With honour dew, and with gud blifling ;  
 Syne went and hynt Sir Thomas be the hand,  
 1680 Saying, O trator false and dissaveand,  
 Thankis to God that now is cumit the day  
 That with thy trafoun thow no [way] chape may,

- That thow hes faid, ather fall thow preive,  
 Or it fall turne thé to thy grit mischeive.  
 Syne to his fellowis four gave him in cure,  
 Commanding them that thay sould keip him fure.  
 Syne to the King he faid on this maneir,  
 Sir, for this caus I [now] am cumit heir,  
 This curfit tratour with his fellounie,  
 1690 Of verie malice movet and invie,  
 Hes wrocht of his awin imaginatioun,  
 Be false and feindlie conspiratioun,  
 [Sic] wayis ȝow and ȝour bloode to distroy,  
 That he nicht of this regioun ring as Roy ;  
 ȝour Dochter innocent he hes put to deid  
 Full faiklellie but mercie or remeid ;  
 Wha fallie leit on me, as prove I fall  
 On onie He this day that is mortall  
 That will or dar abyde at his opinioun ;  
 1700 Thair is not thrie into this regioun  
 That will mantine his quarrell or defend  
 Bot I fall give him battell to the end  
 Againis them all at onis myne allone,  
 Or with them fyndrie feight [fall] on be on ;  
 Whairfor gar call him heir befor ȝow now,  
 And speir if he the treafoun will avow.  
 The King him callit ; and then Clariodus,  
 In prefence of them all, faid to him thus,  
 Sir Thomas, take ȝow choise of thingis two,  
 1710 Ather ȝourself in battell with me to go  
 And twa with ȝow the best [that] ȝe can wail,  
 [And curft be he that in the fight shall fail,]  
 Or prove that ȝe have faid befor the King,  
 Than, if ȝe doe, I merite punisching.



Then this Tratur trimblit [baith] fute and hand,  
 And said, I will not into batell stand,  
 I me confes of all this false treasoun,  
 I have deservit daith at schort fermoun ;  
 My Lady I gart faiklellie be schent,

1720 For trewth to daith scho is gone innocent ;  
 Thir letteris with my handis all I wraite.

Then all the Court at onis maid regrate  
 For the young Princes, fair Meliades,  
 All causes put to daith on this wayis ;  
 Thay gart the letteris thair all [be] present,  
 Caussing Sir Thomas wryte incontinent,  
 To se if that the writtis lyke war : thane  
 This ilk Sir Thomas [for] to wryte begane ;  
 Quhilk wryting so lyke was to the uthir,

1730 That nane of theme micht be knowen quhiddir :  
 Then with ane voice thay cryit all at onis,  
 Ha, birne the cruell Tratur, fell and bonis !

Clariodus upon his kne fat doune,  
 And askit justice of the deid felloun.  
 The King maid mone, that sorrow was to sie,  
 For hir that was so full of grite bewtie,  
 So full of vertew and of gentilnes,  
 He wold have slaine himself in his madnes  
 War nocht the Lordis was him belyde ;

1740 He raif his hair and pitioullie he cryed.  
 To wryte gow all his sorrow and his cair,  
 It fould me occupy ane long day and mair ;  
 He fell on kneis before Clariodus,  
 Saying to him thir wordis pitious,  
 Let not gon Tratur first to his deid go,  
 Bot begine at me and with your sword me slo,

That most have defervit for to die ;  
 All princes may exampill take of me,  
 Thus unadvysit to distroy thair blood,  
 1750 Or than advysit, counfall thairto conclude ;  
 Why let ge me in wo thus liveing heir,  
 On me doe furth your deid, schrinke for no feir.  
 With that he raif his awin hair pitioullie,  
 And strake him self wounder fellounlie.  
 Clariodus alswewith tuike up the King  
 Into his armis, thus to him saying,  
 Sir, ge sould nocht sit on kneis to me,  
 Bot unto God, to him sailgeit [have] ge  
 And to the leigis of your regioun,

1760 For ge distroyit your successioun,  
 Thair onelie Princes, and your richteous aire,  
 That quhyllum was countit [fa] wyfe and fair.

The King commandit that his feigis royall  
 Sould be renewit, wher the pepill all  
 Micht se the mortall castigioun  
 Of this Sir Thomas, for his fals treafoun ;  
 At his command quhilk soun removit was  
 And in the grit court sat of his palice :  
 And syne commandit he the burgis two,

1770 Clariodus' host and Allan also,  
 To make ane oppin proclamatioun  
 Of all things [to be done] with trumpet found,  
 That all the peipill micht of Clarains toun  
 Cum and se justice donne of his treafoun ;  
 And bad them bring the burriours also.

Thir two, as than commandit, furth thay go,  
 As he bad doe, anone the famine ways,  
 And maid ane scaffald upon heicht to ryfe.

Sir Thomas callit was in judgement,  
 1780 And with ane fife fyllit incontinent ;  
 Syne damnit to be drawin ilke lith from uther,  
 In prefence of King Philipon his brother ;  
 Of quhilk was maid ane executioun  
 Upon the scaffold, the peipill environ :  
 The peipill nicht not lichtlie numberit be,  
 Whilk thrang so thike the maner for to fie.  
 The King in judgment fat [exaltit] thair  
 Whill justifit Sir Thomas' folkis war  
 And all that gave him counfall or supplie  
 1790 To doe that felloun deid of crueltye.

[This done,] unto Belvelladoun thay raid,  
 Into the Court grit hevines was maid.  
 Clariodus raid speiking with the Queine,  
 Betwix quhom [ay] grit sorrow nicht be feine ;  
 When they spake of Meliades the bricht  
 With weiping all to blindit was thair fight.  
 The King alfwieith is enterit in the toun,  
 Whair he reposit, and quhyllum maid sojorne  
 For to take ordour with everilk officer  
 1800 That Sir Thomas had put from office thair.  
 Then all was wrocht and endit on this wyfe,  
 And enterit all agane to thair service.  
 Clariodus his leive tuike at the King,  
 As he had long thocht of his tarying ;  
 The cuntrie that sum tyme [fyne] he thocht fair,  
 And had in it sic plesour to repair,  
 Than thocht he all was bair and barren wildernes,  
 So far his heart was bund in hevines  
 That in that land he nicht not eit nor fleip,  
 1810 Bot weipand ay with fadest sichis deip.

- The King said, Sir Clariodus, I fe  
 That ge na longer list to byd with me ;  
 Zit pitie this realme, gentill Knicht,  
 That in sike perrell standis day and nicht,  
 For fault of ane the peipill to convoy ;  
 And ge depairt, fairweill fra me all joy ;  
 Your Father eik, efter your [hame] cuming,  
 I wait will enter no more in this rigne,  
 Then it is put cleine to diftruftioun :  
 1820 Thairfor I make your supplicatioun,  
 That ge disdaine not for to byde with me,  
 Whill that your Father cum into this cuntrie.  
 Clariodus wald not him grant, for quhy,  
 He trouit never to cum againe fithly,  
 And for to heicht ane thing and keip it nocht  
 Was never in his mynd, deid nor thocht ;  
 Whairfor he wald not grant for to abyde.  
 The peipill cryit all on everie yd,  
 Ha, gentill Knicht, and flour of nobilnes,  
 1830 Leave never the King into his heich distres ;  
 Bot rew on him, for his sake hes your bocht,  
 For he to leive langer fall he nocht,  
 For sorrow and langour efter ge be gone.  
 When that this Knicht hard thair pitious mone,  
 Confort your, Sir, he said, for Godis sake,  
 And I fall doe so, heir I undertake,  
 That pleisit ge falbe, [as] I weill wait ;  
 Now heir my brother that Palexis heicht,  
 And eik my coufing Amandur his brother,  
 1840 I fall them two leave with your and no uther,  
 Albeit I war full laith them to forgo ;  
 Bot git with your thay fall byd baith the two,

As thay that manheid and difcretioun  
Hes for to rewle the cuntrie up and down.

This being finit, fchortlie for to tell,  
Clariodus, that is of knichtheid well,  
His leave hes takine baith at King and Queine,  
With wofull teares birfing out of his eine ;  
He tuike his leave at the merchand allo,

1850 And at his gud hof, thanking oft thay two  
Of thair gud fervice and thair biffines ;  
And fyne at all his freindis more and les :  
Bot quhen anone the peipill faw him ryde  
Out throw the toun, full pitifullie thay cryed,  
Fair weill, our confort now and all our joy !  
Fair weill, our cheif protector out of noy !  
Fair weill, the gentilleft Knicht and maift worthie  
In all the world that beine aluterlie !

Out of the toun he haiftilie did ryd,  
1860 For clamour of the pepill him befyd ;  
And quhen he was ane myle out of the toun,  
He and his fellows thair lichtit [tham] down ;  
To tham he faid, My frindis traift and deir,  
I gow reverence, and oft thankis gow heir  
Of gow fervice and nobill cumpanie,  
I me commend to gow maift hartfullie,  
Now mon I pafe from gow, and nothing wote  
If I to gow will cum againe or not :  
Bot ge fall not be difpurvayit at all,

1870 My Father in this cuntrie foune cum he fall,  
And traift richt weill [that] not forget fall I  
To gar my Father compleit finaly  
Gow mariagis, be ge not adred ;  
My frind Palexis, ge fall Cadar wed,

- Whom ge have handfast; and Amandur fall get  
 The King of Spainges lister Mandonet;  
 And ge that ar my uther fellowis two  
 Sall have Barronis dochteris also  
 Into our land, quhilk neir ar of our blude;  
 1880 And seing that kyndnes ever amongis us stude,  
 Now let us keip it till our latter day,  
 And se that ge luife uther rycht weill ay:  
 And ge, my cufings two, over all thing,  
 Exerce your office and please weill your King;  
 Amongis the peipill conqueis ge sik name,  
 That your frindis have no reproch nor blame.  
 With this, into his armis he did tham fange,  
 And then begouth sik weiping them amang,  
 That pitie it had beine for to behold.  
 1890 Ane efter uther he in his armes fold,  
 And kissit them, bot nicht no wirdis say;  
 Syne lap upon his hors and raid his way.  
 Still thay remainit efter he was gone,  
 Sore weiping and bewailling thame allone;  
 Thay wist he wald go walke in wildernes,  
 And never thairefter ane joyous day posses;  
 Whairfor thair painfull forrow and thair cheir  
 War all to long for to byd on to heir.  
 Thir four full fadlie to the toun thay went,  
 1900 And he as woode man spurrit ower the bent,  
 As he that wist not quhair to ryd or go,  
 His breist was so oprest with inwart greif and wo.  
 Clariodus raid furth on this maneir,  
 Ane grit forrest quhill he aproachit neir;  
 Then sped he him with all the haift he may,  
 For doubt they fould have stoppit him the way.

- So in the forreft happinit him to meit  
 Ane Palmer cumand, quhilk did on him greit,  
 And of his almes asked him, and said,  
 1910 That felloun briggandis him difpuilzeit had.  
 Clariodus said, Father, for certaine,  
 The halie gaitis that ze wount to gang  
 Will not alway let zow difpurvayit be ;  
 Ze fall have all my cloathes, and gif me  
 Your clothes againe, and tak myne betwine.  
 Glaid was the Pilgrime this ilk change to feine.  
 Clariodus put on the Palmers weid,  
 And he gave him his cloathes and his fleid.  
 The Palmer said, My Lord, I weill perfave,  
 1920 That feiknes or melancholie ze have ;  
 Have patience in diftres for ony thing,  
 For naturallie the warld is ay changing,  
 And glad joy cumis nixt adverfitie  
 Be cours of fortounis mutabilitie.  
 Clariodus than thankis to him maid,  
 Saying, God grant it be as ze have said.  
 Thus went he furth in palmer weid allone,  
 Out throw the forreft quhill the day was gone ;  
 The nicht aproachit and he abydis thair,  
 1930 Baith wind and raine [then] dang on him richt fair,  
 That he in hafart was to lofe his lyfe.  
 As day begouth and nicht away did drive,  
 He paicet furth, and fand ane finall paffage,  
 Quhilk had him throw the wood to ane village ;  
 He enterit, asking almous for Godis faike ;  
 Sum gave him pairt, and fum did him forfaike,  
 And bad him go and wirke, for he was wicht,  
 And fair of perfoune thocht he war ane Knicht ;

Weill tailzeit of his bodie up and down,  
 1940 They bade him go [and] thryſche in everie toun.

Clariodus then ſped him biſſilie  
 Whill he come to the ſea, and tuik harbrie  
 Into ane hevining place where ſchipes were,  
 And redie for to fail in cuntries feir.  
 Ane was to go in Eſtur land; whairfore  
 He haiftilie hes paſſit to the ſchore,  
 And ſpeirit at the marineris in hy,  
 Gif thay wald tak him in thair cumpanie.  
 Thay ſaid, If that he could make gud ſervice,  
 1950 Thay wald refave him into gudlie wayis.  
 Then hes he ſaid, no worke he wald refuſe,  
 That onie uther ſervitor did uſe.  
 The Skipper ſaid, Go let him in anone,  
 For he is manfull big of brane and bone;  
 He ſeames to be na balleiſt in the how,  
 He fall weill hald ane anker or ane tow,  
 To mak our windis [for] to go on force,  
 And he will draw about lyke ony hors;  
 To dicht our meit, full weill gainis gon feir,  
 1960 To lift ane mekill caldroun on the fyre.

Up gois the faillis, the ſchip gois to the flude,  
 And cuike thay maid Clariodus the gud;  
 He dicht thair meit, and maid tham gud ſervice  
 In humbill maner, and in gudlie wyſe.  
 The wind was fair, the ſchip was gud be fail,  
 The marineris wicht and biſſie in travell;  
 To Eſtur land aprochit thay belyve,  
 And in ane port faiflie did aryve.  
 The merchands unto land paſt everie one,



1970 Clariodus to land is with thame gone,  
 And at the mariners his leave he tuike,  
 Quhilk wald have feit him to have beine thair cuike.  
 He said, Frindis, I mon to Andromage,  
 Quhilk till compleit it is a fair voyage ;  
 Whairfor have me excusit for to gone.  
 Thay bad him cloathes, bot he refavit none.  
 He tuike his leave ; and thay bad God him gyde.  
 Unto the toun of Eftur neir belyd  
 He dreflit him to go with bilfines,

1980 Whair that his Father and his Mother was.  
 Clariodus furth holdeth but fojorne,  
 Whill he com neir the fuburbs of the toune ;  
 Beholding [all] the toun and the castell,  
 He laid him down agroufe befyde ane well,  
 And thair he maid the faireft regrating,  
 That might be hard of ony creatour leving,  
 Saying, Alleace, O toun ! O castell and citie !  
 Baith may ge ban that ilk nativitie  
 Of that divellifch Sir Thomas the tratour,

1990 Throw quhom to gow fall cum sic [fad] dollour.  
 O Count of Eftur, ge and gour Ladie,  
 What wofull painis and melancholie  
 Sall to gow cum, quhen that ge know all cleir  
 [How that for greif your Son is dying heir !]  
 How it is falline, and the curfit chance !  
 Thairwith he tuike fik ane [grit] difplifance,  
 He brift all out of teiris pitioullie,  
 Of his unfortoun pleinand wofullie,  
 And maid the hardest lamentatioun

2000 That ever was hard in ony regioun.

- Bot loe, as fortoun turnis fo quyetly,  
 Unto this well thair come [all] suddently  
 Meliades, hame water for to bring,  
 And saw this wofull man on grouffe lying,  
 Bewailling in distrese fo pitioullie,  
 That to behold this Ladie thocht ferlie ;  
 So him to heir with monie sob and grone,  
 It wald have thirllit ony heart of stone ;  
 And quhill scho him can [thus] behald and se,  
 2010 Scho for him tuike in heart fo great pitie,  
 For verie rewth scho weipit and was wo,  
 Saying, My frind, why do ge your self flo?  
 Or quhat ar ge, that thus fo pitioullie  
 Your self demainis thus with melancolie ?  
 For Godis sake take gow sum patience,  
 And to your self do never like offence.  
 Full faine scho wald have comfortit him sum wayis,  
 For scho was haly, cheritabill and wyse.  
 His heid then hes he raifit upon loft,  
 2020 To se quha gave to him thir wordis soft,  
 That confort him upon fo meike maneir ;  
 Bot all to blindit was his eine fo cleir,  
 That he not redilie nicht espie hir face,  
 Saying, I thank gow Sister, bot alleace !  
 How that it standis with me if that ge knew,  
 I traift ge wald upon my painis rew,  
 Or ony in warld that is now on lyve ;  
 Or if thay wist how that with daith I fryve,  
 Or knew the caus quhairfor I thus compleine,  
 2030 For to have mercie rewth wald thame constraine  
 On me that is the forrowfullest wicht

- In warld that leives under Phebus bricht.  
 This Ladie said, My freind, trest ge [me] weill,  
 To ony wicht if that ge list reveale  
 Your infortoun, and your misaventur,  
 It sould you swage sumthing of your dollour.  
 He said, My sweit Sifter, [the] suith ge say,  
 If that remeid might be in onie way  
 Then gud it war for to reveill my paine ;  
 2040 Bot ay, alleace ! thir words ar all in vaine,  
 Remeid is none, the ender of my wo  
 Is death, alleace ! thairfor fra me ge go,  
 And me to confort you no mair dispone,  
 And let me sterve for uther bute is none.  
 With that he gave ane sigh full cairfullie,  
 And teiris did out rine so wofullie,  
 That wonder was that he sould leive ane hour.  
 Sweit Sir, scho said, the cause of your dolour  
 Please ge reveale ; sould it you not displease  
 2050 I sould you schaw how that ane woman was  
 In alfe grit trubill and adversitie  
 As ony creatour in earth might be,  
 And git throw grace of God scho did evaid  
 The great misaventur befor hir laide,  
 And houe hes git confortit for to be  
 Alway restorit to hir awin degrie :  
 Thairefter may ge pryse if ge or sche,  
 More panis sufferit or adversitie.  
 When that he hard hir [thus] so beninglie  
 2050 Him answair make, and [eke] so soberlie,  
 To confort him so gritlie desyring,  
 And that scho was so wo for his weiping,

- Then hebegane with ane pitious cheire  
 The cace to tell, faying on this maneir,  
 Nocht long gone syne, I lovit paramour,  
 Ane Ladie quhilk was of all this warld flour,  
 Ane Kingis onlie dochter and his air,  
 Under bricht Phebus was thair naine fa fair,  
 So humbill, gentill, fober and bening,  
 2070 In quhom at sehort did everie vertew ring,  
 That was pertaining unto womanheid.  
 This eike day star and rose of gudlieheid  
 Was be hir fatheris charge full haiftilie  
 Taine to ane wood and murtherit cruellie  
 By the reporting of ane tratour knicht,  
 Alleace, that ever that wofull day was licht !  
 Scho was my eardlie joy and conforting,  
 Whom that I lovit atoure all eardlie thing,  
 My only plesour of all this warld so wyde.  
 2080 He told hir furth, and did no wordis hyde.  
 Scho him beheld with looke full studious ;  
 And quhen scho wist it was Clariodus,  
 But mair abaid anone scho to him past,  
 And him beclipit in hir armis fast ;  
 For ower grit blisse no wird scho nicht outbring,  
 The suddant joy and haiftie conforting  
 Unto hir heart it straike so haiftilie,  
 Scho nicht not suffer it so abundantlie,  
 Bot reveist of hir spreit scho fell in fwoun.  
 2090 And than Clariodus of grit renoune,  
 Beholding on hir in [maist] grathlie wayis,  
 And saw it was his fair Meliades,  
 He nicht for joy na words bring furth or say,

- Nor wist weill long quhair he was perfay.  
 And quhen that he of himfelfe ocht wist,  
 This Madine into his armis then he thruft,  
 And held hir up quhilk was to him full deir,  
 And tuike cold water of the fontaine cleir  
 And fprinkllit on hir luftie fnow quhyt face.
- 2100 So fcho recoverit hes within a fpace,  
 Saying thir wordis, Ha, my Clariodus,  
 I trowit never againe to feine gow thus.  
 And with ane figh, fra that [was] laid, anone  
 Ane rufch of blude furth at hir nofe is gone,  
 Or ellis I traift fcho fould have deid beine,  
 For fcho nicht not for ower grit joy fufteine  
 Withloutin death or paffioun corporall :  
 For joy of nature beine celeftiall,  
 And with angellis inparticipat ;
- 2110 Quhairfor the fpirit mon be feperat  
 From the bodie, or it grit joy poffeid,  
 Or forrow eik if it gritlie exceid.  
 The blude effusit fa abundantlie,  
 That he could not it flanch nor remidie.  
 Then of the ringe alfeweith rememberit he,  
 That was him gevin efter the mellie  
 Be him that was tranfformit in the lyoun,  
 Whais vertew beine for bludis effufioun ;  
 He tuichit hir with it, and fcho anone
- 2120 Ceifit of bleiding ; and quhan this was gone,  
 Thay uthir in armis did tenderlie imbrace,  
 And oft hes kiffit uther in that place.  
 Bot git all this nicht not him fatiffie,  
 He dred that it had beine ane fantafie

- Fallin on him, throw hevie thochtis fade,  
 Quhairthrow that he had witles beine and mad ;  
 Whairfor to hir he laid, My Ladie deir,  
 And is it trewth that ge beine with me heir ?  
 Trest weill, quod scho, Clariodus my Knicht,
- 2130 That I am heir full glad to fe this fight,  
 Whilk long gone syne to fe I trowit never,  
 Sumtyme I weinit we partit beine for ever ;  
 And that was quhen the burriouris me led  
 Unto the forrest, and thair me uncled  
 At mid nicht hour, quhen ge war far me fro.  
 And with that word thay fighit both [the] two.  
 Your wofull daith, quod he, and gan to weipe,  
 Into my heart enterit is so deipe,  
 That git your lyfe nocht [all] so perfytlie
- 2140 May in my breift git sink so suddantlie.  
 What wald I longer of thair joyis wryte ?  
 I can not half report nor put in dyte  
 Thair bliffull cheir and joyous continance,  
 Conforting uther with wordis of plesance.  
 Adoun thay fat and fell in comoning,  
 And them pleasit of monie diverse thing,  
 Doing to uther all the cace reveill,  
 As to thame hapinit, schawing everie deill  
 Thair grit infortoun and adversitie.
- 2150 Ather of uther then had grit pitie.  
 And quhen Meliades on humbill wayis,  
 Had told him all the maner and the gylfe,  
 How scho demainit was so pitiouslie,  
 Then he for rewth did weipe full tenderlie.  
 To speik in this, sik plesfour tuike thir two,

- That Ladar had forgettin hame to go ;  
 Whairfor hir maistres speirit for hir so fast,  
 Whill scho went furth to feik hir at the last,  
 And fand her sitting onlie with ane man,
- 2160 [Scho thocht hir mad, and thus in wrath began,]  
 Saying, Evill woman, quhy hes thow me betraifit,  
 Your vertew ay I commendit and praisit,  
 And now I se full weill how that it standis,  
 Ye fall have fair punitioun of my handis :  
 And ye evill man, quha hes maid you sa pert,  
 To tryft my servand furth in this desert ;  
 Wald ye hir steill fra me in this maneir ?  
 Treft weill that fall not ly in your power.  
 With awfull luik to Ladar than scho said,
- 2170 Ye fall forthinke that ever this tryft was maid ;  
 In ane strange hour was your [fad] begining  
 To cum to me, that neid hes of keeping.  
 When Ladar saw hir maistres was [fo] movit,  
 Scho was not all content, for scho hir lovit,  
 And eik scho confidderit discretlie,  
 That for hir gud scho spake it veralie ;  
 Whairfor scho said, with sweit and humbill cheir,  
 With bening luike and womanlie effeir,  
 My fair Maistres, displease you not I pray,
- 2180 For heir am I that is and falbe ay  
 Youris at all, and redie you to pleis :  
 Bot now your heart in sumthing to appease,  
 The trewth of this mater ye fall know of us,  
 Heir is your Lordis sone Clariodus  
 But ony dreid, and I am with you heir,  
 The King of Inglandis only dochter deir.

- This woman was abaift than funthing,  
 And fpeirit how it micht be fo falling.  
 And fcho hir tauld the cace then oppinlie.
- 2190 Than fat fcho doun on kneis fudantlie,  
 Saying, My Lord, I ask gow forgivenes,  
 And ge my Lady full of gentilnes,  
 Forgif me of my fault and negligens,  
 That have fa far misgone in gow prefens,  
 And have me nothing in difdaine nor heat,  
 That now [am] heir ane puire woman, God wait ;  
 Ge may me weill diftroy at gow awin will,  
 That hes fo far by reafoun faid gow till.  
 Clariodus [hir] up in armis tuike ;
- 2200 Then faid Meliades with freindlie luike,  
 Maiftres, be glaid, and do [gow] merrie make,  
 Ge are forgivine, and that I undertake ;  
 Have ge no dreid, bot traift richt verilie  
 We fall gow bring to honour fuddantlie.
- Then faid fcho to Clariodus, My love,  
 Sen God hes fet our heartis thus above,  
 That war fo deip drounit in hevines,  
 I reid with humbill continence we dres  
 Us to the kirk, and thank God heartfullie ;
- 2210 Nane fall gow ken in all the toune trewlie,  
 Into this royall habite that ge weir.  
 With that fcho fmylit with womanlie effeir ;  
 He fmylit eike, and faid, I me confent.  
 And fwa all thrie unto the kirk they went.  
 And leift that folkis fould unto them take heid,  
 Meliades gart hir maiftres firft proceid.  
 Swa in the kirke thay enterit devotlie,



And offerit thair, with heartis meiklie,  
 Loving to God, with thanks a thowfsand fyfe,  
 2220 Whilk gave tham grace to meit on fik ane wyfe.

When this was donne, than faid Clariodus,  
 Madame, I think that beft it war for us,  
 Unto my fatheris palice for to go.  
 Richt as ge will, fcho faid, I will do fo.  
 Then to the palice paffit thay anone,  
 And this gudewyfe they maid with them to gone.  
 And to the getts quhen they cumin war,  
 Clariodus then faid to the portar,  
 My freind, we thre hes erand with the Lord,  
 2230 Of quhilk he wald be glaid to heir record ;  
 Whairfor I wald gow pray gif us entrie  
 Within your get, to remaine quhile ge  
 Our erand did, praying him fpeciallie,  
 To cum and fpeik with us all privilie.

The portar let them enter in anone,  
 Richt as thay bad he to the Earle is gone,  
 And faid as they him ordanit in all thing ;  
 And he alfweith withouttin tarying,  
 Tuike with him bot ane varlot and no mo,  
 2240 Syne to the porteris ludge culd to them go.  
 And quhen Clariodus [thair] can him fe,  
 Adoun he fat alfweith upon his kne.  
 Meliades and hir maiftres alfo  
 Sat fill and held them quyet gond them fro.  
 He helfit hes his Father reverentlie.  
 This Lord beheld his Sone, and haiftilie  
 Him knew, and was amervellit for to fe  
 Him diffigurat in fo low degrie.

- He said to him, My sone, Clariodus,  
 2250 How and quhat fallioun ar ge rewlit thus ?  
 Whair beine your valiant actis and renoune,  
 Your fame proclamit in ilk regioun,  
 That standis now in sik ane puire estait,  
 But companie thus walking diffolat ?  
 He said, My Lord, the litill valiant deid  
 That in me was, withoutin ony dreid  
 As git I have not tint it in no wayis.  
 And then anone his Father gart him ryle,  
 And set him down to rest thair him belyde,  
 2260 Efter his ganging, quhilk was wount to ryde.  
 Then told he him, with ever ilk circumstance,  
 All haill the maner to the uterance,  
 Of all Meliades adversitie and wo.  
 And rycht as he was telling how that scho  
 Was led into the forrest to be slaine,  
 This Lord nicht not contene for wo and paine ;  
 Bot as ane wode man raif his hair for teine,  
 With forrowfull teiris rining from his eine,  
 For than he traiflit that scho had beine dead,  
 2270 And murtherit in the forrest but remeid.  
 Then said Clariodus, My Lord, finally,  
 My taill not to end [fullie] brocht have I,  
 Heir quhat I fall git of hir farther fay ;  
 This Ladie that so verteous beine ay,  
 God wald not suffer of his grit mercie,  
 Hir to be slaine that tyme so cruellie :  
 The burriouris of hir had sik pitie,  
 That thay nicht not do sik ane crueltie,  
 As with thair handis sik ane virgine flo ;

2280 Bot aff the land thay gart promit to go,  
 That scho fould never be feine in that cuntrie.  
 And so furth all the maner told hes he,  
 Of all the eventours that hir befell,  
 And how so long in Eftur scho did dwell,  
 And quhat of travell hir betyde also,  
 And how that he in exyle thocht to go.  
 And quhair is my Ladie, quoth Earle Eftur,  
 That hes betyde fa mony aventure ?  
 If that ge lift with hir to fpeik, quoth he,

2290 Befyd gow fitting heir ge may hir fe.

And quhen this Lord hes hard of this tyding,  
 To hir he paffit, lowlie inclyning,  
 And in his armis imbracit hir tenderlie,  
 And kiffit hir rycht oft and freindfullie,  
 Having more joy and glaidnes hir to fe,  
 Nor ony fight that ever he faw with ey.  
 He faid, Madam, I thanke the Trinitie,  
 That ge have chapit this infirmitie ;  
 That it was ge, quhy told ge not, alleace !

2300 This uthir day quhen ge war in my place,  
 That I faid ge resemblit in bewtie  
 To fik ane Ladie, if ge rememberit be ?  
 He did hir welcum with grit reverence,  
 As he that was full glaid of hir prefence,  
 And of the cuming of his Sone also ;  
 Then all to chalmer togidder thay did go.  
 The Earle himfelf is for the Countes went,  
 And told hir all the maner and event.  
 Scho is unto them cumit haifilie,

2310 And thair scho faluft this Ladie courteslie,

And thoct ſcho was in full ſumpill aray,  
 Scho did hir honour grit, the fuith to ſay,  
 And welcumit hir fair on lawlie wayis,  
 And ſcho againe hes thankit [hir] oft ſayis.  
 Clariodus ſcho tuike in armis ſyne.

I can not all the maner to gow defyne,  
 Nor tell gow half the joy was thame amang.  
 Knichtis and Ladies thair about thame thrang,  
 Them welcuming with freindlie countinace.

- 2320 This was ane day of feiſting and plefance,  
 The nicht owerpaſt with joy and mirrines ;  
 And on the morrow with full grite biſſines,  
 The Earle gart ordane claithes rich and fair  
 Of gold and filke, [maiſt] plefant and preclair,  
 With rich furringis coaſtlie and pretious,  
 Both for this Ladie and for Clariodus,  
 In all the haift and ſpeid that [weill] thay may.

- Meliades, that wyſe and honorabill was ay,  
 Requyrit hes the Earle richt humbillie,  
 2330 That his Ladie in bed nicht with hir ly,  
 Into ane chalmer onlie be them fellis,  
 Whair none war bot Ladies and damofellis.  
 The Earle hir grantit hes with cheir bening,  
 And thairof hir commendit in mekill thing.

- Syne on the morne quhen tyme was [for] to ryle,  
 Rich cloathes of gold moſt richlie to devyſe,  
 Thay brocht unto Meliades the bricht ;  
 And to hir Maiſtres eik as it was rycht,  
 Thay brocht ane gounne of ſkarlot gud and ſyne,  
 2340 That was weill furrit with potent rich armyne.  
 Then blyth was this gudwyſe of hir livaray,

The quhilk unto Meliades can fay,  
 Madam, I thanke your Ladyship heartlie,  
 That me hes gart reuaird [thus] fo richlie ;  
 So askit leave to pas hame to hir hous, e,  
 Quhilk scho hir grantit with continance joyous,  
 Saying, Ze mone cum oft and vissie me ;  
 Or we depairt ze fall rewairdit be  
 Far better be fik fevin ; and then heartlie  
 2350 Scho hir imbracit, and kissit tenderlie.  
 Clariodus upon the same maner,  
 With cloathes that was pretious and deir,  
 Servit was in his chalmer royallie ;  
 To quhom ane barbour com [full] bissilie,  
 And off he shouife his lang hairis [all] cleine,  
 That weill long space upon his beard had beine.  
 Syne luffillie he did his geir on dres,  
 As flour of Knichtheid and of gentilnes.

The Earle unto Meliades is went,  
 2360 And said, Madame, it war convenient  
 Unto the kirk to go all in effeir,  
 And to gif thankis in all devot maner  
 To God, that did fo mekill for you provide.  
 This Ladie said, we awcht baith tyme and tyde  
 To praise the Lord, that ws fo happie maid.  
 This being said, no longer thay abaid.  
 Then be the arme he tuike Meliades,  
 The Court all followit upon gudlie wayis.  
 The pepill gatherit in grit plentie,  
 2370 This strange Ladie and Princes for to se ;  
 Thay hir [bricht] bewtie gritlie did commend,  
 And said, And feike unto the worldis end,

Thair nicht no man fe sik ane [gudelig] licht,  
 As for ane lustie Ladie and ane Knicht,  
 Nor for to luik upon that fair Princes,  
 And on this Knicht, quhilk wicht and worthie was.  
 Scho enteris in the kirk, and [eke] anone  
 The Countes meiklie efter hir is gone,  
 With hir ane Lady fair and weil beseine.  
 2380 This Princes was honourit as ane Queine,  
 The quhilk hir held so [wife and] demurlic  
 At hir devotioun, and so womanlie,  
 With so grit constancie and devote cheir,  
 Bening of luik, and womanlie of maneir,  
 That to the pepill weil it nicht be seine,  
 That scho ane mightie Kingis dochter beine,  
 And was descendit of ane nobill hous.

When they had endit thair devotioun thus,  
 The nobill Earle hir be the armis tuik,  
 2390 And with ane humbill countenance and luik  
 To Palice ar returnit demurlic,  
 And hame them followit all the companie.  
 Be than was all the denner redie dicht,  
 And to the hall assendit everie Knicht,  
 And went to meit and fuire rycht nobillie.  
 Thair was ane mirrie found of menstrellie,  
 With interludis and songis of Ladies bricht.  
 Syne efter denner passit everie wicht  
 To chalmer quhair thay plisantlie disport ;  
 2400 Full glaid and joyous was this lustie fort.

The Earle unto Meliades is went,  
 And said, Madame, it war expedient  
 That I furth send to your Father the King

Ane purfevant, to tell him this tything.  
 The Ladie said, It war my will doutles,  
 The founner the better as I [do] ges.  
 Ane Purfevant belyve gart he [there] call,  
 And his intent to him declairit all ;  
 And at Meliades fyne fpeirit he,

2410 What fcho wald bide him fay to that cuntrie.  
 Than said fcho, Freind, [I bid,] with bening face,  
 Ze me commend unto my Fatheris Grace,  
 And to my Ladie eike my Mother the Queine,  
 And unto everie Lord and Ladie fcheine  
 That hes me kend ; and me commend alfo  
 To Romaryn and Bonvaleir they two ;  
 And ze fall fay unto my Father the King,  
 And to my Mother eike, that, God willing,  
 I fall returne to them with more blythnes  
 2420 Nor I did from them pairt. Quhen this said was,  
 The Purfevant delyverlie furth went,  
 And left the Court in joyis permanent.

The Earle was joyous, and his Ladie eike,  
 Of the recovering of this Princes meike,  
 And of the cuming of thair Sone alfo :  
 Clariodus was bliffull out of wo,  
 That fo had fundin fair Meliades :  
 [And no lefs bliffull this young Ladie wes,]  
 That fcho had gottine Clariodus hir Knight ;  
 2430 Hir wofull heart was raifit upon height,  
 That flude before fo deipe into distres ;  
 Bot git for all hir joy and grit glaidnes  
 In constant leving fo weill fcho did containe,  
 That be hir cheir it nicht not knowin beine,

As ſcho that was diſcendit of royall bluid ;  
For both of vertew and of pulcritude  
In warld ſcho fluid without comparifoune,  
Of all Princes, Bewtie from the ſtarris doune,  
Whom with grit joy in Eftur I let dwell,  
2440 And now of uther thingis ſpeik I will,  
Of Philippone, and of his Court alſo,  
And thus out of the Third Buik [will] I go.



THE FOURT BUIK  
OF  
CLARIODUS.

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ERLE ESTURIS Pursévant felt no raige  
Into the sea, bot had ane fair voyage,  
And at Belvilladoun [he] did aryve,  
And enterit in the offlarie belyve,  
Whair that Clariodus was wount to be ;  
And alse sounne as the offlar can him sie,  
He speirit in quhat cuntrie he did dwell,  
And of his tydingis prayit him to tell.  
I am cumit, quoth he, from Estur land,  
10 And if ge list for to heir [my] tydand,  
My Lord I left in gude prosperitie,  
My Ladie eike, and all thair fair meinge ;  
Whair that I left my Lord Clariodus,  
Wha never was glaidier nor [mair] joyous ;  
Whair I left eike Meliades the scheine,  
Wha Air and Princes of this regioun beine ;  
Thair scho is treittit nobillie at all,  
As ony Queine in hir estait royall,

- Wha heartlie greting unto gow me fendis ;  
 20 And eik Clariodus him recommendis  
 To gow and to [his freind] Allan alfo.  
 And quhen the [worthie] hofst hard him fay fo,  
 That fair Meliades was git on lyve,  
 He than was in joy fa exultive,  
 That of him felf almaift he wist no thing ;  
 The Lord, he faid, the Celestiall King  
 Mote gow conserve [for] ever more I pray,  
 For gow gud tydings in this houle this day ;  
 If it [may] pleafe gow go unto the King,  
 30 Ge fall convoyit be but tarying.  
 He maid him for to dyne, and than anone  
 To the Palice togidder ar thay gone.  
 Whan that the King in chalmer thair thay fand,  
 The Hofst faid, Sir, heir is an Pursephand,  
 That unto gow can fchaw the best tyding,  
 That ever I hard of in my leving.  
 He faid, that he was welcum ; and than alſweith  
 Commandit him his creddence for to kyth.  
 The Pursephant fat down upon his knie,  
 40 And faid, Sir, the eternall God gow fe,  
 From Eftur cuntrie I am cumit heir,  
 Sent from Meliades gow onlie dochter deir,  
 Whilk heartlie gretis gow in humbill wayis,  
 And recommendis hir ane thowfand ſayis  
 Unto gow Grace and to my Lady the Queine,  
 And alſe to everilk Lord and Lady ſcheine  
 Of all gow Court, both unto more and les,  
 With all hir mynde and heartis humblenes ;  
 And that ſcho fairis weill I gow affure,  
 50 And lovit is of everie creatoure.

- When that the King had hard this blyth tyding,  
 For ouer grit joy and heastie conforting,  
 His spreit was [all to] reft ane quhyle him fro;  
 Syne to the hevin he held his handis two,  
 Louing to God giveing ane weill lang space;  
 In armis fyne he did with joy imbrace  
 The Purfevant, and said, My freind fo deire,  
 Rycht happie tydings have ge brocht us heir.  
 The foure fellowis of Sir Clariodus  
 60 Full glaid was of this tyding and joyous.  
 In chalmer evill disposit was the Queine,  
 For forrow and cair ay feike [scho] had beine  
 Sen efter the murther of Meliades,  
 Whilk was hir told in fo cruell wayis.  
 When scho thir tydings hard, scho rose anone,  
 And to the Kingis chalmer is scho gone,  
 Led be two Kniechts, for scho was wonder waike;  
 The Purfevant in armis scho did take;  
 And scho, that nicht not speike ane weill lang space,  
 70 Full oft scho thankit God of his gude grace.  
 Romaryn was full blyth of this to heir,  
 And eik fo was hir varlot Bonvaleir.  
 The word of this fame thing [did] spred so fast,  
 Whill fillit was the Palice at the last,  
 Of pepill thringing [tydings] for to heir,  
 With heartis blyth in bliffull found and cheir.  
 Both King and Queine, with lord and ladie faire,  
 And all the pepill that beine gatherit thair,  
 Unto the Kirk thay geid with ane consent,  
 80 Devote of mynd and humbil of intent,  
 And God thay thankit wonder heartfullie,  
 That of his grace and of his grit mercie

From daith prefervit had Meliades.  
 The word is gone upon [full] haiftie wayis  
 Out throw the toun, that fcho was git on lyve ;  
 Then all the bellis ringin war belyve  
 Of everie kirke that beine within the tounne,  
 With monie ane Prelat in proceffoun.

- This being donne, the King to Paleice went,  
 90 With monie ane lord and ladie reverent ;  
 The Purfevant thay feiftit royallie,  
 And cherift him richt fair and tenderlie.  
 This day thay did bot play, [and] feift, and dance,  
 With joyous hearts fulfillit of plefance.

- Thir tydings fprede full foune throw the cuntrie,  
 And everie wight of hie and low degre  
 Was blyth thairof, and faid, No ferlie beine,  
 That fcho that was of everilk vertew Queine,  
 Devoid of vice and everilk villanie,  
 100 Was fo efcaipit from the tyrannie  
 Of crewell folkis, and evill devyfit mynd ;  
 God wald not fuffer hir of flik ane kynd  
 Diftroyit be, quhilke beine of bewtie rofe,  
 And of all womanheid the only chofe.

- The King had git ane litill jelouffie,  
 This taill could nocht his mynd all fatiffie ;  
 He gart be callit the foure murthereris,  
 And all the cace at lenth he at thame fpeiris,  
 How with his onlie bairne that thay hade wrocht,  
 110 Commanding that thay fould diflinnull nocht.  
 Thay fat all foure upon thair kneis doune,  
 And anone begane to fchaw the faffoun,  
 Saying, Our gracious Prince and foverane Lord,  
 To 3our Hienes the trewth we fall record.

We went with hir as [that] Sir Thomas bade,  
 Him to displeis forfuith we war full rade ;  
 And quhen within the forrest we hir led,  
 Scho of hir lyfe full mekill was adred,  
 And on hir kneis beninglie askit grace,  
 120 With pitious teiris rolling on hir face.  
 We said that scho behuift to be deid,  
 Or than our fells to die without remeid.  
 Scho askit licence than for Godis sake,  
 To suffer hir ane quhile hir prayeris make ;  
 Ane litill space scho passit from us than,  
 And unto God hir orifoun begane.  
 We drew behind hir privily to heir  
 What scho wald fay, and hard the hail maneir ;  
 And syne we knew be hir confessioun,  
 130 That innocent scho was of all trasoun,  
 To God scho did so pitioullie compleine.  
 Then verie rewth our heartis did constraine  
 For to doe mercie to that Ladie sweit,  
 That asking mercie wofullie did greit :  
 We gart hir sweir out of this realme to go,  
 As we that not for pitie nicht hir flo ;  
 As naine on lyve in all this world, I wait,  
 That had hir feine as we in like estait,  
 Albeit he fould have tint his awin lyfe,  
 140 Than nicht have drawin hir bluid with ane knyfe.  
 And quhen scho saw we did sik grace hir till,  
 Scho hir dispuilgeit of hir awin fre will,  
 And to us gave hir kirtell of velvot blake,  
 And eik hir chaine, and bade in patience take ;  
 To hold hir farke on hir scho askit leave,  
 As scho that had no thing mair us to geive.

Rycht fa to go fra us fcho was content,  
 We dreid that fcho with thorne and breer be fchent.

The King this heirand weipit pitioullie,  
 150 For everie word that he hard fpecifie  
 Out throw his heart did as ane arow gleid.  
 He callit on ane fervant him befyd,  
 And gart ane thowfand merkis [to] them give,  
 Becaus thay fufferit his only doghter leive.  
 He thankit them, and [eike] tuik from them thair  
 The vyle unhoneft office that thay baire ;  
 Syne gave them offices of mair honoure,  
 And maid them men of fubftance and valour.

When this was donne, he was content at all ;  
 160 His foure maifteris of houfhald gart he call,  
 And bad thay fould gar ordane haiftilie  
 Two chariots, arayit [full] richlie  
 With gold, and filke, and pretious workis feir,  
 With nobill palfrays thairto, as did effeire,  
 For to bring hame his dochter from Eftur ;  
 And bad thay fould gar wryt with billie cure  
 Unto his raffoullis ouer all the regioun,  
 And to his Knichtis gritteft of renowne,  
 That war of moft nobilitie and fame,  
 170 For to compeir at Bellvilladoun be name.  
 The letteris being directit, richt anone  
 The forfaids Earls can them all difpone  
 To cum upon thair moft gudlie wyfe  
 Unto this toune, as ge have hard devyfe.  
 Within ten dayis thay war all redie dight,  
 Be fea and land they fped them at thair might.  
 At Bellvilladoun they did anone aryve ;  
 Nobiller Knichtis was thair none on lyve

- Nor was into that nobill companie ;  
 180 Sir Panfe de Lapre, [ane knight] full worthie,  
 Sir Ronar de Galt, ane knight of nobill fame,  
 Sir Lion de la Mont [as] height his name,  
 Sir Brulé de la Woy thair was also,  
 Sir Broune de la Moris, and monie mo,  
 Sir Pennent de la Carare thair was eike,  
 With his Ladie and hir sex virgins meik,  
 With monie uther ladie fair of face,  
 That day aryvit [all] in that ilke place,  
 Quhilk cumin war in thair most gudlie wyfe,  
 190 To ryde in court for fair Meliades.  
 The Knightis namis heir now all to tell  
 At this [ilk] tyme it war rycht lang to dwell.  
 Unto the Kingis Palice ar thay went,  
 And syne unto his Hienes are present,  
 Whom thay have helfit with grit reverence ;  
 And syne unto the Queinis excellence  
 Inclynit thay with bening face and cheire.  
 The King them welcumit on fair manere,  
 And with them hes advyfit to and fro,  
 200 And at the last he said, It standis so,  
 Meliades my doghter, as ge know,  
 Full fore beine trublit for ane traitors saw ;  
 I wint aluterlie scho had beine dead,  
 Bot God for hir has schappin fik remeid,  
 That scho in Eftur cuntrie is on lyve :  
 Thairfor I have sent for 3ow [all] belyve,  
 To pafe for hir, and bring hir to this land.  
 Full glaidlie this the Knechtis tuike on hand,  
 For thay hir lovit ouer all uther thing,  
 210 For hir meiknes and womanlie having.

- This being donne, to supper went the King,  
 With monie lustie lords and ladies ging;  
 They feistit long, and maid full mirrie cheir.  
 And efter that thay raife from [the] suppeir,  
 The King ordanit thir lustie Knightis two,  
 [Sir] Palexis and Amandour also,  
 And two eik of his maisteris of hounshold,  
 This companie in governance to hold,  
 And bad that thay fould rewle and gyd the leave,  
 220 That in all way thay fould his honour save.  
 He then delyverit with full meike fermoune,  
 And gave to them of gold ane millioun,  
 Sir Pennents Ladie lufilie befeine,  
 And eik hir fex virginis bricht and fcheine.  
 Then Bonvaleir tuike leave with them to go;  
 So did this lustie ladie Romaryn also,  
 And to Meliades scho past, for fuith  
 Scho was the Ladie hir nureift had of ȝouth,  
 With monie uther ladie fresch of hew:  
 230 Bonvaleir eik, that ay was [leil and] trew,  
 Did with them go, with everie kynd servand  
 That of befor hir servit in Ingland.  
 When everie Lord and Ladie leave hes taine,  
 Anone unto thair ludging are thay gaine;  
 And on the morne as the day up cleirit,  
 Then everie wicht him drestit as effeirit,  
 And on thair horse ascendit but abaid,  
 And royallie out throw the toun thai raid,  
 With found of trumpit and of clarioun.  
 240 Blyth was the pepill that baid in the toun,  
 For weill thay knew thair erand: ane and all  
 Then prayit God that fair thay fould befall,



And gif them grace to fpeid on fik ane wyfe,  
 That thay hame bring the fair Meliades,  
 Whais palfray with the goldin taill and mene  
 Was with them led, quhite as the fnow and fchene.  
 In Turkie land I heir it was the gyfe,  
 Thair palfrayis to depaint on fik ane wyfe,  
 That from them thay will cut [baith] taill and maine,  
 250 And goldin traces hing on thair againe.  
 I wald the Reidar tuike not fik confait,  
 That nature had wrocht them fo diligate,  
 Leaft that he leuch thairat, and maid ane jape,  
 Lath ware myne Awthore to be maid thair Aip.

Thus rydis furth this royall cumpanie,  
 Thay drefsit to thair fhippis haiftilie.  
 Thay hade the winde fo richt and eike fo faire,  
 They go alfe fwift as aigill in the aire,  
 That thay within twelf dayis did aryve  
 260 To Eftur cuntre ; and then to land belyve  
 They went in feir, and on thair horfes afcendit,  
 And to the toun of Belladoun intendit ;  
 And on the Tuifday be the hour of nounge  
 They com to it, quhair thay difcendit founne,  
 And everilke wicht gois from his horfe doune,  
 And in the faireft Innis in the toun  
 They tuike thair ludging. Bot fo befell anone,  
 Ane fquyer of the Palice their was one  
 Into the toun, and faw this luftie fort,  
 270 Whilke home is went, and of it maid reporte  
 Unto Clariodus, and he alfe weil  
 Unto Meliades this thing did reveill,  
 Saying, Madame, is it gour will to go,  
 And take gour leave this land of Eftur fro ?

Scho said, My lustie Knight Clariodus,  
 What garis gow speir this thing at me thus?  
 Rather I wald, if that my fortoun were,  
 Of Eftur cuntrie for to be Ladie heire,  
 Nor to be Queine of the grittest regioun  
 280 That now is under the hevins dominicume.  
 I will gow tell, quoth he, gowr Father the King  
 Hes sent for gow ane companie tending  
 Of Lordis, Knightis and of Ladies faire;  
 Remaine ge heir quhill I againe repaire;  
 Now will I to my Lord my Father go,  
 And tell him this. Then pairtit he her fro:  
 Bot first unto his awin chalmer past he,  
 Whair lay his riches in grit quantitie,  
 That he had wone from Sarafains in fyght;  
 290 And ane bulget he tuike of ane hudge weight,  
 And oppinit it, and tuike of it anone  
 Ane rich peçtrell as onie star that schone;  
 And syne unto Meliades it brocht,  
 And to refave it fairlie hir befought,  
 And at the entrie of the Lords it weir.  
 And then smylling with womanlie effeire,  
 Scho said, Clariodus my Knight full deir,  
 May it not weill suffice the nobill giftis feire,  
 All that gowr Father my Cousing gave me,  
 300 And eik gowr Mother in that fame degrie;  
 Bot ge in all gait [ay] will them exceed?  
 Now of like thing ge know thair is no neid.  
 He causit eik his Mother the Countes,  
 To treat this Lady with all bislines  
 To take this peçtrell rich for to behold.  
 And scho in baith hir handis did it fold,

And said, My Ladie, do me this plesance  
 This peētrell to refave at my instance ;  
 With that about hir schoulders [scho] it laid ;  
 310 As onie lamp with bliffull beams [it] glaid.  
 Then scho, the wall of womanlie maneir,  
 Hes thankit them [full] oft with bening cheir.

[Then] Clariodus is to the Earle went,  
 And schew to him the maner incontinent  
 Of all thir folkis, as ge have hard me tell.  
 The Countes did still in the chalmer dwell  
 Meliades to dres into hir geir  
 Of thingis lik as gainit for hir to weir.  
 Scho cled hir in ane royall cloath of gold,  
 320 That was richt fair and plesant to behold,  
 And did hir heid attyre full richlie ;  
 And fyne the peētrell wonder plesantlie,  
 Scho pat about hir halfe as lillie quhyte,  
 As scho that beine the patroune of delyte  
 Of all the world, withoutin comparifoune,  
 Of everilk vertew and [of hie] renoune.

The Countes to hir in sporting did say,  
 [I will me attyre all in fresch array]  
 Againe gone frangeris cum me for to se ;  
 330 Whairfor I wald be praisit in bewtie ;  
 And alse I wald [that] thay [weill] understude,  
 That Efture Ladyis ar both faire and gude.  
 Meliades leuch at hir that raillit so,  
 For scho ane plesant Ladie was also.  
 Scho did hir bodie cloath full richlie,  
 In ane fair gown of velvete cramosie,  
 Furrit with armeine that was nobill and fyne,  
 And lustillie hir heid atyrrit fyne.

- When thay had put them in ane frefch aray,  
 340 Into ane plesant chalmer passit thay,  
 And thair abaid with all the lustie forte,  
 Making full merrie gamis and disporte,  
 Whill tyme beine to fetch them to the hall ;  
 Of the ambassate was thair speiches all.
- Clariodus at his Fatheris commande  
 Two maisteris of his hounhald hes ordand  
 To go and fetch the lustie companie.  
 And thay anone are passit full glaidlie,  
 With squyeris and with knightis frefch and ging ;  
 350 And he to thame command gave and biding.  
 The Count of Esture that was gentill and wyfe  
 Then be the arme hes taine Meliades,  
 And led hir to the hall rycht honorable,  
 And scho [unto] him told all quyetlie  
 Of the riche gift Clariodus hir gave.  
 Then said the Count, Madam, so God me save,  
 My sone I lovit tenderlie before ;  
 Bot for that now I love him far the more,  
 To doe service to Ladies honorabill,  
 360 Sen that I understand he is [richt] abill.  
 They had not talkit long on this wayis,  
 When the ambassat, gudlie to devyse,  
 In fair maneir assendit in the hall.  
 And than in presence thair com first of all  
 Sir Amandur and [eik] Sir Palexis ;  
 And syne two Lordis of grite worthines,  
 That maisteris of hounhald war unto the Kinge.  
 Helfit thay have the young Princes condinge ;  
 And scho refavit them with plesant cheire,  
 370 With faire effer and womanlie maneir,

Soberlie faying, Ze all welcum beine.  
 Scho kissit them, with teiris from hir eine.  
 The Knichtis two then weipit tenderlie  
 For joy and pitie of the fair Ladie,  
 That faikleßlie had sufferit sik distress.  
 Syne halfit they the Count and the Countes.  
 The Kings two maisteris of household fyne  
 Full lowlie to the Ladie did inclyne.

Scho thaim refavit with joy and grit plifance,  
 380 And kissit them with gudlie countenance.  
 Syne halfit they the Earle, and he thame eike;  
 And fyne with everie Lord and Ladie meike  
 They spake at lenth, and maid thair aquentance,  
 With heartis full of joy and all plifance.  
 Meliades fyne they tuike to ane pairt,  
 And told how that the King with all his heart  
 And eike the Queine did heartlie them commend  
 To hir quhom speciallie they war [to] fend  
 For to convoy hir hame in hir cuntrie.

390 Than how thay fair scho speirit full glaidlie;  
 And how fure all the Court [anon] scho speirit.  
 Then they have tauld hir all scho them requyrit.  
 And quhen Meliades, of grit bewtie,  
 Receavit had ilke Knight in his degrie,  
 Then com the Ladyes full of lawlieheid,  
 And law inclynit to hir gudlieheid;  
 And scho refavit them with imbracing,  
 And kissit them with countenance bening,  
 Gyding hirself so wyse and discreitlie,  
 400 With having and effeir so womanlie,  
 That everilk wicht did boldlie hir commend.  
 And pairt thair was with quhom scho was unkend,

- Long tyme before defyryng hir to fee,  
 Wha than affirmit that all was veritie  
 That was reportit of hir womanheid,  
 Of hir great bewtie and hir lusticheid.  
 Romaryn was with joy reveft in fpreit,  
 Hir breift with bliffe was fo full and compleit,  
 [With] whom dreidles Meliades the cleir  
 410 Wald fpeik allone full faine at thaire lafeire.  
 The two maifteris of houthold of Ingland  
 Stude with the Earle of Eftur, comonand  
 On materis langand to Meliades.  
 Clariodus that worthie beine and wyfe,  
 Caufit zOUNG Lordis [for] to go and dance  
 With zOUNG Ladies of bewtie and plefance.  
 So they put of the day with mirrines,  
 With glaidfum fportis and with grit blythnes.  
 The Earle ftude with thir Lordis advyfing ;  
 420 And fo, among all uthir commoning,  
 Of this Princes began thay to devyfe  
 How fcho fould be at poynt anone, quhat wayis,  
 And how that all thingis fould be ordainit  
 Of hir abuilgement for hir eftait.  
 And then the Count of Eftur faid them till,  
 Ze fall fe, Lordings, if it war zOUR will,  
 What ordinit is for hir we fall go luike ;  
 And he them both into ane wairdrope tuike,  
 And gart difcover the littar that was bricht,  
 430 And chariot eike that [plefantlie] caft licht,  
 Of gold and ftonis that war pretious ;  
 Unto thair fights that it was mervellous ;  
 And of hir horfe the coftlie harnifching  
 Thay have commendit into mikill thing :

For all that hir pertinit for to weir,  
 Both for hir felf and for hir palfray-geir,  
 Was wrocht with stane and pearle rycht potent,  
 Bricht twinkling as the starrie firmament.  
 Syne with the Earle agane returnit thay,  
 440 Beholding on the danfing and the play  
 Whill tyme [it] beine to supper for to gone :  
 And then the hall devoydit was anone  
 Whill buird beine all coverit and arayit ;  
 And then thay went to supper and not delayit.  
 I will not tell of [all] thair courslis heir..  
 When they had foupit and maid mirrie cheir,  
 Thay danst, fang, and playit, and disporte,  
 That long it war the maner to reporte.  
 When tyme [it] was to bedis for to gone,  
 450 Lordis and Ladies tuike thair leave anone,  
 And to thair chalmeris went to take them rest.  
 Meliades to bed hes hir adrest,  
 The Ladies of hir chalmer with hir went.  
 Full glaid scho was and blyth in hir intent  
 With Romaryn to commoune at lafeire ;  
 Full long they spake of diverse matters feire ;  
 Whylome they spake of leth, quhylome of loth,  
 Whylome they lewch and quhylome weippit both.  
 [And] when they had long tyme commonit so,  
 460 Bonvaleir scho commandit for to go  
 At morrow to the suburbs of the toun  
 To the Gudwyfe with quhom scho did fojorne,  
 Commanding hir to be at hir ryfing ;  
 And that scho fould the wyfis with hir bring,  
 That enterit war with hir in houe to dwell.  
 He tuike his leave and ran [full] soune to tell.

He with sik diligence thir wyfes foght,  
 That he hes them all thre unto hir brocht  
 Be houris ten ; and then, without taryng,  
 470 Hir Fathers maisters of houshald gart scho bring,  
 And said, My frindis, lo ! it standis thus,  
 When I was in my maist distres noyous,  
 Thir wyfes me refavit and weill releivit,  
 Or ellis I had in povertie beine mischevit ;  
 They war nixt God my comfort and refuge,  
 Fra hunger and could thay maid me weill to luge :  
 Whairfor I will ge geive unto thir thrie  
 Pairt of the fynance [that] is sent to me.  
 Blyth war thir Lordis to doe as scho them bade,  
 480 Thay said they fould obey with heartis glaid,  
 To gif or to dispone at hir bidding.  
 The wyfes was abaifit then sumthing,  
 When they saw hir arayit on fike wayis.  
 Then meiklie to them went Meliades,  
 And tuike them in hir armis all about,  
 Saying, My sweit freindis, have ge no doubt  
 Bot I fall be to gow ane doghter trew,  
 And cum quhen that ge list me to perfew,  
 Ge salbe suppartit [all thrie] richlie.  
 490 All kneilling, they hir thankit courteslie.  
 Scho gart delyverit be unto thir thrie,  
 Of gold, and silver, and [of] gud monie  
 Alse mikill as wald by of heritage  
 Thrie hundereth merkis worth to thair waige ;  
 And gart be gevine unto them also  
 Ane thowfand pund or scho wald pairt them fro,  
 To by thair misteris. And thir wyfis thrie  
 Oft thankit hir with voices upon hie,



- Saying, Scho was to them ane thankfull gait,  
 500 That them unto fik riches had poſſeſt ;  
 Praying to God and to his Sone ſo ſweet,  
 Ever to keipe hir in bodie and in ſpreit.  
 Thay tuike thair leave and hamwart [than] could go.  
 Rycht fyne ſcho hes commandit thir maiſteris two,  
 That of that Palice everie ſervitoure  
 Sould be rewairdit with gold and grit traſoure.  
 And ſo was donne with fike [ane] abundance,  
 That thay thairefter had ay in remembrance :  
 Whairfor the Count and the Countes alſo  
 510 Full humbillie hir thankit baith thir two.  
 Scho ſaid, Ze ſould no thankis gif to me ;  
 Bot Ze of me ſould mekill thankit be,  
 That am to go beholdin in fike wayis.  
 With this the gudlie freſche Meliades,  
 Out of ane coffer tuike, riche to behold,  
 Two gudlie collors of the fineſt gold,  
 Saying, Ze two in my remembrance  
 Sall weir thir colloris, if it be your plefance.  
 Thay thankit hir, and ſaid thay ſould glaidlie  
 520 Refave them for hir ſaike, that was worthie,  
 And all thair lyfe keip them in [hie] daintie,  
 In the remembrance of hir blyth bewtie.  
 And fyne ſcho gart draw furth ane courfour faire,  
 In all the warld was not ane gudlier,  
 And gart Bonvaleir hir ſervant him refave,  
 And to Clariodus anone him gave ;  
 Whairof he thankit [hir] rycht courteſlie,  
 And hir varlot rewairdit nichtilie.  
 When this was donne, thay paſſit for to dyne ;  
 530 And maid them reddie for thair jorney fyne.

- Meliades is passit af the toun,  
 With all hir companie of grite renoune ;  
 Full monie ane Lord and Lady hir convoyit,  
 In cloth of gold full richlie arayit.  
 Scho wore ane hate full riche upon hir heade,  
 Whilk shynit of sapheiris and of roobies reide,  
 Ane rich pectrell about hir schoulderis hang,  
 Hir coftlie brydell all of gold it rang ;  
 And heich upon the litter was scho set,  
 540 Whilk was with stonis and pearles all owerfret,  
 With cussiounis wrocht with cloath of gold full fyne ;  
 Scho schynit as dois the fairest star matutyne.  
 All voyde befor hir com ane chariot bricht  
 Of michtie stonis, casting plesant licht,  
 Hir palfray with the goldin maine and taill,  
 Hir varlot cled in royall apparrell.  
 Syne ten Ladies on ten palfrayis quhyte  
 Com efter hir, quhom to fie was delyte.  
 The Ladie Estur, and Ladie de la Grance,  
 550 And Ladie de la Cariar of plesance,  
 Upon ane chariot fat in gudlie wayis,  
 The quhilk the King sent to Meliades.  
 The leave com efter syne weill ordinat,  
 In chariots frechlie efter thair estaite.  
 The silver trumpits blew with merie found,  
 In joy and blisse this companie furth bound.  
 The peiple bad God be in thair companie,  
 [And weipit for the love of this Ladie.]  
 Clariodus ane quhile behind thame baid,  
 560 Garring be turfit the thelawre that he hade  
 Intill Syprus win from the Turkis strong ;  
 Bot he owertuikie them or it was ocht long,

And to the Count his father thus he said,  
My Lord, I think it speidfull that we raid  
Throw France, for it is the most plesant way ;  
And heirupon accordit all beine they.

Thus towardis France they raid all in feir,  
And so they have them sped in sik manere  
That in schort tyme thay com to Sant Dynice.  
570 Thay lichtit thair and tuike ane gudlie Innis,  
Whair thay ane day and eike ane nicht reposit,  
Whom for to se the peipill all rejosit ;  
Whair thair was of the Kingis Court ane Knight,  
Quhilke them espyit evin as they did licht,  
And speirit them ; and quhen he understude  
The Ladies name of plesant pulchritude,  
And quhat the lordis and ladies with hir beine,  
Ane fairer sight he thoght he had never seine.  
Unto the King he raid or he wald bline,  
580 And told him all the maner and the meine,  
What that thay war, and how thay war arayit.  
The nobill King no longer than delayit;  
Bot haistilie sent for the Constabill,  
And with Court of Knichtis honorabill,  
He sent them for to meit, and he anone  
Towardis Sant Denis with his Court is gone.

Be this the Court of fair Meliades  
On horse ascendit was on gudlie wayis,  
On gatwart cuming unto Parice toun,  
590 Of joyous trumpits with ane mirrie found.  
The Constabill hes met and helfit them all.  
Syne to Meliades in speciall  
He passit, and hes maid his aquentance,  
Saying, Madame, but onie variance,

- Thay said the trewth that praisit your bewtie ;  
 For verilie, as it apeiris to me,  
 That none your bewtie did so fare compryse,  
 Bot ge deservit more ane thousand fyfe  
 To beine commendit, and that I dar weill say.  
 600 With that scho changit hew, as scho that ay  
 Abandonit beine with [all] schame and dreid,  
 As bloffome [fueit] of bening womanheid ;  
 For scho was never manlie nor git pert  
 [In ocht,] nather in plaine nor in desert.  
 So raid thay furth with mirrie collatioun.  
 And as thay war ane myle from Parice toun,  
 Sex armit Knightis met they in the way,  
 And to Clariodus founne dressit thay ;  
 Syne helfit him, and then they said him till,  
 610 Sir Knight, ge tell us, if it be your will,  
 If like ane Knight ge know as we do seike.  
 He answeirit them with wordis wyfe and meike,  
 What Knight is he ? unto me tell his name.  
 Clariodus, thay said, of mikill fame,  
 The Count of Esturs fone, and eik his heare ;  
 If he be in this companie declair ?  
 We have him fought in monie feire cuntrie,  
 For out through all the world praisit is he,  
 Both flour of knightheid and of nobilness ;  
 620 And for he is of fik ane worthines,  
 Rycht faine we wald in armis him affail,  
 If ony of us nicht gif to him batell ;  
 And if that on nicht not, [why,] then fould two ;  
 And if that two nicht not, [why,] then fould mo ;  
 And if he war so abill under scheild,  
 As to us all sex fight to gif in feild,

On efter on, or with us all at onis :  
 And thus we are him feikand for the nonis,  
 For to affay our strength and chevalrie

630 On him that of this warld is most worthie ;  
 And if he happin for to ftryke us doune,  
 We are content he have us to presoun ;  
 And if we fuilze, or dois him fuppryse,  
 To take him with us in the famine wyfe.  
 To them full meiklie he anfwairit thus,  
 I am the Knight ge call Clariodus,  
 Bot not as ge me call the warldis flour ;  
 For monie ane Knight thair is of mair valour :  
 Git nevertheles, if that it be your will,  
 640 Anone I fall gif battell heir gow till.  
 And quhen they harde, he fpake fa courteslie,  
 The mair thay him commendit verilie.

When that Meliades hard this tyding,  
 Scho was affrayit into mikill thing,  
 And prayit God devotlie him to fave,  
 And give him grace the victorie to have.

Clariodus pat on his helme anone,  
 And with his fpeire is to the formost gone,  
 And to the eard him ftraike withoutin ho ;  
 650 Syne to ane uther dreflit him to go,  
 And fo him hit quhill on the ground he lyis ;  
 Syne fyve he fervit on the famen wayis.  
 The fext againft him dreflit fellounlie ;  
 Thir Knightis ran togidder forcilie,  
 And brake thair fpeiris, and maid ane courfe faire.  
 And fo thir two fo oft hes counterit thair,  
 Whill [that] awght fpeiris [all] in funder brake ;  
 To gif them roume the Court raid all abake,

Them to behold thay had [full] grite plesance.

- 660 At the sevint course, with knightlie countenance,  
 Clariodus him hit with fik [ane] force,  
 Whill to the eard geid both man and horse.  
 Then all the Court, that was beholding by,  
 Heigh praisit hes his nobill chevalrie.

Then com the [said] sex Knightis all in feire  
 Unto him, saying, that all the Court might heire,  
 Sir, unto gow we us presoneiris geild,  
 As to the nobillest Knight that ever buire scheild,  
 To priffoun right, evin as ge will, [leid us.

- 670 Then noblie spake to them Clariodus,]  
 Saying, Ge fall go to gone faire prisoun,  
 Unto gon Ladies, and pay gour ranfoun.  
 He tuike them be the hands on courtese wyfe,  
 And hes them led to fair Meliades.  
 He said, Madame, refave thir presoneris,  
 Demaine thame as to gour estait effeiris.  
 Then said scho meiklie to the Constabill,  
 Call ge it not best that I be merciabill?  
 I wald tham freith unto thair libertie,

- 680 If that it war gour counfall, quhat say ge?  
 Madame, he said, I sweir gow be my trewth,  
 It war gour honour upon them to have rewth,  
 And for to freith them [out] of gour priffoun,  
 Now at gour entrie into Parice toun.  
 Then said scho thus, Fair Sirs, for his saik  
 That unto me gow presoners did make,  
 I gif gow fredome heir of my presoun.  
 They thankit hir with [richt] bening sermoune.  
 And fyne unto Clariodus they went,

- 690 And ane of them thus spake with meike intent ;

O floure of knighthaid and of chevalrie,  
 We have ȝow fought full long and biffily,  
 And now we have fund ȝow of grit valouris,  
 All to ȝour worfchip and nothing unto ouris ;  
 Heir we us offer to ȝour fervice and thrall,  
 Full hie we fall exalt ȝour name ower all ;  
 We wer borne in the cuntrie of Polyne,  
 Cadnox de Halt my name is for certaine.  
 He namit all his fellowis namis fyne,  
 700 And wald have taine thair leave and could inclyne.  
 Then he requyrit them with all his heart  
 For to abyde ; and tuike them in ane pairt,  
 And of his purfe furth hes [he] taine anone  
 Sex diamonts as onie lampe that fchone ;  
 And faid, My freindis, heartlie I requyre  
 This litill mater to have of me heire ;  
 Thir diamonds than fall ȝe of me taikie,  
 And have them to ȝour Ladies for my faikie :  
 Quhilk thay refavit, thanking him oft fyfe,  
 710 Saying, The honouris and the grit impryfe  
 That him was gevin, it was not all for nought.  
 Thay tuike thair leave and hamwart ar they fought.  
 The French Knightis, quhen this thing thay had feine,  
 His maners with them gritlie praisit beine.  
 Then royallie to the toun furth thay raide,  
 And to the Kingis Palice but abaid  
 They have them fped, [and] then doun all thay licht.  
 The Conftabill hes taine this Ladie bright,  
 And hes with hir afcendit to the hall,  
 720 Whair the King was with monie lord royall,  
 And eike the Queine with monie ladie fair,  
 All ftill abyding on thair cuming thair :

- For the King was never into houshold,  
 Within four hundereth [of] Knightis bold ;  
 The Queine also, as sayis myne Authore eike,  
 Was never within ane hundereth Ladies meike.  
 Scho salust hes the King full courtellie,  
 And he did hir refave richt gentillie,  
 And kiffit hir, saying, Madame, but dreid  
 730 Full welcum beine to us your nobilheid ;  
 For we have longit all in this cuntrie,  
 Your bright imperiall bewtie for to se,  
 Whom we of sikane vertew hard reporte ;  
 Ge beine full welcum heir and all your forte :  
 Whair of scho thankit him full reverentlie.  
 And syne the Queine hir halfit womanlie,  
 The quhilk full honorabillie did hir refave.  
 The King hartlie refavit all the leave,  
 And did them welcume with countenance joyous,  
 740 And specialie the gud Clariodus ;  
 He maid to him grit cheir and welcuming,  
 Whom he desyrit to se abone all thing.  
 The King hes taine the Count of Estur land,  
 And weill long space stude with him commonand.  
 The Queine hir self and Dame Meliades,  
 Held commoning on [the] most guddie wayis ;  
 In whom the Queine sik wit and nurture fand,  
 Sik prudence and sik vertew aboundand,  
 Scho trowit, in warld nether be north nor south,  
 750 Might not be fund in sik ane tender gouth  
 Sik wit, not git sik womanlie maneir ;  
 Scho held hir thairfor abone all woman deire.  
 Amongs all uther thingis, Earle Estur  
 Schew to the King the pitious aventur,



- And eike distressis of this Ladie frie ;  
 Whairat the King [foir] weipit for pitie.  
 Thairefter said he to Clariodus,  
 Fair Sir, ge beine full welcum unto us ;  
 For grit report I have hard of gow maid,  
 760 How in this world, that is baith long and braid,  
 Leifis no Knight nobiller of renoune  
 As ge that beine without comparifoun.  
 Right fa I have hard now of new reports,  
 How that ge, at the entrie of our ports,  
 Aprovit hes so weill and nobillie,  
 And donne so fair ane deid of chevalrie,  
 That it war mervell sik ane to be seine,  
 We thinke be gow our court all honorit beine.  
 When that the King had of his talke all fynit,  
 770 Clariodus him thankit and low inclynit,  
 Saying, War I of sik [hie] praise and fame,  
 Lyke as gour Henes gives to my name,  
 I war all gouris without ony dreid  
 Alse long as I might ryde or sit on steid.  
 The King imbracit him with tendernes,  
 Saying, Also I thank gow of gour ches,  
 That out of Cyprus to the Queine ge fend ;  
 Gour fredome beine full gritlie to commend,  
 For it ane royall present was and gift,  
 780 To geive to ony Queine under the list.  
 Thus cherifit he Clariodus full fair,  
 With wordis that war sweit and debonair.  
 The King hes him aquentit haistilie  
 With all the knightis of thair companie ;  
 And thay have with the Kingis court also  
 Aquentit them, and semblit two and two.

They can difport and fpeike of diverfe things,  
 So that the mekill hall with joy all rings  
 Of minftrallie and uther mirthes eike;  
 790 Na folace beine amongis them for to feike.  
 To chalmer [fyne thay] went, and thair ane fpace  
 Abaid thay quhile the fupper redie was,  
 The grit triumphis and burdes coverit beine.  
 Then to the hall is went baith King and Queine,  
 And eike this princes digne and honorabill.  
 The nobill King anone begane the tabill,  
 Befor him fet Meliades the fcheine;  
 Into ane chyre abone him fat the Queine;  
 At the buird heid they fet the Earle Efture;  
 800 Syne everilk lord and ladie in ordour,  
 Efter thair awin degreis war thay fet.  
 Ay at the dyfe ane knight and ladie met.

The Conftabill hes taine Clariodus,  
 And his foure fellowis that war chevelrus,  
 And all the knightis of his companie,  
 And led them to ane chalmer full glaidlie,  
 And feiflit them on mervellous maneir,  
 All hail with diligats and courfis feire.  
 Then maid thay joy and fuire ryght mirrilie,  
 810 And mentrellis fang and playit curiouffie.  
 Alfe of the letter courfe they fervit ware,  
 All be fex plefant ladyis of bewtie cleire,  
 And with aucht knightis convoyit royallie  
 And awght fquyeris [that were] geing and luftie,  
 Come to the King, and thair ane Poune prefent,  
 Saying to him thir words in verament,  
 Sir, to this Poune ge do as it effeiris.  
 This nobill King quhen he thir wordis heiris,

Upon this wayis, quoth he, heir I avow,  
 820 Unto the Poune and Ladyis unto zow,  
 The fairest justing the morne I fall devyſe  
 In honour of Madame Meliades  
 That ever was into my tyme in France,  
 Thairin fall be no let nor variance.  
 When this was ſaid, the Ladyis reverent,  
 Unto the Queine the Poune thay did preſent.  
 And I avow, unto the Poune, quoth ſche,  
 When Sir Clariodus fall marcit be,  
 That I and all my Court ane feiſt fall make,  
 830 For him and for his ſoverane Ladies ſaike.  
 The Poune was ſet befor Meliades,  
 The quhilke demurelie ſpak on this wayis ;  
 Heir I avow unto the Poune but dreid,  
 When everilk Knight is armit upon ſteid,  
 Efter my cuning I fall them eſpy,  
 And quha with lance [than] provis moſt worthy,  
 I fall gif him this hat upon my heid.  
 And with that word ſcho wox a litill reid.  
 The Poune was borne before the Earle Eſtur.  
 840 I fall avow, quoth he, [and that] moſt ſuire,  
 For to behold and ſe on biſſie wayis  
 Of everilk juſting and haill interpryſe,  
 And quhaſa paſſis other in bountie,  
 I fall declair if it be ſpeirit at me.  
 And ſyne unto the Countes of Eſtur  
 The Poune was borne ; and ſcho with ſpeech demure  
 Said to the Poune, I vow and heightis thus,  
 At mariage of my ſonne Clariodus,  
 In my beſt cloathing I fall me aray,  
 850 And never mair againe efter that day ;

I falbe furrit then with grice allone,  
 For now the bé of my ȝouthheid is gone.  
 Syne efter this the Powne went throw the hall,  
 And thay richt honorabillie avowit all.  
 Syne to the Conftabillis chalmer [they] it baire,  
 And faid to him, My Lord, aquyte ȝow thair.  
 I [fall] avow, quoth he, quhen everie Knight  
 On the juſting day falbe arayit richt,  
 That ſax Knightis I fall put from thair ſteidis,  
 860 Or them unhelme, thoght thay be cleir in weidis.  
 The Powne they buire befor Clariodus,  
 And he with gudlie maner ſpeikis thus ;  
 Heir I avow, upon the juſting day  
 That I fall juſt, if weild ane ſpeire I may.  
 Then hes the Ladyis to Sir Amandour  
 The Powne preſentit, and ſet it him before.  
 And I avow, quoth he, upon the greine  
 When everie Knight on horſe inarmit beine,  
 From aucht Knightis I fall ſtryke [doun] awcht ſcheilds,  
 870 And ſkatter them full wyde into the feilds.  
 And to Palexis they the Powne [did] bring.  
 I avow, quoth he, to Cupide lovis king,  
 When everilk Knight enarmit beine in weids,  
 That nyne Knightis I fall ſtryke from thair ſteids.  
 Unto ane French Knight [then] the Powne brocht thay,  
 That was full fearce and hardie at aſſay,  
 The quhilk Sir Charles height De les Carere.  
 And I avow, quoth he, on this maner,  
 When all fellowis beiris plait and maill,  
 880 Than [ten] Knightis in preiſe I fall aſſail,  
 And ten ſpeiris eik I fall breke aſſunder,  
 Or ſum of us fall ly our ſteidis under.

Then to Sir Broune [hecht] de la Amouris  
 The Poune they brought, for he was amourus ;  
 The quhilk avowit ane gantellit to weir  
 Upon the hand quhairwith he ran his speir.  
 Sir Pennent de Carare, [ay] bold and wicht,  
 Nixt him avowit as ane lustie Knight,  
 That he fould be enarmit all in greine,  
 890 For the love only of his Ladie scheine.  
 All thair avows war long for to declaire,  
 How everilk Knight avowit that was thaire.  
 When that the Knightis had avowit all,  
 The Ladyis buire the Poune unto the hall,  
 Whair that they lewch with heartis glaid and licht,  
 Rehearfing the avows of everilk Knight.

When all was rifline and gone from supper,  
 Unto Clariodus on this maneir  
 The Constabill said, Be your avow it seimis  
 900 Ge fall not just the morne, for so men deimis.  
 Then said Clariodus, Not just I may,  
 For I am hurt upon the hand perfoy  
 With [the] sex Knightis at our last justing.  
 And quhen it was rehearfit to the King,  
 He was forfuith thairof nothing joyous ;  
 For he had rather seine Clariodus  
 Ane speir have run all right and under scheild,  
 Nor all the Knightis that wald cum to feild.

With this thay all unto thair chalmer went,  
 910 Up gois the found of hevinlie instrument.  
 Lordis and Ladies anon gois to the dance ;  
 The nobill King with gudlie countenance  
 Meliades hes taikine by the hande ;  
 Clariodus the Quein at his command ;

And fyne the nobill Lord [the] Constabill  
 Led the Countes of Eftur honorabill ;  
 And uther Lordis zounge and rycht luftie  
 Gois to the dance with Ladies by and by.  
 In joy and pleafour was the luftie forte.

- 920 Thus quhill bed tyme full glaidlie thay difporte.  
 The Lordis then caufit fetche fpyce and wyne.  
 Meliades tuik leave, to bed dreflit fyne ;  
 The Lordis eike at the King and [the] Queine,  
 And went to chalmer with thir Ladyis fcheine ;  
 Whom to the Queine did fay, I pray that ge  
 Be airlie up, the jufting for to fe.  
 Madame, qwoth fcho, I falbe, and bad gud night.  
 And then anone to bed went everie Knight.

- At morrow as the larke begowth to fing,  
 930 Awalks the luftie Lords and Knichtis geing,  
 That hes avowis maid on this maneir,  
 And all anone thay beine enarmit cleir :  
 Alfweith thay fervit God and tuike difjune,  
 And maid them redie for the counter foune.  
 The King alfo was redie thame to fe.  
 The Queine with great triumph and royaltie  
 Arayit hir the jufting for to feine,  
 With all hir luftie Ladies [faire and] fcheine.  
 Hir gown was of the cloath of gold potent,  
 940 And circulat with ftonis redolent.  
 Full michtilie arayit was hir heid,  
 Hir collour fchew as rofis quhyt and reid.  
 Scho wore ane croune of gold mekill of pryce,  
 In quhilke thair fchynit monie flour de lyce.  
 Hir Ladyis war abulzeit richlie,  
 And put to poynt richt weill and royallie.

They servit God and difjunit fyne.  
 Meliades, the luftie young Rofyne,  
 As Mayis bloffome newlie brokin quhyte,  
 950 Adreffit hir as goddes of delyte,  
 Arrayit hir as of Ingland the gyfe,  
 Becuming hir upon moft gudlie wayis.  
 Alfe quhyt as fnow of fatine was hir goune,  
 Raifit with gold richt curious of faffhoune,  
 With giltine traifis hang down leming licht ;  
 Hir hat was of the gold all birneift bricht ;  
 Hir belt was all of michtie ftonnis plantit.  
 No poynt of bewtie nature on hir scantit ;  
 For fcho hir paintit as Goddes devine,  
 960 Allie bright as Diane, or as Apollleine.  
 In cloath of gold hir Ladies war befeine,  
 Hir damofellis in quhyt fatine fcheine  
 Arrayit war, in fuit all fair to fe.  
 This flour of growth and Princes of bewtie,  
 Unto the Queine fcho went debonarlie,  
 Hir followit all hir Ladyis by and by.  
 The Queine commendit the gyfe of thair clothing,  
 And fo did all the Court of Ladies ging.  
 Syne furth they went all into ane greine meid,  
 970 Whair hovit monie nobill Knight on fteid,  
 With fpeir in hand, [and] cumming for to range  
 To the affay, that feimit nothing ftrange ;  
 Whair that the King him felf [alfe] thair abaid,  
 With cloath of gold all flintit and overlaid.  
 The Queinis fcaffold neir befyd it ftude,  
 Whilk fchynit all of pleafant pulcritude,  
 With goldin torris and goldin chainis cleir,  
 Whilk leimit licht as Phebus in his fpeire ;

- Thairin affendit hes the lustie Queine,  
 980 Meliades and all hir Ladies scheine.  
 The King gart in ane scaffold by him neir  
 Earle Eftur fit, and auncient Lordis feir,  
 For to be judge quha provit knightliest,  
 And tell quha thair avowis keipit best.  
 Unto the preife the pepill them adrest,  
 Thair heartis all in curage than increft ;  
 Thair bright enarming, cleir as [the] cristall,  
 Against Phebus bright birned as bereall ;  
 As glorious angellis thay gleimit on thair fleidis,  
 990 Whill all the land leimit of thair weidis.  
 Among them was Clariodus the Knight  
 Inarmit on fleid, unwitting of ony wight ;  
 The cause thair of befor ge hard me say,  
 For thay all trowit he fould not just that day.  
 Of all the rout was no man thair him knew.  
 For, the more strange, of quhyt was all his hew,  
 His scheild, his speir, himself, and eike his fleid,  
 His servitouris was in the famin weid.  
 This Knight he held him quyet at ane fyde,  
 1000 Beholding them quhilk still did ay abyde.  
 The Constabill com first to the assay,  
 Full weill at poynt and in knightlie aray.  
 He was all ower inarmit into blew ;  
 His servitouris war in the famine hew.  
 He had into his thimber, fair be fight,  
 Ane lustie madine with giltine traces bright,  
 Hir gellow hairis keaming as the wyre.  
 As pecoke fetherum was hir buske alse faire ;  
 Pouderit with stonis as the hevynis stellat  
 1010 About his helme ane cirkill deaureat.



- His mightie fpeir he gripis in his hand,  
 And as ane boare abraiding out of band,  
 He spurrit forward his avow to hold.  
 Sir Dovans de Lapri that was [full] bold,  
 Sir Ronar, [and] Sir Lyon de Lamount,  
 Sir Bruce de la Voy, thir foure in frunt,  
 To hold thair avowis forward ar thay gone.  
 Sir Amandur and Sir Palexis anone,  
 Sir Broun de Lamours, and Sir Pennent alfo,  
 1020 Richt wonder knightlie to the preife they go.  
 Sir Charles de Lefterer luftie under fcheild,  
 Com with his fellowis luftie in the feild.  
 Ower long it war thair namis for to note,  
 Thay war ane royall companie God wote.  
 All that [did] com of jufteris to the meid,  
 Full weill at poynt inarmit [wer] on fteid.  
 Knightlie and fair the jufting they begane;  
 Full monie fair and royall courfe thay ran.  
 They met fo fearcelie that it was wonder;  
 1030 Both heir and thair the fpeiris gois in funder;  
 Up gois the trenschers in the air on height,  
 Doune gois the horfe and the inarmit knight;  
 Out gois the fyre from fcheilds as reid as gleid,  
 Off gois the helmis falling in the meid;  
 Syne gois the fcheildis to brift in two;  
 The found of trumpits never could to ho,  
 With weirlyk foundis could thay blow on height;  
 The knichtis met with monie ane hit unlicht,  
 Whairof the rearde raife with like ane found,  
 1040 Whill all at onis dynit Parice toun.  
 Monie knightis was thair of full grit firenth;  
 I can not fchaw gow on ane dayis lenth

- Thair nobill deidis richt nobill to praisè,  
 Nor as I aucht thair nobill fame up raisè.  
 Clariodus that saw the manlie faire,  
 Within his breist his courage waxit maire;  
 Then he him put with them that war thairin,  
 For he them waiker thought and waxand thin;  
 Doune gois the speir [that was] both grit and wicht,  
 1050 In gois the spuris that of gold was bright  
 In the fydis of his steid, quhilk swiftlie rane,  
 Thair he to just full royallie begane.  
 Before his speir the knightis gois to grund,  
 Whill from the meid the helmes did redound;  
 Or he wald rest he ruffellit thair atyre,  
 Out of the steill befor him start the fyre;  
 The knightis lay befor him on the greine;  
 Might no man sit on fadell and fusteine  
 His mightie straike, bot him behuifit fall,  
 1060 And he in fadell sat as ony wall.  
 Thay thocht he sat on steid invifibill,  
 As campion in armis invinfibill.  
 Full corpolent he was with breist urfyne,  
 With masculine heart and sperit leonine;  
 Fullfillit of vigoure and of fortitude,  
 And he in formeheid full of pulchritude.  
 Of his knightheid quhat beine thair maire to saine,  
 His potent lanse might no man sit againe,  
 Sa fra thair steidis he maid them to declyne;  
 1070 As beistis small befor the wolfe rampine,  
 Alse saine they war his stroaks for to evaid;  
 Full rouse wayis thay maid him quhair he raid.  
 He all to fruschit steidis on the greine,  
 He tumit fadills to the number of fyftine

Right at his entrie within ane litill thraw,  
That thay about had ferlie that him faw.

- When that the King had feine his gudlie fair,  
And how so wonder knightlie he him baire,  
He ferliet grittumlie quha it fould be ;  
1080 For never in all his lyftyme feine had he  
Ane knight in armis prove so worthilie.  
Rycht so thocht all that plesand companie.  
Full royall justing amongs them might be feine ;  
For monie ane knight enarmit fair and scheine  
Myght men behold [then] into the greine meid,  
That duchtie war and valiant of thair deid.  
The Lord Constabill he provit weill that day,  
For monie ane faire course he maid perfay.  
His vow he keipit as ane nobill knight ;  
1090 For he devoidit of thair helmis bright,  
Sax armit knightis [all] of grit valoure.  
Sir Amandur full weill did his devoir ;  
Sevin scheildis from fevin knights he strake.  
And Sir Palexis strong as ony aike,  
To grund he put nyne knightis from thair steidis ;  
For he full worthie was in all his deidis.  
And schortlie for to tell ȝow [all] the trewth,  
Than everie knight aquyt [him] weill of flewth,  
And his avow weill keipit that he maid ;  
1100 And all that war about the famen said,  
And that befor that day thay never faw  
Sa monie lustie knights rining on raw.  
And most of all the Quhyt Knyght is praisit,  
Thay have his name to the staris raisit ;  
For on that day, his knightlie governance  
Will never with them forgottine be in France :

- For he, that was without comparifoun  
 Than leveing under Mars his regioun,  
 So wonder knightlie all the day continuit,  
 1110 And eik fo mekill travell he fufteinit,  
 Unfatigat, unweirie, and unfaint,  
 That I can not gow wryte nor git depaint  
 His worthie deidis and nobilnes at all,  
 That beine of knightheid floure imperiall :  
 For as the awfull lyoun beirs the croune,  
 I meane of beifts, as terrestriall campiou ;  
 So is he alfe stronge of all etheriall myndis,  
 Beine lord and king, thair pryde fo he deelynis,  
 As prince of knightheid and floure of chevalrie  
 1120 Of all this wyde warld alluterlie.  
 Grite ferlie had the King quhat he fould be,  
 That was of like ane wonderfull bewtie.  
 He confidderit that the strong Clariodus,  
 Whilk holdin was of knightheid chevalrus,  
 That day hade he not juftit nor borne fcheild ;  
 For gif that he that day hade beine in feild,  
 He wald but dreid have faid it had beine he ;  
 The King hade full grit plefance him to fe.  
 The Queine alfo full gritlie did him praife,  
 1130 And unto faire Meliades fcho fays,  
 What thinke ge of the Quhyt Knight of renowne,  
 That now he is of gon strong faffioun ?  
 I traift firmlic that he fall have gour hat.  
 Thus raillit hes the Queine, and lewch thairat.  
 Meliades then faid, fmyling alyte,  
 If he it wyn, he fall it have alfe tyte.  
 Rycht full glaid fcho was and rycht joyous,  
 For weill fcho wift it was Clariodus,

Scho knew him be hir varlot Bonvaleir.

- 1140 Scho was displeasit eike in sum maneire,  
 That he nothing before unto hir schew,  
 That he unto the justing wald perfew.  
 His Father eik him knew be his fasslioun,  
 And had grit plesance of his hie renoune  
 That he hard gevin him in everie fyde.  
 What fould I longer in this thing abyde ;  
 The justing still induret quhill the nicht,  
 That to his Innis bounit everie wight.  
 The King discendit thair incontinent ;  
 1150 Grite number of torches hes before him went  
 Fast to the Palice, for gone was dayis light.  
 The Quene, and alse Meliades the bright,  
 Discendit foune with all thair ladyis faire,  
 And to the palice did with joy repaire.  
 Clariodus is to his chalmer gone,  
 And thair he hes unarmit him full foune ;  
 And thair he did on him full lustillie  
 Ane plesant goune of velvete cramosie,  
 And on ane hearpe begouth he for to play,  
 1160 As at the justing he hade not beine that day.

And then the King, quhilk no tyme forget myght  
 The nobill deidis of the ilke Quhyt Knight,  
 He gart foure privie squyeris to him call,  
 And bade them doe thair bislines at all  
 Full knowledge for to get of his ludging,  
 And great him heartilie with all cherishing,  
 Him praying to cum unto the Palace,  
 And him disport with joy and solace  
 With knightis and with ladies of bewtie,  
 1170 Saying, That welcum in the courte is he.

The four squyeris passit at command  
 To the ostlaris but farder demand,  
 As he them bade this Knight to feike ower all.

- The King is enterit in the mekill hall,  
 With monie ane lord full mekill of renoune,  
 And richt glaidlie to supper [they] can boune.  
 The Queine in chalmer vestit hir all new  
 Into ane lustie gowne of velvete blew,  
 And coverit all with orpharie faire ;  
 1180 Eike all hir ladies changit gounis thair.  
 Meliades hir vestit in ane gowne  
 Of greine velvete, full gudlie of fassoun,  
 Circumferat with stonis casting licht ;  
 About hir neke ane chaine of gold [full] bright.  
 Hir hairis bright that nature span so cleire,  
 In aureat trefis hang doun circuleir,  
 Full angell lyke, that schynit scho with gleimis  
 In orient bright with Phebus goldin beamis,  
 Doun schading from hir face, that was also quhyte  
 1190 As the illustar lillie of delyte.  
 Ane rich cornall about hir hair was fet,  
 With radious stonnis mightilie overfret.  
 What sould I tell of her feminitie ;  
 Scho strave with Venus in hir bright bewtie.  
 Away thou Lucre with thy plesant eine,  
 And with thy bright hairis thou Paexine,  
 And thou faire Helene with thy hairis quhyte,  
 And Candas with thy culloure of delyte,  
 And with thy rewth thou [chaist] Penelope ;  
 1200 For all this, [still] scho might your princes be,  
 In vertew, bewtie, and of womanheid,  
 Your cleir lodstar in everie lusticheid.

- Hir ladies changit weidis thair alfo,  
 And to the Queinis chalmer two and two  
 Hir followit all hir damofellis be pairis,  
 In greine fatine and gold traced hearis,  
 With pearle fcheaplet thair hearis fet above.  
 Meliades with hir [fair] court of love  
 Com to the Qucine, quha did hir weill behold,  
 1210 Commending thair hir bewtie monifold.  
 And thus thay past the tyme as was the gyfe.  
 With that the jufteris upon guddle wayis  
 Enterit within the Palice of renowne,  
 With weirlyke noyis and victorious founde  
 Of clariouns, trumpits, and loud minstrelly.  
 The heraldis with ane loude voyce thay cry  
 The namis of thir lords with grit clamouris,  
 Under thair grit and mightie coat armouris.  
 The King was fet to supper at his tabill,  
 1220 With plefand lordis and ladies amiabill.  
 The jufteris in thair chalmeris foupit all,  
 Ilk ane with other maid difporte royall,  
 Of minstrallie and uther grit plefance.  
 And eike the Lord Conftabill of France  
 Into his chalmer foupit hes alfo ;  
 And of his companie was none him fro  
 That with him foupit had the night before,  
 Bot Sir Clariodus ; and he thairfore  
 Difpleafit was fumthing in his intent.  
 1230 And as the Prince moft [hie and] reverent  
 With all his lordis in hall had foupit neire,  
 In com the foure fquyeris all in feire,  
 Quhom that the King unto the Quhyte Knight fend,  
 Sir, faid thay, We mak it to be kende,

That of the Quhyte Knight ge fall have tyding ;  
 Of him we have sum knowlege and witing ;  
 And if ge will that schawin be his name,  
 Clariodus he height of mikill fame.  
 And quhen the King this harde he was full blyth ;

1240 Syne to the Count of Estur turnit sweith,  
 And said, Fair Cousing, have ge knowleging,  
 Quha was the Knight in quhyte at [the] justing.  
 No Sir, he said. Then I fall tell, said he,  
 It was Clariodus gour sonne perdie.  
 Glaid was the King, and he commandit than,  
 That the foure squyeris in all the heast thay can  
 Sould go anone and fetch the Quhyte Knight.  
 They but more, with torches birnand bricht,  
 Soune in the chalmer of Clariodus

1250 They enterit ar, and said unto him thus,  
 My Lord, gour secreits no longer may be coverit,  
 Gour counfall is [all] to the King discoverit ;  
 Heir ar we cumit at his Hienes command  
 For gour Lordschipe. Quoth he, Without demand  
 I fall obey him quhill I am on lyve.  
 Togidder are thay passit on belyve.

Clariodus nocht enterit in the hall  
 Whill foupit had this [gude] Prince royall ;  
 Bot in the chalmer of the Lord Constabill  
 1260 He enterit with thir Lordis honorabill.  
 The Constabill, quhen he did him espy,  
 Up lap he from the table demurely,  
 And met him, sayng, Quhyte Knight ! Quhyt Knight !  
 Of all the world the mirrour schyning bricht,  
 In fame of knightheid and of chevalrie  
 The rest exceeding so excellentlie ;



It feimit nocht your hand was hurt to-day,  
 Whilk your companiouns testifies perfar ;  
 It had beine gud for all the companie,  
 1270 That your hand had not hellit so suddanlie.  
 He fet him at the begynning of the tabill,  
 And feastit him with cheir [richt] amiabill.

The King causit awcht awntient Knightis go,  
 And taik with them cuning heraldis two,  
 And bad them be advysit on the Knights deidis,  
 Quha war maist valiant [that day] on thair steidis,  
 And quha maist worthie war of [hie] renoune.  
 Thir auntient Knightis of discretioun,  
 Ar passit furth at command of the King,  
 1280 With the heraulds to advyse on this thing.  
 The King was servit with meitis amiabill,  
 Almaist his courfis was innumerabill.  
 The hall owerschynit [all] with torches bright,  
 That thame among it seamit dayis licht.  
 The intermeisles long war for to tell,  
 On quhilks as now I mynde not for to dwell.

The King, quhen he hade souppit, went anone  
 To his chalmer, quhilk [all] of torches schone.  
 The antient Knights and the heraldis eike  
 1290 Com to the King, and said with wordis meike,  
 We wald have your advice. Then said the King,  
 Sirs, We have beine advysit of this thing ;  
 Sen your defyre is my advyse to have,  
 Ze fall it heir anone, fa God me save :  
 Of them without, me thocht the Constabill  
 The louing haill me thocht was most abill ;  
 Of them within, it is ane mater plaine,  
 Clariodus, of knightheid foverane,

- Hes all the laude, quhilk knowis everie wicht,  
 1300 As flour of armis and chevalrie full richt.  
 They anfwairit, Sir, as ge have said, fuithlie  
 So it is jugit amongs us veralie.
- The King gart schaw this [jugement] to the Queine,  
 Wha did gif ane hinger of gold most scheine  
 To them, and bade them as thay list dispone,  
 And gart twa Ladies of hiris with them gone.  
 Unto Meliades have thay passit syne,  
 And hir presentit ane hat of leves greine,  
 Lustie, and said, Madame, ge know  
 1310 Your awin avow. This Ladie, without aw,  
 Hir hat of gold [scho gave,] and bade that thay  
 Sould it full richtlie it dispone persey.  
 This lustie hat [all] of greine levis plet,  
 Insteid of it upon hir heid scho set ;  
 And with thir Knightis scho sent ladies two.  
 And first unto the Constabill thay go,  
 Saying, The Queine weill gretis you, Sir Knight,  
 And dois present this gudlie hinger bright  
 To you, my Lord, with greetings monie fold ;  
 1320 For to hir Grace fuithlie it is told,  
 That of the Knightis all that war without,  
 Youris beine the praise and louing hail but dout.  
 Then the Lord Constabill full reverentlie  
 Thankit the Queine, and said full humbillie,  
 Thair was full monie Knightis of renowne,  
 To quhom I may be na comparifoun :  
 Bot sen the Queine [out] of hir nobilnes  
 Rewards me so, I with all humbilnes  
 Will it refave, for sake of hir Henes,  
 1330 Whom God preserve in joy and lustines.

Two diamonts he gave the Ladies two,  
 And kiffit them or he wald pairt them fro.  
 The Heralds he rewairdit with monie,  
 And gave them gold that was [rycht] fair to se.

Syne ar thay passit to Clariodus,  
 Him greating [eik] with countenance joyous.  
 Thay him presentit [then] the hat full cleire,  
 And said, Meliades with glaidsum cheire  
 Sent it to him, saying, The Ladies all

- 1340 Him jugit to be most victoriall  
 Of them within, and most of hie renoune  
 Of all the justeris but comparifoune ;  
 And told that so him jugit King and Queine,  
 Lordis, Ladies and Knightis all bedeine.  
 Clariodus with wordis richt bening,  
 Joy everlasting, he said, be to the King,  
 And to the Queine, and faire Meliades,  
 And all the Lordis that on fike wayis  
 That gave me name fike as I did not serve ;  
 1350 God give me grace thair thanks for to deserve.  
 I dar not tak on me this to refave,  
 Nor for fike cause fike ane rewaird to have ;  
 For thair war monie and better knights nor I,  
 Quhilk to refave this gift beime more worthy.  
 Schortlie to tell, no thing might him excuse,  
 Bot to refave thair present he behuife.  
 He gave them thankis oft and courtesly ;  
 Syne kiffit he the Ladies by and by,  
 And gave ilk ane of them ane chaine of gold ;  
 1360 Syne to the awcht ancient Knightis bold  
 He gave awcht courfouris lustie for to se ;  
 And to the Heralds in grit quantitie

He gave of gold and silver full largelie,  
 And two gounis of cloath of gold mightie.  
 Thay cryit Larges ! [Larges !] hé on heicht  
 Of Sir Clariodus the gentill Knight.

- Then begouth minstrellis lustilie to play,  
 And lustie wichts the dance begouth to fay.  
 The King commandit Clariodus to take  
 1370 Meliades, ane beaſe dance to make,  
 And bad the Constabill go leade the Queine,  
 And he him self did lead ane madine ſcheine.  
 And quhen Clariodus had be the hand  
 Meliades, he founne did underſtande  
 That ſcho at him diſplealit was alyte ;  
 Whairfor his heart beine full of wo and ſyte,  
 And vox ſo fadlie that mynd he hade of nocht,  
 Bot how into hir favour cum he mocht.  
 When thay had danſit ſo ane litill ſpace,  
 1380 They ſufferit utheris to go into the beace  
 Whill thay reposit beine. And ſuith to tell,  
 Clariodus abake went be him fell  
 Behinde the danſers, and in ane windo ſate ;  
 Grite was the dollour that his heart was at,  
 He durſt not ſpeir at hir quhairfor or quhy  
 That ſcho was wroth, love ſo victoriouſlie  
 Him vinquiſt in his breiſt ; and at the laſt,  
 Quhan that ane ſtound or twa had him overpaſt,  
 He tuike him hardiment, and thus ſaid he,  
 1390 Madame, I thanke gow, ſo mot God me ſe,  
 Of the gudlie preſent ge to me ſend,  
 The quhilke I fall unto my lyves end  
 Remember with my ſervice at my might.  
 With ſoft ſpeech then anſweirit ſcho hir Knight,

- Clariodus, no thankis gif me to,  
 Sen that I was avowit fo to doe.  
 Be hir wordis hir grivance weill he knew,  
 Whilk did his woe quadruple [now] of new.  
 Madame, said he, to me dissimull nocht,  
 1400 If that at me displeasit ge be ocht ;  
 Weill knew I be your wordis in this place,  
 That sum pairt now I stand out of your grace.  
 Quoth scho, Bot at myself I am displeit.  
 Clariodus in heart the worse was easit,  
 And said, Madame, if that it war your will,  
 Your displeasour I wald ge schew me till ;  
 And if that ge not please for to do so,  
 Into sum strange cuntrie [then] will I go ;  
 I will not heire remaine and your displeise,  
 1410 To do your grevance and myself uneise ;  
 [And] best it war me think, for to doe so,  
 Nor your displeise and [alse] my selfin flo ;  
 One skaith is les nor two ge may beleive,  
 My paine I reput not unto your greive.  
 Bot quhen scho hard tell of his depairting,  
 Hir heart wox cold, and furth ane sigh did bring.  
 Full red scho was that he sould pas hir fro,  
 For weill scho throwit that it sould have beine fo  
 Bot gif he gat hir peace ; quhairfore, quoth scho,  
 1420 Clariodus, sen that it man be so,  
 That ge will wit now quhat I have in mynde,  
 No thing I meane bot that ge ar unkynde.  
 Fair Sir, or now [oft] I have seine the day,  
 [That, having come, thocht ge war far away,]  
 Ge wald me bid your cullour chose and wail,  
 Seing in tornament it might prevail,

And comforte gow my livery for to weire;  
 And now I fe like ufes ge forbeire.

At this juſting ge liſt not to diſdaine,  
 1430 Unto my ſight and preſence to atteine,  
 Nor let me wit if ge wald juſt or nocht;  
 The quhy I have conſidderit in my thoct;  
 Heir beine Ladies [that ar] fairer nor I,  
 Gow to direct in way of chevalrie,  
 Whom with ever ge [now] advyſit be,  
 Sumtyme ge war advyſit bot with me.  
 And quhan ſcho had ſaid all, Clariodus  
 Upon his kneis fate doun all dolorus,  
 To ſchaw hir his intent in humbill wayis;

1440 And ſcho anone hes maid him for to ryſe,  
 And ſtand beſyde hir as he did before.  
 Quoth he, My Lady, to quhom I ever more  
 Have beine ane trewthfull ſervitor and man,  
 Sen firſt to love or ſerve gow I begane,  
 Treſt weill in me thair is no variance;  
 Never could I deale with diſſimulance;  
 I liet never in earneſt to na wicht,  
 Than unto gow, my heart and Ladie bricht,  
 Why ſould I do ſo curſit ane treafoun?

1450 Fy on ſike ſeingit falſe perdition!  
 Git ſchope I never no wicht for to deceave,  
 Sike longis to ane harlot or ane knaive,  
 And to no wicht that lovis his honoure;  
 For ſo mot God gif to my faule ſuccoure,  
 As ever I lovit uther Ladie git  
 Bot only gow, ſen firſt I did promit  
 To be gow ſervant and gow [ain] trew Knight,  
 The quhilk I ſalbe ever efter my might

But flight or ony dissimulatioun,  
 1460 As God alfe trewlie be my salvarioun :  
 And in so far as I nocht to go w schew,  
 That I this tyme to justing wald perfew,  
 Treist not that I of male ingyne it wrocht,  
 Quhilke enterit never nor fall into my thocht,  
 And never geilds ; git I go w mercie cry,  
 Now of sleuth and ignorance that I  
 So me misgydit in my raklesnes,  
 Forgive me, Ladie, for your gentilnes,  
 And of your rewth and womanlie pitie,  
 1470 That ge no longer have no hait at me  
 In this mater ; and thocht my wite was dull,  
 It salbe efter amendit at the full.  
 With that he fate upon his kneis adoune,  
 Asking hir mercie [pitie] and pardoune.  
 Scho is content quhen [he] hir mercie cryit ;  
 And eike scho be his countenance espyit  
 That he displeasit was and wo begone,  
 And uther thing save trewth he meinit none.  
 Then was hir breift affwagit of all thing ;  
 1480 Bot scho hir heart sa fare had donne resing  
 Unto hir Knight, that [it] atoure measoure  
 Maid at hir heart of jelosie ane schoure,  
 Whairof the straikeand unsufferabill [found]  
 The breift assaillis quhair love dois so abound.  
 In heart then was scho glaid and rycht joyous,  
 And said, My only Knight, Clariodus,  
 Sen it is so, I heir forgeive go w fall,  
 And af his knie thair raisit him at all.  
 And this was donne and that so privily,  
 1490 That naine of them perfavit standing by ;

For with two loveris, being of ane content,  
Full secreitlie monie ane gait is went.

Then turnit he againe unto the dance,  
And tuike be hand this Ladie of plesance.  
And with [new] curage danfit then thir two,  
As thay that war relaxit out of wo ;  
That then before with painis war oprest,  
And now againe with joyis new possist ;  
Upon so fair and gudlie wayis they dance.

1500 Then said the King, he never saw in France  
So plesant danferis, and more for to commend.

And quhen thair danfing all was at ane end,  
Clariodus said to Meliades,

Madam, I gart grath on [maist] gudlie wayis  
Twentie fair robis all of satine quhyte,

And wrocht all with orphand arte of delyte,  
To give unto the Kingis Knights and gouris,  
That freschest beine all furrit with amouris ;

And if ge think the tyme war oportune,

1510 I wold gar fetch them or the danse war donne,  
And distribute them efter gour plesance.

Scho answeirit him with gudlie countenance,

Rycht honorabill is gour devyse persey,

I wald glaidlie have ane of gour aray

Intill ane hat of cullour quhyte as floure.

Glaidlie, Madame, he said, with grit honoure.

Unto the Constabill eik he this told,

Saying, My Lord, I pray gow that ge wold

Helpe me to distribute my livaray,

1520 And to befeike the fellowschipe that thay

Wald not disdaine like gifts for to resave,

Thocht they be sȳmple to like lyke men to have.



- Quoth he, My brother, Sir Clariodus,  
 Sen ge difpone to gif ane livaray thus,  
 Me of your livaray quhy will ge refuse,  
 Sen I your love as other Knightis dois.  
 With that he lewch on him full joyoullie,  
 For he him lovit ay full tenderlie.  
 I please weill, said Clariodus, that ge  
 1530 Formist of all into my livaray be,  
 Seing that ge desyre it. Then ar thay gone  
 Unto the Constabillis chalmir, and thar anone  
 Devysit they on this thing. Then Clariodus  
 Sent for the robis that war pretious.  
 To Bonvaleir he gave command anone,  
 That he fould to the merchandis buithes gone,  
 And bade that he fould by ane hat alse quhyte  
 As is the Mayis bloffome of delyte;  
 And fyne it geive to Romaryn in keiping,  
 1540 And bad hir with it to hir Ladie ging.  
 Then to the Constabill said Clariodus,  
 Sen that ge beine so gentill and gracious  
 To be ane of our suite, chose ge anone  
 Into this lovarray quha fall with your gone.  
 Then ten Knightis chosit the Constabill  
 Out of the Court of France, [the] most abill;  
 Clariodus ten Knightis aveinand,  
 The pik of Ingland and of Eftur land;  
 Thair naimis heir neids not for to reporte,  
 1550 The gudlieft thay war of all the forte.  
 When that the Knightis war rewardit thus,  
 Glaidlie thay thankit Sir Clariodus.  
 Thir valiant Lordis vestit all in quhyte,  
 Them to behold it was [ane] grite delyte.

- The Constabill tuike ane torch bricht birnand,  
 Clariodus ane uther in his hand,  
 And all the leave hes torches taine alfo,  
 And fwa went furth thir Knightis two and two,  
 With hand in hand, all cled into ane fuite,  
 1560 Befor them geid ane harpe and eike ane lute.  
 Thay fand the King in joy and grite plesance,  
 With Ladies enterit in ane carroll dance,  
 Meliades full frefche leiding the ringe,  
 With ane cleire torche, into hir hand, [birning,]  
 With hir whyte hat on heid of rose culloure,  
 And fcho als frefch as is the lillie floure.  
 Thair was the Queine into the danse alfo,  
 And monie uther lustie ladies mo,  
 And danfing, that to fe it was delyte.  
 1570 The Knightis entering fo in culloure quhyte  
 The King beheld, and had ane grit pleafance  
 To fe the gudlie gyfe and countenance.  
 Unto the Constabill and Clariodus  
 He said, Fair Siris, frefch and amorus,  
 Ze have confeillit fra me this noveltie,  
 Ze beine all lustie danfers as thinkis me :  
 Bot [weill] he knew that Sir Clariodus  
 Thir quhyte livoras hes ordanit thus,  
 Becaus that he the Quhyte Knight was before,  
 1580 Him praifing in his mynde ay more and more :  
 And all the maner eike perfavit he,  
 How to Meliades of grite bewtie  
 He fould be waddit ; bot he was wyfe at all,  
 And rewlit him as fould ane Prince royall.  
 So in the midis of the jolifie,  
 Thrie Counts are cumit that ar of grite degrie,

And in the Palice enterit ar anone ;  
 The Counte of Deckare of the thre was one,  
 The Counte of Distempis and the Counte of Champangie,  
 1590 Unto the hall ascendit ar all thrie.

They helfit have the King on gudlie wayis,  
 And eik the Queine and fair Meliades,  
 The Counte and eik the Countes of Estur.  
 The King, that was ane Prince of grite nurture,  
 Hes them relavit on ane gudlie fassoune,  
 And weill them chereift efter thair renoune.  
 Thair purpose was to beine at the justing,  
 Bot it all endit was or thair cuming.  
 The danse indurit long, and the disporte,

1600 The circumstance war long for to reporte.

When day approachit neir, to beddis they went,  
 Both King and Queine, Lordis and Ladies jent.  
 Meliades hes taine her leave to gone,  
 The thrie Countis convoyit hir anone  
 Unto hir chalmer ; fyne tuike leave hir fro,  
 And unto thair rest they all thrie can go.  
 Thus all to beddis went, and sleipit still,  
 Whill bricht Apollo schynit ouer holte and hill.

Right as the mirrie larke into the sky  
 1610 Ascendit with ane joyous harmonie,  
 When mistie vapours ryfis from the vaile,  
 And leavis hinging full of silver haill,  
 And small foullis delytis them to sing  
 Among the tender rosie blumis geing,  
 Of fresch Titane all againis the fighte,  
 From langour them comforting with [the] licht,  
 This lustie Prince no longer might he sleipe,  
 Fra he unto the mirrie day tuike keipe,

Bot thocht he wold in hunting for to ryde,  
 1620 And callit on ane varlote him besyde,  
 And bade him gar his maisteris of household,  
 To Boyce de Wincente, that lustie hold,  
 Go and provide with everie ordinance  
 Pertaining to his kinglie governance.  
 This being donne, up raise baith King and Queine,  
 With all his royall Courte richt weil beseine,  
 And service harde with gude devotioune,  
 And syne of menstrallie with merrie founde.  
 Disjunit they baith lord and ladie bright,  
 1630 And to thair horse anone they can them dicht.

With this unto the fair Meliades  
 Bonvalier com to hir on humbill wayis,  
 Saying, My Lord Clariodus me fend  
 To ȝow, Madame, and doing recommend,  
 Quhilke hes ȝow fend ane diamond full bright,  
 Remembering that he is ȝour trewthfull Knight;  
 And he also hes fend to ȝow ane sang,  
 The quhilke he maid rycht as the morrow sprang;  
 He and his servandis ar cled in levoray blew,  
 1640 In tokine that he falbe ever trew;  
 If ȝe the cullour pleise, he bade me speire.  
 I pleise it weil, quoch scho, in all manere.  
 Scho tuike the song and diamonde also,  
 And threw ane goldin ring hir finger fro,  
 And said, Anone present this to my Knight,  
 And thanke him of his gyftis all at ryght.  
 Bonvaleir went and did as scho him bad.

With this the lustie Courte, with hartis glaid,  
 Muntit on horse with weiddes fresch and gay.  
 1650 Meliades, in nobill and rich aray,

In bewtie blumit as bloffome on the ryce,  
 Triumphant as terreftriall paradice.  
 To tell ȝow of hir frefch abuilgement,  
 Or of hir palfrayis pretious ornament,  
 It war prolix, thairfor I let it go.

- This nobill Courte and Prince furth ryding fo,  
 Up to the hevin gois the trumpits found,  
 Up gois the curious found of clarioun,  
 With hornis blaft they cheir the hardie houndis,  
 1660 Whill Parice wallis reardit with the foundis.  
 So furth thay raid at the ports of the toune,  
 On fra the royall Palice of grite renoune.  
 Clariodus cled in ane mantill blew,  
 With his four fellowis alfe in the ilke hew,  
 Full rich furrit with mertrix that is fyne,  
 Upon ane curfour, with heart leoneine,  
 The quhilk Madame Meliades him gave,  
 Softlie he raid quhill he owertuik the leave.  
 Him followit varlots awcht in blew all clede,  
 1670 On wantoun curfouris fate and full weill fede,  
 With filver changeis about thair halfe full bright.  
 Aucht gentill men, that luftie war and wight,  
 He hade alfo all cled in dameis blew,  
 With golden changeis that war bright of hew.  
 Into the Courte he raid. His luftie entrie  
 It was ane fight full gudlie for to fe.  
 The King him callit, [and,] but mair abaide,  
 Clariodus, tell me, anone he faid,  
 The maner of the tornament in Spaine ;  
 1680 [And] quha did beft to me do ȝe not faine.  
 Weill wift the King the haill renoune hade he,  
 At the ilk jufting was fo fair to fe.

- Ane litill reid than wox Clariodus,  
 And to the King he hes maid anfwere thus :  
 Sir, if that I the treuth fall gow declare,  
 Full monie mightie and nobill knight was thaire,  
 That so weill provit, that harde was for to tell  
 Whilk of the forte in chevalrie did excell,  
 Althoght the ladies, of thair courtesie,  
 1690 To fike ane honour did me magnifie,  
 As for to gif the laude and praise to me ;  
 Ȝit I defervit it in no degrie,  
 For monie ane Knight thair better was nor I.  
 Then said the King, I traift rycht veralie,  
 That men full far might seike, or that they fand  
 Ane Knight that ware of deidis la valiant,  
 To wine renoune in armis gow before.  
 Of other diverse materis spake they more.  
 The King so gentill was in commoning,  
 1700 [That] thair was none of honoure, old nor ȝing,  
 Of all the Knightis of Meliades,  
 Bot he with them at leafoure did advyse.  
 And quhen this royall Courte of nobilnes  
 War cumit to Boyce de Vinfentes,  
 From horse all doune [thay quicklie] did descend,  
 And in the mightie Palace as they wende  
 The Ladies all ar unto chalmer gone,  
 The nobill King to hall is went anone.  
 The wallis ware arayit full lustillie,  
 1710 With rich arace [that] thar war full mightie ;  
 The hall was mikill and [eik] full of licht.  
 And quhen the denner was all redie dicht,  
 The King sent to [the] chalmer for the Queine,  
 And for Meliades the lustie ladie scheine ;

- They com anone at his commandiment,  
 Himself begane the buirde incontinent,  
 And fet abone him all the ladies faire,  
 For he no flait wald let be keipit thaire.  
 The ladies at his tabill grit and fmall,  
 1720 He gart be fete, thocht they refuifit all.  
 The Count of Eftur, and the Lord Conftabill,  
 Clariodus with uther lordis abill,  
 Palexis and his brother Amandur,  
 With thair two fellowis of grit honoure,  
 Sir Pennent de la Carier full famous,  
 Sir Charles, Sir Broun, and eike Sir Donaus,  
 And all that longit to Meliades,  
 He hes gart [thame] be fet in gudlie wayis  
 At his awin tabill, thocht thay refuifit thairto,  
 1730 His bidding git behuifit thay all to doe.  
 He thair hes maid him fellow and no king,  
 As myne awthour hes maid [trew] rehearfing.  
 He was both manlie, wyfe and gracious,  
 He could be mirrie and folatious  
 Whair that him lift, for till make companie.  
 The courfis com right fair and royallie.  
 The King wold not fit long in that degrie,  
 So longit he the royall chafe to fe  
 Of fellow deire within his perke royall.  
 1740 Then fuddantlie up ryfis ane and all.  
 The King twike be the hand Meliades  
 Before them all, and faid on this wayis,  
 Faire Siris, ge fall know, that it is fo  
 That none [this day] fould into widdis go  
 Without ane lady, and thairfor that I  
 Of brighteft bewtie chofe me ane lady.

They leuch all at the King that raillit fo.

Be this was said, anone to horfe they go.

The nobill King ascendit on his steid,

1750 And him behinde the floure of womanheid ;

Syne hes commandit Sir Clariodus

To take the Queine gudlie and gracious

Behinde him on his horfe : and but demand

Thair hes he fulfillit the Kings command.

The Count Samphange with [alse] bissie cure

Twike behind him the Countes of Esture.

The Earle of Esture twike behind him eike

The Ladie De la Carier fair and meike.

So everie lustie Lord and gentill Knight

1760 Hes horfit ane Ladie of beawtie briglit.

Out of the royall Palice have they past

With plesant found of [hunting] hornis blast,

And to the wodis raid full royallie,

Whair thay hade hunting right abundantlie.

It was ane nobill fight for to behold

The fair fresch forrest and the florischit fold,

The faitis fet with hunters of knowledge,

The eger hounds desyrous of courage.

Furth gois the dogis throw the ryse on raw,

1770 The deir down cumis dunting throw the schaw.

With How and Cry they follow them behinde.

The hunteris lurkis law under the lynde.

The heard in cumis. Fearflie but abaid

The hundis in thair leasches dois abraid,

Thair heartis dunting in breiftis for desyre.

Thus seing, the bukis go bak then in the swyre

Be two and thrie, endlong the water fyd.

The hunds fra monie ane leasch dois out glyde,



- That under the bewis beine loufit monie brace.  
 1780 The hunters glaidlie followis on the chafe.  
 Lo ! heir the hynde is letherit be the hunde,  
 And thair ane heart gois gronand to the grunde.  
 So this day fair quhat is thair maire to faine  
 Whill thay of deiris ane grit number had flaine.  
 Clariodus, that raid befor the Queine,  
 Had in his hand ane dearte both scharpe and keine,  
 That he was usit ay weill for to cast ;  
 So com ane [deir] buke by him at the laft  
 Into his way [and] halfling him againe.  
 1790 Madam, quoth he, pleis ge for to have flaine  
 Gone faire deir buke that cumis in our way ?  
 I gow requyer, the Quene can to him fay.  
 He did his courfour with his spurris broch  
 Whill neir the buke swiftlie did he aproach,  
 And with like force the darte did in him dryve,  
 Befor the Queine, that he fell deid belyve.  
 Lordis and Ladies that this thing hes feine,  
 Gritlie it praisit, and most of all the Queine  
 Hes him commendit into mikill thing.  
 1800 Ane Knight hes it reherfit to the King,  
 Quhilke rydand was before Meliades.  
 I know, quoth he, that mekill beine to praisfe  
 The deidis all of Sir Clariodus,  
 Whilke is both strong, hardie and chevalrus.  
 This being said, the King schuipe him to ryde ;  
 Clariodus he gart ryde him befyde,  
 And bade him sing. He said, he wald anone,  
 For he of dissobedience maide none.  
 Then said he to Meliades, Madame,  
 1810 Sing ge " Si je suis touf'jours a Madame" ?

- Scho said, Forfuith that song I can not sing.  
 Clariodus, let heir it, said the King.  
 On of his servitours he callit thane,  
 The quhilke ane tennour pleafantlie begane,  
 And he the truble sang rycht curiouſlie,  
 That it refoundit ane dulce melodye.  
 The King grite plesance had it for to heire,  
 So had the Queine and all the ladies cleire.  
 When he had sung, the King said, Verament  
 1820 This is ane lustie song, and right plesant ;  
 This is ane ballet fresch and amorus,  
 Is it new maid ? Zea, said Clariodus.  
 Meliades then smyllit, changing hew,  
 When that he speirit if it was maid of new ;  
 For the ilk song it was that he hir send  
 That day of morrow with ane recommend,  
 The quhilk Bonvaleir did to her present.  
 The King in musike was intelligent,  
 He sang ane tennor to Meliades,  
 1830 And scho the trubill sang on guddle wayis.  
 The thrie Earlis that cumit ware of laite  
 Did sing also with voices dulcorate.  
 In cumpanies ouer all the courte they song,  
 Grite mirrines and joy was them among.  
 Thus pat thay off the tyme with faire pafiance,  
 With mirthful breiftis bathit in plesance,  
 While that they enterit at Parice portis bricht ;  
 And throw the ryndis raid with heartis licht,  
 As thay that to the royall Palice tendit,  
 1840 Whill fra thair horſe alſweith they have descendit,  
 And enterit all in thair chalmers anone,  
 Whill tyme was unto supper for to gone.

The King, that ever in honour did excell,  
 Them feistit faire, the trewth if I fould tell,  
 Ane monethes fpace, with fike triumphe and cheir,  
 That none on lyfe under the fune fo cleire  
 More plesance hade, nor levit in more joy,  
 Nether in land of Greife, nor git in Troy.  
 And quhen the moneth aprochit neir to ende,  
 1850 The Ladie purpofit then hame to wende,  
 And garte hir folke make readie in all thing,  
 Againe the day of hir depairting.

So happinit in the meine tyme to be,  
 Ane herald cumit out of Ingland cuntrie  
 Thair from the King unto Meliades,  
 And in hir chalmer as fcho did up ryfe  
 He enterit, and hir faluft courteslie,  
 Saying, The King ȝour Father rycht heartilie  
 Commendis him to ȝow, and eike the Queine,  
 1860 The quhilkis for ȝow grite langoure dois fusteine.  
 Thay have me chargit hame ȝow for to fpeid ;  
 For thair is cuming withoutin ony dreide  
 Thrie faire ambaffants from thrie fundrie Kings  
 For ȝour wadding. Outower all uther things  
 Thay ȝow defyre ; but neverthelese the King,  
 Into that mater worke will be nothing  
 Whill ȝour hame cuming, and quhill that he have  
 [Advice] of Earle Eftur ; fa God me fave,  
 Without his counfall he will doe nothing.

1870 And quhen this Ladie hard of the tyding,  
 Sum thing fcho was into her heart adreid,  
 Believing to fum King thay fould hir wade ;  
 Whilke rather wald be deid, without feingeing,  
 Nor of the world to have the gritteft King

- And leive Clariodus hir onlie Knight.  
 Fair countenance scho maid git at [hir] nicht,  
 Saying, My frind, welcum ge ar to me ;  
 Thankit be God, of the prosperitie  
 Both of my Father, and of my Mother eik ;  
 1880 To save them two, Lord Jefus I befeike.  
 Me for to wade quhen ever that they will,  
 I falbe reddie thair counfall to fulfill.  
 Within thrie dayis we fall out of France  
 Depart, God willing, but more circumstance.  
 When this was said, to Earle Estur he went,  
 And in this mater schew all his intent,  
 And all this thing to him maid manifest ;  
 Syne went unto ane Oflarie to rest.  
 The mariage of [the] faire Meliades  
 1890 Into the Court hes spred on fike ane wayis,  
 Whill it come to Clariodus audience,  
 Whilke throw his breift withoutin resistance  
 As grundine dairte then awfullie did glyde.  
 With fader thochtis his mynd was occupied.  
 He was dispairit and right fore adrede,  
 Evin that the King her Father fould hir wade  
 Upon ane of thofe Princes right potent ;  
 Befeikeing God full oft in his intent,  
 On fike ane wayis that it fould not proceed.  
 1900 This Ladie eike, that leives in fike ane dreid,  
 Ever to God scho prayis devotlie  
 To fend hir him quhome that fo [richt] trewlie  
 Scho lovit ay, and fould quhill scho might lest.  
 Thus, nather of thair heartis beine at rest,  
 To speike with uther defyring fo gritly  
 At lafoure, quhair no wight might [thame] efpy.

- Clariodus anone went to the King,  
 Whilke then with his thre Counts wes advyſing.  
 The King then drew aparte fra them anone,  
 1910 And with Clariodus at laſoure ſpake allone  
 Of diuerſe things ; and ſo amongs the lave  
 He ſaid, Clariodus, ſa mote God me ſave,  
 I wald have ȝow ſtill in my Courte dwelling,  
 Whilk my deſyre is ower all uthir thing.  
 I heir now that Our Brother of Ingland  
 Hes for his Doughter ſent, [and] deſyrand  
 To have hir waddit at hir hame cuning.  
 Clariodus, ȝe doe for me this thing,  
 The quhilke anone I fall unto ȝow ſay,  
 1920 Be freſch and luſtie on hir wadding day ;  
 With that he ſmylit on him luſtillie.  
 Clariodus weill underſtude the why,  
 Whairfore, he ſaid, and this he [ſmyling] ſpake,  
 Sir, ȝour command to fill I undertake ;  
 For that ilk day full blyth I think to be  
 Of everie knight in that ilke aſſemblic.  
 Then ſaid the King, God grant that it be ſo,  
 That ware my deſyre, and ſalbe ever mo.  
 The King he thankit in all humbill thing.  
 1930 Then to the Queinis chalmer went the King,  
 And thair he fand the faire Meliades,  
 To quhome ſweetlie he ſaid on this wayis,  
 Madam Meliades, as I ſuppoſe,  
 Of luſtie princes ȝe [fall] have ȝour choſe ;  
 Be not haſtie, bot weill advyſit be,  
 And chuſe ane valiant man in all degrie  
 Of might ; for landis ȝe neid nocht to crave,  
 Seing ane mightie kingdome that ȝe have.

Sir, ge know, scho anfwairit, in all thing  
 1940 I mone obey unto my Father the King.  
 Thus raillit he with hir full plefantlie,  
 And scho him anfwair maid debonarlie.

When cumin was anone the latter day  
 Of this moneth, withoutine mair delay  
 Meliades unto the King is went,  
 Saying unto him with full meike intent,  
 Sir, I am readie to pafe in my cuntrie,  
 Gif thair be nocht ellis ge wald with me.  
 Madame, quoth he, gif so be that ge will,  
 1950 Now hamewarte pafe, God gour purpose fulfill,  
 And gow conferve in plesance and in joy,  
 I will my self in gaitwarte gow convoy.  
 Thoght scho said nay, and laith was thairunto,  
 Was none excufe, bot [that] he wold it doe.

Then said scho to the Queine, in humbill wayis,  
 I thanke gow heire, Madame, ane thousand sayis,  
 Of the grite jentrice ge have schawin to me,  
 Of gour hie honoure [and] nobilitie ;  
 My Father hes me fend sex faire courfouris,  
 1960 And sex haiknays plefant attoure meafouris ;  
 Ge fall have sex of them, and I gow pray  
 Them to resave ; and tho the Queine alway  
 Excusit hir, git scho maid like instance,  
 The Queine garte take of them delyverance.  
 Thair sadillis war of cloth of gold full bright,  
 Browderit with stonis radious and light,  
 And they alsé quhyte as onie snowis doune.  
 The nobill Queine, that was of grite renoune,  
 Hir thankit sweitlie, and gave to her also  
 1970 Ane chaine of gold ; and fyne with heartis wo,

- They kiffit utheris with teiris distelling.  
 Scho tuike hir leave at Ladies auld and ging.  
 Syne came the guddie Countes of Efture,  
 And tuike hir leave with countenance demure  
 Both at the Queine and at the Ladies all,  
 And at the Kingis Court univerfall.  
 Unto them all grite giftis gave the Queine.  
 Meliades to clofe difcendit beine.  
 Syne at the Queine [his] leave tuik Earle Eftur,  
 1980 And at hir Ladies plesant of portratour.  
 And laft of all, Clariodus the Knight  
 Inclynit to the Queine, and bad gude nicht,  
 To hir ay recommending his fervice.  
 And fcho againe upon full humbill wayis  
 Said unto him, Ha ! Sir Clariodus,  
 Faire weill, in world the Knight moft gracious,  
 And moft of deidis famous and of pryfe ;  
 I am weill holdine unto ȝow oft fyfe,  
 The richeft jewell to the worldis end,  
 1990 Ȝe, the moft nobill Knight, unto me fend.  
 With that fcho tuike thair of [the] bright gold cleire  
 Ane verie luftie firmaleit moft deire,  
 And faid, Clariodus, ȝe fall this take,  
 And weire it in ȝour cuntrie for my faike.  
 He thankit hir full courteslie at all ;  
 And then fcho hes him kiffit anone withall.  
 He tuike his leave at everie Ladie faire.  
 The King was mountit on ane palfray thaire,  
 Ane of the fex the quhilke Meliades  
 2000 Gave to the Queine, quhilke mikill beine to praife ;  
 He faid thay war ane gyft moft honorabill,  
 And thankit hir with wordis amiabill ;

- He said he wold with hir on gaitwart ryde.  
 Not one of them no longer wald abyde ;  
 Thay raid out throw the toune full royallie,  
 With trumpit found of hevenlie melodie.  
 And quhen they war two mylls without the toune,  
 The nobill King, most worthie of renoune,  
 Tuike leave at hir, and gave hir ane colleir,  
 2010 With curious worke that pretious was and deire ;  
 And said to hir, Madame Meliades,  
 I me commend to ȝow on humbill wayis,  
 Befeiking ȝow, the pearle of plefance,  
 That ȝe wold have on ws remembrance ;  
 Ȝe spair ws not, for we all tyme ar ȝouris.  
 This lustie Princes, with changing collouris,  
 Inclyning then, and reverencing the King,  
 Thay kistit thair, and [fo] maid depairting :  
 Syne kistit he hir Ladies ane and ane.  
 2020 The Count of Esture thair his leave hes taine,  
 And his Countes ; and syne Clariodus,  
 To whom the King, with wordis gracious,  
 Said, Faire coufing, in heart I am full wo  
 So suddantlie that ȝe depairte me fro ;  
 Thair leivis none in all this world fo wyde,  
 That is fo welcum with ws to abyde.  
 This Knyght inclynit law with reverence,  
 And humblie thankit the Kingis excellence ;  
 Saying, Ȝour Hienes I thanke humbillie,  
 2030 That hes me treitit heir fo nobillie ;  
 My service falbe ȝouris for evermore,  
 Whilke cellitude conserve the King of glore.  
 With that he tuike his leave with courtes faire  
 Both at the King and at the Lordis thaire,



And eik forget he not the Conftabill.  
 Thir Knightis two with wordis amiabill  
 Tuike leave at uthir, imbracing tenderlie,  
 As thay that lovit uthers ay parfytlie.  
 Depairtit fo thir Lordis of renoune,

- 2040 Eik my Lord fayis in his tranflatioun,  
 That from the King none unrewardit went,  
 Of all the Court nobill and excellent,  
 For unto them with grite humanitie,  
 He fchew his regale liberalitie ;  
 The quhilk againe to Parice did returne,  
 And thay raid furth withoutin more fojorne.

    This Princes and hir luftie companie  
 Unto thair cuntrie fped fo biffilie,

- That to the fea they approachit belyve,  
 2050 They fchipit all and fyne did [faif] aryve  
 In Ingland, whair on horfe thay have afcendit,  
 As thay that north into the cuntrie tendit.

    Thus in thair voyage all was fair and well,  
 Whill, throw ane forreft as thay did travell,  
 They faw ane pailgeoun luftillie upftent,  
 Of filke all reide, that fchew full redolent.  
 The Earle faid to Meliades the bright,  
 Behold, Madame, befye gow ftent on height,  
 The faireft pailgeoun that ever I faw with ey,

- 2060 What is within I reid we go and fee.

    Within the pailgeoun luikit thay anone,  
 And faw ane Knight thair ly with monie groune  
 Above ane bed that luftie was to feine,  
 Full richlie coverit all with fatine greine ;  
 Ane arrow ftake into his fchoulder deipe ;  
 Befye him fate ane Ladie doing weipe

So wofullie, that pitie was to see.  
 Meliades abaist than was sche,  
 And bade the Earle within the pailgeoun go,  
 2070 And speir the cause quhairfore that he lay so,  
 And quhy scho was so wobegone ane wight.  
 The Earle enterit and helfit hes the Knight.  
 With febill voice he helfit him againe,  
 Lyke as he hade felt unsufferabill paine.  
 And then unto the damofell he said,  
 If that ge pleise, [my] faire and lustie Maide,  
 I wald ge did the cause to me declare,  
 Whairfor ge weipe so pitioullie and faire.  
 Then spake the Ladie, Sene that ge requyre,  
 2080 I fall gow schaw, this is my brother deir ;  
 We beine discendit of ane hous royall,  
 For of our blude we stand imperiall  
 In our cuntrie callit Northumberland ;  
 And he that was ane Knight full valiant  
 Raid seikand adventuris in ane forrest dicht  
 And met foure Knightis that was fearse and wicht,  
 Wilke semblit on him hes so cruellie,  
 And he defendit him right nobillie,  
 That of the foure thrie [had] he brocht af lyfe,  
 2090 The fourt then fled and let ane arrow dryve,  
 Wilke hurte him in the schoulder as ge se,  
 The quhilk was lanfit with like destanie,  
 That of the world the jentillist Knight but doubt  
 Mone with his hande this arrow now draw out,  
 Or than, alleace ! he levis never more.  
 The nobill Earle saw hir weipe so fore,  
 Ladie, he said, comfort gow and be fill,  
 Peradventure God hes send helpe gow till.

- The Earle went to Meliades againe,  
 2100 And hir declairit the hail mater plaine  
 All worde be worde richt as the Ladie schew,  
 Saying, Will [now] gour Knightis all perfew  
 Whilk will the arrow draw out of the Knight?  
 Thairof, I pray gow, said this gudlie wight.  
 Sir Amandour then [first] the Earle did call,  
 And unto him the cace declairit all,  
 And prayit him to go and to affay  
 For to draw out the arrow gif he may.  
 Sir Amandour this anfwair maid him to,  
 2110 It noth effeiris like things for to doe,  
 And Sir Clariodus in the companie :  
 Bot him the Earle treitit so nobillie,  
 That he is went the mater to affay,  
 Richt modeflie withoutin grite delay,  
 And pullit at the arrow with his hand ;  
 Bot thair alfweith impediment he fand,  
 For him it wald not steire out of the wounde ;  
 The Knight full forelie schrinkit at the ffound.  
 Sir Amandur was in his heart full woe,  
 2120 And furth out of the pailgeoun can he go.  
 With wordis wrath his Eame he could reprove,  
 That fike ane mater unto him did move.  
 Palexis past thairefter to affay ;  
 Bot he might noth the arrow draw away.  
 The young Knightis [then] prefit all aboute ;  
 Bot for them all no way it wald come out.  
 Than meiklie said Meliades, I pray  
 That ge will cause Clariodus affay.  
 That war, quoth he, ane grite presumtioun,  
 2130 Efter so monie Knightis of renowne,

- That I fould go affay quhair they have failgeit.  
 Bot his excufe [in] nothing him availlit;  
 Scho him commandit for his Ladies faike,  
 The quhilke fcharplie unto his hearte did ftryke.  
 Then lichtit he and in the pailgeoun went,  
 The Knight he helfit and the Ladie jent,  
 Saying, Faire Sir, cumin I am to fie  
 Gif I may helpe zow of zour neceffitie.  
 Neir him he went with full grite humbillnes,  
 2140 Haveing in God all houe and confidence,  
 To helpe the Knight; of him he hade pitie,  
 And foftlie at the arrow pullit he.  
 It com to him but preife or vehemence,  
 Without obftakill or onie refiftence.  
 The bluide with that fprang out aboundantlie  
 Out of the wound, and bled continuallie;  
 Bot nevertheles the Knight on fute up ftart,  
 And thankit him full oft with all his heart  
 Imbracing him, faying, Of Knightheid floure,  
 2150 All haill! the Eard awcht zow [for] to honoure.  
 I thanke our gracious God ane thoufand fayis,  
 That hes zow fent to me upon this wayis  
 To be my helpe, the quhilk nane uther might;  
 For it affayit hes full monie ane Knight,  
 Bot none of them nicht it remeid bot ze,  
 That is of Knightheid floure and A per fe.  
 What is zour name, if that it war zour will?  
 And he anone anfwereit hes him till,  
 Clariodus of Eftur they me call,  
 2160 Zoue was my Father vifite zow firft of all.  
 This Knight and eike the Madine humbill and wyfe  
 Unto the Earle and to Meliades

Ar passit, and them thankit reverentlie,  
 And so did thay to all the cumpanie,  
 Onlie for sake of Sir Clariodus.  
 Syne to the pailgeoun mirrie and joyous  
 They went, quhair that Clariodus thay fand,  
 To stanche his [wounde] quhilk git was abydand.  
 The wounde out ran with grite effusioun,

2170 Alfweith he tuike the ring of the Lyoune,  
 And twichit it and stemmit it anone.  
 Clariodus then to his horse is gone.  
 He tuike his leave, and efter them he raide,  
 Whilke them among grite avanceing hes maid  
 Of him and of his hie renoune and prife,  
 And how he gentill was at all devyse.

This woundit Knight relievit of his woe,  
 Commandit than sex knightis for to go  
 And make his litter of gudlie fastioun ;  
 2180 And syne thairin hes [he] garte lay him doune,  
 To have him to his friendis hastillie,  
 This Ladie [also] ryding neir him by,  
 With all hir madinis [full] faire in feire :  
 Thus hame he went, rycht gladfome of his cheire.  
 Sir Brounar de la Haunt it was his name,  
 Ane Lord he was of grite renowne and fame,  
 Quhilk to Clariodus was efterwarte,  
 Ane fervitoure richt faithfull in [his] heart.

Clariodus hes sped him haifillie,  
 2190 And founne he hes overtaine the companie,  
 And long with them raide speiking to and fro ;  
 And syne unto Meliades can go,  
 And spake of diverse materis by the way,  
 And of the woundit Knight eike speak did thay ;

- He tauld how he him stanchit of bleiding.  
 To hir he said among all uther thing,  
 Madame, ge fould be blyth and have courage  
 That rydis hame now to your mariage ;  
 Fair Princes bydis [for] your hame cuming.  
 2200 Scho anfwairit him with wordis richt bening,  
 Saying, Monie askis the thing thay not get ;  
 To love and serve quho may loveris let ?  
 Quoth he, Madame, full fuith it is ge say,  
 Bot git me thinke that gude it war alway  
 That ge providit war of mariage,  
 Confidering that the King is of grite age,  
 And hes no bairnis bot your self allone.  
 And that is fuith, quoth scho, so mote I gone ;  
 Thairfor ane thing at now I will require,  
 2210 Whilke of gone Princes war it your desyre  
 That I fould marie, diffimull not at all.  
 Quoth he, Madame, my wite it is bot small  
 [Thus] the estate of Princes for to judge ;  
 Becaus as git to your I beine ane fudge,  
 And can not on so grite maters decerne,  
 For my young counsell wyse men will disperne.  
 And than, quoth scho, to this answair ge can,  
 Into this world of everie leving man,  
 Whom wald ge tytest hade me to his wyfe ?  
 2220 Quoth he, Grite Lordis wyse be like fyve  
 The King your Father hes to his counsell,  
 Whairfor in vaine it war for me to tell,  
 For, as thay say, is abiller for to be ;  
 Whairfor, Madame, ge scorne to speir at me.  
 Then said the Ladie, Ge fast your selfe excuse,  
 Of your counsell say on for your behuise ;

- For thocht ge know not quhat the lordis ment,  
 Ge know thair of quhat is your awin intent,  
 Whom with ge wold [that] I fould married beine ;  
 2230 Know ge not eik the trew love us betweine ?  
 Now go I alfe neir you as [that] I may,  
 To gar you fumthing in this mater say ;  
 And I remember that like thing hes beine,  
 Quhen thair was nothing spokine us betweine,  
 Bot ge wald answeir, and not be dangerous.  
 I cry you mercie, said Clariodus,  
 My mynde thairin rycht as my self ge know,  
 Whairfore thair was no neid to you to schaw ;  
 Ge can not weill confidder as I deime ;  
 2240 And sen ge will the fuith that I expreime,  
 Gif it fould be as I wald wisch, I say  
 I wald no wight in world you had bot I,  
 And thocht I speike sik words, ge not disdaine,  
 For grite defyre dois [ever] me constraine.  
 To speik thir wordis, then said Meliades,  
 My Knight, I thanke you on most humbill wayis,  
 That ge wold do me like worschipe and honoure  
 As me to wade, and ge of knightheid floure.  
 Full weill I waite, had ge not lovit me,  
 2250 Ge wald not ask with me to mariet be ;  
 Bot I fa far beholdine ame trewlie  
 Unto your Father the Count [maist] worthie,  
 And alfe unto your Mother the Countes,  
 And to your selfe in love and worthines,  
 I you promit I fall no husband have,  
 Bot quhom ge wald I hade, fa God me save.  
 I height to keipe you this promissioun,  
 As I am Kingis dochter of renoun ;

- Or I it breke ather for weill or wo,  
 2260 I fall dreidles out of the countrie go,  
 As I have done before tyme for your faike ;  
 And thairfor no displeisoure in hearte ge take,  
 Whatever ge heir or fe, ge hold you still :  
 In signe that I this promeis fall fulfill,  
 Ane ring of gold I gif you heir, my Knight,  
 And for my faike your heart ge hold on height.  
 Clariodus the gold ring did resave,  
 And courtellie he oft thanks to her gave,  
 Saying, Madame, nixt God I awght to serve  
 2270 And love your Ladischipe quhill that I sterve,  
 That hes me gevin sik consolatioun,  
 Quhilke falling was in disperatioun.  
 For gif I fall the trewth to you declare,  
 My heart was full of dreid and [of] dispaire,  
 Ay sen I tyding hard of your wadding ;  
 Whair I hade will to ligh, now may I sing ;  
 And quhair I trowit langour sould me flo,  
 Ge have delyverit me of all that wo.  
 Of this mater as then thay spake no more ;  
 2280 He let hir ryde ane litill him before,  
 That schoe might talke with uther companie ;  
 And he began to sing all secreitlie,  
 For the grite joy was at his heart perpay.  
 This lustie courte thay raide furth [all] the way,  
 Whill thay com neire to Londoun the citie.  
 Thair monie ane Lord that was of grite degrie  
 Them met triumphantlie without the toune,  
 Baith Bischops, Duiks, and Earlis of renoune,  
 And hir convoyit throw the rewis faire,  
 2290 With filke and arras that arrayit war.



The bellis range in kirkis up and doune,  
 The silver trumpits maid ane mirrie found ;  
 Among the pepill haill was this clamoure,  
 Welcum our lustie Princefs of honoure !  
 Then at the Palice richt as scho discendit,  
 The nobill Lordis still on hir dependit,  
 And hir convoyit up into the hall ;  
 Of hir cuming [richt] glaid was ane and all,  
 And of the cuming of Clariodus :

2300 Thus was the Court richt blyth and joyous.  
 The supper was anone [all] redie dicht,  
 And to the tabill with monie Lord and Knight  
 Adoune [then] fate this Princes honorabill,  
 And servit was with meitis delectabill.

The night before thair cuming to the toune,  
 Thre famous Bischops of full grite renoune,  
 And thrie grite Earlis that war full worthie,  
 Quhillkis war fex hundereth horse in companie ;  
 Ane of them sent was to Clariodus,

2310 The uther to Palexis richt famous,  
 The third to Amandour the nobill Knight,  
 And broght with them thrie golden crounis bright,  
 To croune them Kingis of thrie kynriks cleire,  
 As ge fall efter in this storie heire.  
 Into ane lustie Inuis ludgit thay,  
 Whair they on windowis and on stairis lay  
 And saw this Princes and this Courte ryde by,  
 And said they saw never sik ane company ;  
 And of thair Oift they speirit of the thrie

2320 That fould the Princes of thair realmis be.  
 And he them schew unto [the] Knightis thair,  
 Vailgeand of deidis and of thair bodies faire.

Thir Lordis them commendit grittumlie,  
 Saying, That they war nobill and worthie,  
 Of thrie realmis to be crounit Kings,  
 And happilie providit war thair rings  
 To have like thrie Princes for to be,  
 That both war cunit of ane linage hie,  
 And fyne was faire and feimit gracious ;  
 2330 And most they praisit Sir Clariodus.

This night owerdrave, day cumand was anone,  
 And bright Apollo with his beamis schone  
 Ower land and sea, and all the land abreid ;  
 This gudlie Princes, floure of womanheid,  
 Addressit hir in hir freschest aray,  
 As is the freschest bloffome into May ;  
 And up him dressit everie Lord and Knight ;  
 Thir thrie Ambaffats freschlie hes them dicht  
 Unto thair Lordis, presents to attaine,  
 2340 Full monie ane gowne of filke and golden chaine  
 Was thame among, and gif [I] tell the treuth,  
 Unto the Palice bounit they all but fleuth.

Thir tydings harde hes [Sir] Clariodus ;  
 Them to convoy he hes sent Knights famous.

When all hade servit God, and fyne disjunit,  
 Talbrounis and trumpits fyne up tunit ;  
 Meliades knights convoyit them the way.  
 Alfweith within the Palace enterit they.  
 Weill orderit, and on ane gudlie wayis,  
 2350 They come before Madame Meliades ;  
 They helsit have this Princes of bewtie ;  
 Syne everie Lord and Knight in his degrie.

When they hade salust other courteslie,  
 Then to Meliades thay said humbillie,

Madame, with leive of ȝow we will advyfe  
 Heir with the Earle of Eſtur in ſum wayis,  
 And we at lenth fall commoun with ȝow fyne;  
 With that thay doe full low to hir inclyne.  
 Doe as ȝe pleiſe, quoth ſchoe, I am content.

2360 Thir Lordis and the Earle togidder went  
 Into ane chalmer be them ſelves allone.  
 Ane of the biſchops ſpeikis thus anone,  
 My Lord, ȝe know the Lady ȝour Countes  
 Beine ſiſter to the Kingis nobilnes  
 Of Ireland, quhilke [now] febill is and old,  
 And may excerſe no juſtice as he wold,  
 And hes no heares abill unto the croune,  
 That cuming are of his ſucceſſioun:  
 Whairfor unto ȝour Sonne ws ſent hes he,  
 2370 To ȝar him cum and ringe in our countrie;  
 And heir we have brought for his [hie] renoun  
 The regale wand of juſtice and the croune,  
 To delyver to him, and give poſſeſſioun  
 Of all his nobill and mightie regioun;  
 And bade, or we returne, to croune him King,  
 And in his name the realme to him reſinge.  
 We underſtand that this may not be donne  
 Into ane tyme that ware mair opportoun  
 Nor heir befor this royall companie.

2380 The Earle maid anſweir, and ſaid full courtellie,  
 Firſt God I thanke, from quhilke cumis all grace,  
 And fyne the King, that ſo weill ordanit hes  
 His tender bluide efter himſelf to ringe.  
 Clariodus he gart unto him bring,  
 And ſaid, My Sonne is heir, the quhilk I geive  
 Unto the King alſe long as he may leive.

- Of Ireland two Lordis that was of mikill fame,  
 Of quhom as now I neid not schaw the name,  
 Ane Bischope and ane Earle, them betweine  
 2390 Hes led him furth, quhilk gudlie is to feine.  
 Full joyfull was the pepell auld and zeing,  
 Quhen that thay saw him led then as ane King,  
 Betweine two Lordis nobill and potent :  
 Bot thay sum pairt in heartis war dolent,  
 Trowand that into Ireland he sould go,  
 Full loath war thay he sould depairte them fro.  
 Two famous Bischopis and honorabill Earlis two  
 Palexis tuike and Amandour also,  
 And to them said on this [famine] maniere.  
 2400 Becaus thir brether two Uncles war but weire  
 To thir two Princes that grite war of degrie,  
 The King of Garnet and of Castelgie,  
 They war lede furth upon the famine wayis.  
 Full gudlie was the maner and the gyfe  
 Of the triumph was maid at thair crouning.  
 All to the kirke are went thir Lordis dinge.  
 Thir Kingis thrie was sete full royallie  
 In regale seats, coverit mightillie  
 With cloathes of gold, befor the hie altere,  
 2410 And on thair heidis thrie goldin crounis deire,  
 With awfull wand of justice in thair hand,  
 Servet with nobill Lordis inclynande.  
 And Prelats that war dinge and honorabill,  
 Begane the service in wayis conveynabill,  
 And thair ane psalme [full] solemelie they sang,  
 For noyise of organis all the collage rang.  
 When that the royall service all was fynit,  
 The Earlis, Lordis and barrounis all inclynit

- Befor Clariodus with blyth vifage,  
 2420 Randeriſg to him of Ireland the homage ;  
 Richt ſo was donne unto the uthir two.  
 And ſyne unto the Palice can thay go,  
 Whair ane full royall denner ordanit was.  
 The Kingis thrie war lede with nobilnes  
 Out of the kirke, with ſeptour, ſword, and croune,  
 With noyſe of trumpit and of clarioun ;  
 They enterit in the Palice joyfullie,  
 With mirthfull ſound of hevinlie menſtrellie.  
 Heir to be ſchorte, and leive all circumſtance,  
 2430 Thay go to tabill with joy and all plectance.  
 Betwix two Kingis ſate Meliades,  
 Ane King ſat hir before on gudlie wayis ;  
 Thrie Biſchopis, and of Eſtur the Countes,  
 Sate at the tabill thair with all glaidnes ;  
 Two maiſters of houſhold to King Philippon  
 War merchald at the tabill end anone,  
 With them Earle Eſtur of nobilnes and fame,  
 And the richt honorabill Biſchope of Durhame.  
 I may not tary on thair marchelling,  
 2440 To tell gow all the royall triumphing,  
 Thair excellent and thair [maiſt] plectant cheire,  
 Nor of their gudlie ſervice the maneire,  
 Nor of thair grite diſport and minſtrellie,  
 Nor of the courſis that did multiplie,  
 Nor among courſis the intermeiſis glaid,  
 Nor the delectabill comoning thay hade,  
 Nor of the pretious meitis delicate,  
 Nor of thair ſyndrie ſtories prorogate ;  
 I let overgo all fik prolixitie.  
 2450 Foure ſyndrie liquoris ran with royaltie,

- From foure beiftis in foure nuiks of the hall,  
 Whilke was ane fight richt fair and triumphall :  
 Ane was ane lyoun, right awfull and terribill,  
 At quhois gaiping mouth, full horibill,  
 Rane myghtie wyne, right plefant, cleir, and cauld ;  
 It was ane gude fight him for to behald :  
 The uther was ane luffie unicorne,  
 Fyne Ipocras did ryn out at his horne :  
 The thride ane tyger was, felloun and stout,  
 2460 Rose water fearcelie at his nose ran out :  
 The fourte ane marmaide was, with traces bright,  
 At both her papis mylke ran out on heicht.  
 And at the letter courfe, in come ane gyfe  
 Of finall chyldreine, [full] gudlie to devyfe,  
 To the number of fortie, all tranffigurat  
 As wolves full wyld, and [ftrangelie] deformate,  
 Quhilk scatterit flouris faire throw the hall,  
 With favoure sweit as ony balme royall ;  
 And ever ilk ane on ane instrument,  
 2470 On courious wayis, with fyngeris diligent,  
 Diverflie glaidand, all in ane accorde  
 Raifing on loft, with joy and grite conforde,  
 The hearts of all the nobill audience.  
 Of eardlie joy thair was no indigence.  
 What fould I longer tell of thair feasting ?  
 Thair cumis ane end of everie worldlie thing.  
 When thay hade feaftit long upon this wayis,  
 Both Kingis, Lordis, and Ladies, up thay raife,  
 And went to chalmeris fair at all pleafouris,  
 2480 Thair to delyver the ambaffadouris.  
 The Ireland Bifchope, and the Earle alfo,  
 [Hes] thair delyverance askit hame to go.

- The King Clariodus on faire maneire,  
 Thus faide, My Lordis and [my] friendis deire,  
 I thanke the King my Eame of his [gude] grace,  
 That hes his croune, his feptore, and his mace,  
 Donne of his nobilnes to me refinge,  
 Albeit thairto I am no thing condinge ;  
 And quhair he wold I to his ringe repairit,  
 2490 It may be with expedience declairit  
 Before ȝow all now at this [fame] instante,  
 My companie this Princes may not wante,  
 Whilk to hir Father rydis furth anone,  
 Go I hir fro, ſcho then is left allone ;  
 Bot of this voyage quhen [that] I have donne,  
 And quhen I ſe the tyme is oportune,  
 Sall none ambafflage neide me for to bring  
 Unto my Eame and honorabill King :  
 Ȝe counfall me thairfor in this mater,  
 2500 And to ȝour myndis I fall affent right heir.  
 Then ſaid the Biſhope with all reverence,  
 Ȝour wordis beine, Sir, fructuous of ſentence ;  
 Nothing we can ȝour ſpeache [as now] impunge,  
 So ſcharpe with reaſounis cyllit beine our tonge,  
 Ȝow in this preſent voyage we excuſe ;  
 Sen on no wayis fro hir [ȝow go] behuiſe,  
 Ȝe may not leave the realme deſolate,  
 Thairfor ane louetenant to us create,  
 Our realme to governe in [richt] regiment,  
 2510 Whill Ȝe gif us your preſence excellent.  
 The King conſentit to this petitioun,  
 And gave right thair his [hie] commiſſioun  
 Unto the Earle of Durhame right famous ;  
 And ſoune anone they war delyverit thus.

- And finallie thir other Kingis two  
 Thair ambaffatis hes delyverit alfo.  
 Full grite giftis thir Kingis gave all thrie  
 Unto thir Lordis mikill of dignitie,  
 Commending them with hearts unto their Kings,  
 2520 Them thanking oft [fyfs] into mikill things.  
 They tuike thair leave full fairlie on this wayis,  
 Both at the Kings and at Meliades.  
 Earle Eftur them convoyit biffilie,  
 Unto the clofe quhair they fand all redie  
 Ane Knight ordanit be King Clariodus,  
 With monie ane goldin jewell pretious,  
 Both goldin coupis, changeis and rings,  
 Rich cloathes of gold, and monie coaftlie things,  
 For to present to the ambaffadouris ;  
 2530 And fyne they did with [verie] grite honouris,  
 Convoy them [all] weill far out of the toune.  
 The Bifchope and the Earle of great renoune  
 Of Dnrhame hes thair leavis taine anone,  
 With the ambaffate grathing them to gone ;  
 With that their gaitis they did depairt, and than  
 Thair leave at uther hes taine everie man.  
 Earle Efture tuike his leave and hamewart raid.  
 And the Ambaffadours, withoutin more abaid,  
 In thair voyage ufit flik diligence,  
 2540 Whill thay all come foune into the preſence  
 Of thair thrie Kings, and than thay all declairit  
 How thay had donne, and hade [in] nothing ſpairit.  
 Full glaid they war quhen they hard this tyding  
 Of thair Uncles and of thair honoring.  
 All thrie they feaftit the Ambaffadouris,  
 That had ſo plefantlie donne thair pleafouris.



To chalmir King Clariodus is gone,  
 And his rob royall hes laid af anone,  
 And eik his crown of gold i-forgit new,  
 2550 And put on him ane gowne of velvete blew ;  
 Syne went unto the chalmir of Meliades,  
 To quhome schone courtellie did [thair] up ryfe,  
 And unto him maid kinglie reverence,  
 Saying to him, with finylling countenance,  
 Is this the fassoun of ane King, said sche,  
 So quyetlie to cum in this degrie  
 Into ane chalmir quhair ladies dois abyde ?  
 Scho fet him on ane cuscheine hir besyde.  
 He said to hir thir wordis secreteilie,  
 2560 Nather King, Earle, nor [git ane] Duik am I,  
 Nor uther Lord, Madame, in your presence,  
 Bot your awin Knight to doe your reverence  
 To your abone all uther warldis wight,  
 Alse long as I have ather wite or might.  
 Long spake they thus of materis to and fro.

The Earle Estur towardis them can go,  
 And said, that speidfull [now it] war that we  
 Schoupe ws this night in Belvilladoun to be,  
 Whilk is from ws bot awcht mylis of way.  
 2570 All to this thing anone consentit thay,  
 Thair horse thay gart be grathed suddenly.  
 When everie thing was at poynt and readie,  
 The quhilke pertieit unto thair estate,  
 At schone thay maid them readie for the gaite,  
 Kingis, Knightis, and Ladies of renowne,  
 Ascendit on thair horse with trumpet foun.  
 The Lordis of the toun did them convoy,  
 Rycht honorabillie with plesance and with joy,

Whill thay war riddine ane great pearte of the way ;  
 2580 Syne to the toune againe returnit thay.  
 The lustie Courte them sped on fike maneire,  
 So at Belvell they come to the suppeire.

When the King wist his Dochter was so neire,  
 He hes delyverit on ane fair maneire  
 The thrie Ambassats, so thay war content ;  
 Syne them rewairdit with giftis richt potent,  
 Quhilk leave hes taine and hame raid fuddanlie  
 To their Princes, commendeng grittumlie  
 The Kings honoure and [eik] his gentilnes.

2590 Meliades this lustie young Princes,  
 With [all] hir Courte [full] greatlie to advance,  
 Aproached quhair the King maid residence,  
 Whair monie Lords maid full grite reverence,  
 Presentlie com before hir excellence,  
 Fairlie hir met weiping with joy and blis,  
 That schoe againe in hir cuntrie cumin is.  
 Scho enterit in the toun right royallie,  
 Quhilke stentit was with royall tapestrie,  
 Into the honour of hir hame cuming ;

2600 Minstrellis did play, and bellis long did ring.  
 Full fast the pepill praisit hir bewtie.  
 And so, with all hir Court of royaltie,  
 On gudlie wayis scho rydis throw the toun,  
 And at the Kingis Palice lichtit doune.

And when the gudlie fresche Meliades  
 Was from hir horse discendit on this wayis,  
 And enterit in the close of the Palice,  
 The King hir Father, with [ane] mirrie face,  
 Upon his heid put on his nobill croune,  
 2610 Incontinent undid from him his goune

And doublet, all alleane he hes discendit  
 To hir quhom to he had so far offendit.  
 Then all the Courte hade ferlie him to fie  
 Go meit his Doghter in fik [ane] degrie.  
 Rycht thair to hir he fate on kneis adoune,  
 All bair heided, faiffand he hade on his croune,  
 As not the father to the chyld fould do :  
 Bot he so gritlie failgeit hir unto ;  
 Whairfor he thoght he wald to hir amende.

2620 This Princes saw her Father and did attende,  
 And saw him on his knie, and thocht ferlie ;  
 For scho was then abaisit grittumlie,  
 And him before scho fell on kneis eike.  
 The King wirdis lamentabill and meike  
 First spake upon this wayis, I aske God mercie  
 Of my delyverance curfit and hastie,  
 And of my wit that beiftlie was and wyld  
 For to believe like treafoun of my chyld :  
 Syne I aske mercie at ȝow, Dochter deir,  
 2630 In this estait as I am fitting heir,  
 Befeikand ȝow that ȝe wald me forgive ;  
 For I repent, and fall do quhill I leive,  
 The grite trespafe that I have to ȝow wrought.  
 With that from weiping he [refrain] might noght.  
 His beard begane with teares to weit for sorrow  
 As dasie buske bedewit in the morrow.  
 Then all the pepill that this thing could fie,  
 Full fast they weipit for rewth and for pitie,  
 To fie the King regrate on fike ane wayes.

2640 This bening Ladie, fair Meliades,  
 Heiring hir Father to hir compleaning so,  
 Hir tender heart almaist it fell in two ;

- For sorrow and pitie neir out of wit scho braid.  
 I cry 3ow mercie, myne Father, scho said,  
 Ryse up, my Lord, quhy fit 3e so, alleace ;  
 For it no thing perteinis to 3our Grace,  
 To me, 3our Chyld, to fit upon 3our knie :  
 Bot suithlie it pertenis unto me  
 To fit on kneis to 3ow, my Father deir,  
 2650 My foverane Lord and Prince most inteir ;  
 For weill 3e know that I full humbillie  
 At 3our command will do aluterlie ;  
 And, Father, I forgive 3ow hertfullie.  
 And both with [that] they weipit pitioullie.  
 Than raise the King but ony wordis mo,  
 And tuik his Doghter in his armis two,  
 Whom that he lovit attoure all eardlie thing,  
 And kissit hir with tender imbracing.  
 Syne he refavit King Clariodus  
 2660 Into his armis, with countenance joyous ;  
 And on the famyne wayis his Cousings two  
 With kinglie honour refavit he also ;  
 [Then the] Earle Estur and his Countes eike  
 He hes refavit with ane visage meike ;  
 Syne all the Lordis and Ladies on be on.  
 He helsit hes. And quhen the Queine anone  
 Hir Doghter saw, uneis scho might conetine,  
 Or in hir heart so grit ane joy fusteine,  
 To fie hir in so gude prosperitie,  
 2670 That ordanit was so crewellie to die.  
 Hir bairne schoe tuike in armis tenderlie,  
 Ane weill long space imbracing heartillie ;  
 Schoe kissit hir [full] oft, with spreite joyous.  
 Syne scho refavit King Clariodus,

And fyne [the] uther Kingis both in feire,  
 Kissing them [all] with mirth and glaidfume cheir;  
 The Earle of Eftur eik, and his Countes,  
 Refavit fchoe with joy and mirrines;  
 Than everie Lord and Ladie that was thair,  
 2680 Scho welcumit. Syne to the hall they faire,  
 Whair feiges royall was gudlie to behold  
 For foure Kingis coverit with cloath of gold,  
 Above thair heidis fikyke thair was flent,  
 Whilke to behold was pretious and potent.  
 The hall was all arayit with the famyne,  
 Thair was grit joy of menftrallie and gaming.

So quhen thay war all enterit in the hall,  
 King Philipon faid this befor them all,  
 Lordingis, it is not unkend perdie,

2690 How the knightheid and magnanimitie  
 Of King Clariodus, [the] moft famous,  
 And alfe his Father, worthy and gracious,  
 This kingrik now exaltit hes fo hé,  
 So that it standis imperiall of degrie,  
 Nixt under France, of lawde, honour and fame,  
 Whome fra nane mortall tribute may recleame,  
 Out of [all] thraldome and fubjectioun;  
 And eik hes put our foes to afflictioun,  
 Onlie be thame active and chevelrus,

2700 And fpeciallie be King Clariodus,  
 That hes beine haill protectour and defence  
 Into this regne, quhilk haid [grite] indigence  
 Of help and comfort while he came in refuge,  
 And uther regnes he maid unto us fuge.  
 Now with rewairde I wald faine him requite,  
 That might doe him baith [honour] and delyte;

- And gif that heir for to refave him list,  
 I fall him geive the thing that I love best,  
 That is my Doghter, heare of this regioun,  
 2730 Thairto I gif my kingdom and my croun  
 Heir unto him with hir in marriage,  
 All unconfrainit, of my awin curage.  
 For joy at onis the pepill all could cry,  
 Thanking the King that said so worthily.  
 Syne he said to Clariodus the King,  
 Sir, if sa be that ge no promissing  
 Hes maid unto no uther Ladie cleire,  
 I gif to gow my onlie Doghter deire.  
 Meiklie him thankit King Clariodus  
 2740 Of his grite gift that was so gracious,  
 [Thus] saying, Sir, I dar gow weill assure,  
 I git promittit to na creatoure,  
 Nor covenant maid, nor condition,  
 To earthlie wight into na regioun.  
 And Sir, if that gow pleise into this wayis,  
 To gif your Doghter, fair Meliades,  
 In mariage to me, believe ge fall  
 Glaidin me more, and better please at all,  
 Nor me to gif ane hundreth realmis faire,  
 2750 And all the riches eike under the aire.  
 King Philipone on this most gudlie wayis,  
 Delyverit thair this faire Meliades  
 To King Clariodus; and he anone  
 This fair Princes into his armes hes tone,  
 Imbracing hir, and lowlie did inclyne  
 Unto the King: but quho could all defyne  
 The joy that did enter into his heart!  
 With that the King alfwyth did him revert

Of Ingland to the Cardinall famous,

2760 And gart him handfast thame, and be joyous  
To go togidir in Godis holy band.

When this wes done with feiftis triumphand,  
Quhilk wer ane proces owir lang on to dwell,  
King Philoppon convoyit them him fell,  
And maid hir Queine of all his regioun ;  
Syne in his handis two he tuik the croun,  
And on the heid of King Clariodus  
He hes it fet with countenance joyous,  
And maid him King of all his regioun faire,

2770 Before the people all wer standing thaire.  
Than did they to Clariodus of knightheid well,  
Geild thankis more nor I can think or tell,  
Reverencing him with all diligence.

Bot he, before that gudlie audience,  
Said he wold not as git the honour have  
Of his kingrik, nor git the croun reffave  
So long as he on lyf wes it to bruike.

Git nevirtheles, thocht he it oft forfuike,  
King Philippon lik instance maid him till,

2780 That he behuifit to obey his will.

Thus he of Ingland and Ireland both was King,  
To the [quhilk] git fucceidis his offspring.

This beine donne, the dance anone begane,  
Grit joy and pleafoure was them amonge than.  
In chalmer they difport ane weill longe fpace,  
Whill that the fupper almost redie was.

The foure Kingis to fupper all they went.

King Philippon nobill and reverent,

And King Clariodus fat at [the] tabill ;

2790 Before themfate thir Kingis honorabill :

- King Amandur and King Palexis fyne  
 Sate before uthir thair as ony lyne.  
 The Cardinall of [richt] grite nobilnes  
 Was set of Estur before the Countes,  
 Next [to] the Counte at the tabillis ende ;  
 The discreit Marchell thair estaitis kende.  
 And at the uthir end, I ȝow assure,  
 Sat the Duike of Glofetter, and the Earle Esture :  
 And fyne ever ilk Lord sate in his degrie.
- 2800 They fowppit with triumph and mynstrallie.  
 And efter supper quhen ischit was the hall,  
 The Maisteris of Houshald them commandit all  
 To go into thair Innis for that night  
 Bot secreit Lordis. And than everie wight  
 Devoydit beine that was not of Counsell.  
 Than King, Queine, Lord, Knight and Damosfell,  
 To chalmeris went with mirrines and plesance.  
 The Kingis foure with fade remembrance,  
 Devyfit togidder be themselves allone
- 2810 Anents the wadding how [that] all fould gone ;  
 And certainlie within ane moneth day  
 For to compleit the mariage ordanit thay ;  
 And devyfit what Princes of honoure,  
 What Duikis, and what Lordis of valoure,  
 Thay wald have at the forsaïd mariage.  
 And quhen the King with uthir Lordis sage  
 Had long devyfit upon this mateire,  
 Then went to beddis Knights and Ladies cleire.  
 King Clariodus and his coufingis two
- 2820 Tuke leave allweith, and could to chalmer go.  
 This nobill Prince, full fresch and [full] lustie,  
 Put on ane goune of velvete cramosie,



And to his Ladie Meliades is gone ;  
 The quhilke up raife and kneillit hes anone.  
 Then tuike he hir in armis tenderlie,  
 And faid into hir eare full quyetlie,  
 This is ane strange warld that dois indure,  
 When Ladies kneillis to thair serviture.  
 Meliades than changit hew alyte,

- 2830 Of fike language that had no use perfyte.  
 And fyne he schew to hir the namis haille,  
 That he wald have to be at the brydell ;  
 And first the King he namit of Spaigne,  
 And fyne the King of Galice namit he,  
 And his sifter Madonat, of Spaigne Queine,  
 And eik the King of Spaignes sifter scheine,  
 And Ladie Cadder that fould mariet be  
 With King Palexis, as ellis hard have ge.  
 He spake of this and diverse thingis mo,  
 2840 Syne taikie his leave ; bot git or he wald [go,]  
 To hir ane gudlie diamond he gave,  
 And of the Ladies rewairdit he the leave.  
 When this was donne, he to his chalmer went,  
 Syne for the Count his Father hes he sent,  
 And with his counfall delyverit he hes anone  
 In foure realmis foure heralds for to gone,  
 And everie ane directit ane fyndrie way,  
 Thir faid Princes and Ladies for to pray ;  
 And gart expensis delyver them anone ;  
 2850 And thay belyve hes taine thair leave to gone.

King Philipone gart make ane royall croune  
 Of gold and stannis, richt pretious of fasslioun,  
 To this young Prince, with uther riche aray,  
 Of quhilk the maner war lang for to say.

The King Clariodus gart grath also  
For himself richlie ; fo did his Coufings two ;  
And ever ilk Lord, Ladie, and Damofell,  
Hes for them ordanit royall apparrell.

Thus them I leive in mirth, joy, and bliffe ;  
2860 So of this Taill the Fourt Buik endit is.

THE FYFT BUIK  
OF  
CLARIODUS.

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THE PROLOGUE OF THE FYFT BUIK.

IN Mayis seasoun [that is] soft and sweit,  
When balmie liquore dois on leavis gleit,  
And bewis brekes and blomis upon breid,  
And pleasantlie inamillit beine the meid  
All ower depaintit with collouris new,

. . . . .

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HAVING passit the sea and cum to land,  
I meane the foure heralds out of Ingland ;  
First two of them arrayvit into France,  
And to the King with humbill reverence  
Thay schew thair credence and commissioun.  
He them delyverit with bening fermoune ;  
And syne anone sent for the Constabill,  
Saying to him thir wordis honorabill,

- We have gude tydings of Sir Clariodus,  
 10 Of two realmes now is he King famous ;  
 And heir anone he hes ane messàge fend,  
 Befeikand me to gif ȝow leave to wende  
 In Ingland cuntrie agains his wadding day,  
 The quhilke I grant ȝow, schortlie for to say.  
 Hade he my selfe defyrit for to be,  
 I wald not have denyit it perdie.  
 Ȝe fall take threttie knightis of renoune,  
 Whilke nobillest beine of all my regioun,  
 To go with ȝow to doe to him honoure,  
 20 Quhilk is of knightheid verie well and floure.  
 The Constabill thankit him humbillie,  
 And to the heralds did promit trewly  
 Againe the day unto the tryft to wend.  
 The nobill King bade oft him recommend  
 To him, and to his Queine Meliades.  
 And quhen thay war delyverit on this wayse,  
 He gart gif them ane thowfsand pound of gold,  
 And two riche garmonds gudlie to behold.  
 Thay thankit have this Prince of [hie] renoune,  
 30 Inclynyng low upon thair kneis doune ;  
 Syne tuike thair leave, and tuike them to the way.  
 Into few dayis in Ingland landit thay ;  
 Whair thay aryvit, and schew unto the King  
 As ȝe have harde me say in everie thing,  
 And how thay ware rewairdit of this wayes ;  
 The same they schew to Queine Meliades,  
 And how the King and the Lord Constabill,  
 Did them commend in wayis honorabill  
 Unto the King and unto hir bewtie.  
 40 And scho was glaide of thair prosperitie.

Within awcht dayis efter thair cuming,  
 The uther heraldis both come to the King,  
 Whilk war delyverit on the same maneire.  
 Then was the King richt glaidfume of his cheire.

- King Philipone aucht barrouns hade ordande,  
 The most active that was into England,  
 To helpe the maisters of houshald to devyse  
 And rewle his Palice on most gudlie wayis,  
 And to refave with gudlie countenance,
- 50 All Lordis, Knights and Ladies of pleaseance,  
 And eik all strangeris [baith] most and least,  
 That with thair presence honour wald the feast.  
 The Lordis awcht with all [thair] diligence,  
 With grite triumph, laude and magnificence,  
 Apperrellit hes the Palice royallie,  
 And all the wallis coverit lustillie,  
 With cloathes of gold, and stainis pretious,  
 And riche arras with workis curious,  
 With auld flories depaint and figurate ;
- 60 How Troy be slaughter was depopulate,  
 And how the tounne was taine be false ingyne,  
 And how the wallis ware broght unto ruine :  
 Thair was the seige of Thebis toun also,  
 How oder slew the Trojan brether two,  
 King Polinices, and King Ethiocles :  
 Thair was the deidis of strong Hercules,  
 And all his strenght and courage leonyne :  
 And thair was Jafon with his cheire vulpeine :  
 Thair was the Conqueise of nobill Alexander :
- 70 Thair was of Cresseid the faikles slander :  
 The schort perfewing of Diomedes :  
 The fervent love of sorrowful Achilles :

- The craftie winning of the Goldin fleice :  
 The revifching of Heline out of Greice :  
 The dreame of Paris of the Goddis fuperne,  
 The bewtie of thame how he did decerne,  
 And how he gave the apill to Venus :  
 Thair was the weiping of Sir Troylus,  
 When Creffeid did depairt frome Troy toun :  
 80 Thair wes the forcie Trojane campioun,  
 Moft worthie Hector in armes invincibill,  
 Chaiceing the Greikis with feir right teribill,  
 With naikit fword in hand of bluid all reid :  
 Thair was of Sampfon the murthere, and the feid  
 Betwix him and the falfe Philiftiane :  
 And thair wes Lucreis of hir awin hand flaine :  
 And diverfe Knights full trew and nothing faint,  
 Bot monie ane fals woman thair wes paint :  
 Thair wes the plaint full pitious and mone  
 90 Of Arfyte and his brother Palamon :  
 The treuth of Dido and Penelope :  
 Of Clytemneftra the great erweltie,  
 Wha flew hir husband with ane knyfe in bed :  
 Thair wes Piramus and Thisbe both forbled,  
 For forow of other lay flaine be the well :  
 Thair wes King Orphius, that out of hell  
 His wife did bring with harping [wondrous} fweit :  
 Thair wes Saturnus baneift out of Creit,  
 In fik desert by Jupiter his fone,  
 100 For he him drink gave of the bittir cone :  
 Thair wes the floreis of all the Nobillis nyne :  
 The half I can not wryte, nor git defyne,  
 Of Campiounis the craftie depicturis,  
 Seiming full quick, and livelie of figouris.

- All paithit wes the hall of marbill whyte.  
 And cloth of gold furmonting of delyte  
 Above the deice wes royallie upstent  
 Of curious champis of rofis redolent ;  
 The buird cloth of the famin was but dreid,  
 110 The silver feimit birning as ane gleid,  
 Of stiff depurit gold [all] birning bright,  
 Of stane and perle the bordour caist ane light.  
 For the four Kings thair of estait withall  
 In four places wer ordanit feidgis royall,  
 With stane and perle [all] richelie resplendent,  
 Lyk to the radious starrie firmament.  
 The cuschingis of deanreat splendure schone,  
 Ane fairer sight into the world wes none ;  
 And all the wallis wer full royallie  
 120 Vestit with clothis of gold full richelie ;  
 And all the chalmeris on the famine wayes  
 Arrayit wer full gudlie to devyse.  
 The galleireis about the fresch gardingis  
 Wer stentit all with rich apperrellingis.  
 The Palice clofe wes fairlie paythit new  
 With marbill stonis reid, [and] whyte and blew.  
 It wer prolikis, and long of circumstancis  
 To tell all hail the royall ordinancis,  
 The fair apperrell and lustie fresch array  
 130 That thair wes maid for the triumphant day.  
 The gret Constabill of France full mightie  
 Ordanit his Knights all, and maid readie  
 To passe in Ingland to the mariage.  
 And quhen the tyme was cumit of his passage,  
 He tuike his leave full lowlie at the King,  
 Whilk to him said, Sir Constabill, fair Couling,

- Commend us to the King Clariodus,  
 And bid him keipe the height he maid to us ;  
 Quhilk was to be [richt] glaid and have curage
- 140 On the day of Meliades mariage,  
 And we fall keipe all the avowis perdie  
 Maid at the supper as weill knowis he ;  
 And bid him spair ws not, bot charge us ay,  
 For we ar his in all that we do may.  
 The Constabill said all fould be donne anone ;  
 He tuik his leave, and to the Queine is gone,  
 Quhilk bad hir recommend in humbill wayis  
 Both to the King and to Meliades.  
 He tuike his leave, and to his horse ascendit,
- 150 With all his Knightis that on him dependit ;  
 Lordis in France ane grite pairt of the way  
 Convoyit him, and syne thair leave tuike thay.  
 The Lord Constabill, and all his lustie forte,  
 Ar cumit to Calice and lichtit at the porte.  
 And thair thay went to schippis all belyve,  
 And into Dovar founne thay did aryve ;  
 And thair on horse thay mountit but abaid,  
 And to the toune of Londoune furth thay raid,  
 Whaire diverse Lords and marchands of renoune
- 160 With grite triumph him met without the toune.  
 And thair thay feastit him full royallie,  
 And him convoyit syne full honorabillie  
 Two myllis on gaitward, syne thair leave hes tone.  
 To Bellvilladoun come this Lord anone.  
 When King Clariodus hard of his cuning,  
 He lape on horse but ony tarying  
 Him for to meit, and bad his two Coufings,  
 Of Garnat and of Castalge the Kings,



- Remaine in Palice with King Philippon ;  
 170 And he to meit the Constabill anone  
 Furth passit with ane nobill companie ;  
 And swa without the portis royallie  
 This Lord he met, and syne did him imbrace,  
 And him refavit with richt merie face ;  
 He helfit all his companie also ;  
 And syne blythlie unto the toun they go.  
 He bad the Constabill ryd richt by his fyd,  
 Bot he refusit equall with him to ryde ;  
 3it nevertheles he streingit him thairto,  
 180 And his command behuifit him to doe.  
 Syne speirit he richt heartillie of the King,  
 And of his Princes lustie and beninge.  
 He said, they heartilie greating to him send,  
 And bad that he fould oft them recommend  
 To him and to the Queen Meliades ;  
 And eik he said to him upon this wayis,  
 The King prayit to keip weill 3our promit,  
 And on no ways 3e to forgettine it.  
 And what he meint weill understude the King,  
 190 And said he fould fulfill it in all thing ;  
 Thairwith he lewch, so did [the] Lord Constabill.  
 And so thay raid with heartis amiabill,  
 Whill thay to Palice come, and thair they licht,  
 And up the gries passit they on height ;  
 Syne enterit in the hall, and that anone,  
 Whair that the wallis [all] full brightlie schone ;  
 Whilk the Lord Constabill commendit grittumlie,  
 And so did all the nobill companie.  
 Syne thay have past to Philippon the King,  
 200 To quhome the Constabill maid fair halving ;

Then he him thair in armis did refave,  
 And fairlie fyne did welcum all the leave.  
 Syne this Lord helfit hes the Kingis two,  
 Palexis and King Amandour also ;  
 And thay refavit him on faire maneir,  
 And all his folkis, both knight and bachileir ;  
 And then they spake of thingis to and fro.  
 And to the Queinis chalmer fyne they go,  
 And thair thay halfit both the Queinis fair ;  
 210 And thay him quyte with wordis debonare,  
 And kiffit him with countenance demure,  
 Syne speirit for the King, and how he fure ;  
 And also of his lustie Princes eike,  
 And how scho fure, and all hir Ladies meike.  
 He said thay both war in prosperitie,  
 And did commend him unto thair bewtie.

Meliades then said unto the Queine,  
 Madam, if ge of remembrance beine,  
 Full oft or now I have [unto] gow told  
 220 Both unto King and Queine how I was hold,  
 And to the Constabill heire, my faire Coufing,  
 To quhom I am addettit in grite thing.  
 The Lord Constabill then said in this wayis,  
 Madame, ge say that bot of gour gentrice,  
 And of gour fweit affurit womanheid,  
 And nether for my fervice nor gude deid ;  
 Bot traift, Madame, efter my pure power,  
 I fall be to gow ane fervant singuler.  
 When this said was, the Lord [then] went anone,  
 230 And kiffit all the Ladies on be one.

As they abaid amongs the Ladies bright,  
 Out of the hall alsweith thair come ane knight,

- And to the King Clariodus he said,  
 The nobill King from tabill him abaid ;  
 Thair Kingis, Queinis, Lordis, fair Ladies,  
 Com to the hall, all went on luffie wayis.  
 Full reverentlie the King Clariodus  
 Unto King Philipon [then] ſpeikis thus,  
 Sir, gif it pleais ȝow, my Brother heire,  
 240 The Lord Conſtabill and I will go in feire,  
 And dyne into my chalmer quyetlie.  
 Thairof, ſaid he, full weill content am I.  
 And then anone the King Clariodus  
 The Conſtabill hes led furth joyous,  
 With diverſe Knightis of his companie.  
 King Philipon to tabill royallie  
 Was ſet betwix the [gude] King Palexis  
 And King Amandur that [richt] worthie was ;  
 And at the end eike of this royall tabill  
 250 Was ſet the Earle Eſtur honorabill  
 Before ane famous Duike of that cuntrie ;  
 Syne everilk Lord and Duike in their degrie  
 Was ſet, and ſervit wonder nobillie  
 With pleaſand meits and wyne abundantlie.  
 The King Clariodus greate feiſting maid  
 To the French Lord that he in chalmer hade,  
 And to his Knightis freſche and weil beſeine.  
 Great mirth and feiſting maid baith King and Queine.  
 The menſtrells plays with ane melodious ſoune  
 260 Before thir Princes of ſo great renowne.  
 When thay had fittine long on this maneire,  
 Kingis, Princis, Lordis, and Ladies cleire,  
 From burdes thay did up ryle, and ſaid the grace.  
 Clariodus the King, with great ſolace,

And the Lord Constabill ar cumit to hall  
 With ane cumpanie of Knights full royall.  
 King Amandur and King Palexis  
 Unto the Queinis chalmer can them dresse,  
 Thir [said] Princes to bring unto the hall,  
 270 Quhair thay in chalmer, and thair Ladies all,  
 Dynis, as then of Ingland was the gyfe.  
 Thay war arayit on ane gudlie wayis.  
 Meliades, this lustie [fair] young Queine,  
 As ony Goddes fresch was for to feine,  
 Into ane corfit of claith of gold all quhyte,  
 Whilk was of fasshoun wonderlie perfyte ;  
 Rich talbart fleves, [that war] long, large and wyde,  
 Upon the eard behind hir trailling fyde,  
 As it was the gyfe of Ingland tho ;  
 280 For in thaife tymis ladyis cled war fo.  
 Upon hir heade ane rosie chapilet  
 Within ane roseire all in bright gold set,  
 The roseis reid war all of cullour bricht,  
 And carbunkle stonis casting plesant licht.  
 Upon the roseire lustie to be feine,  
 Insteid of leives hang emeroldis greine,  
 Full freschlie pouderit all with leavis quhyt,  
 Whilk to behald ane hevin was of delyte.  
 About hir snow quhyte throte, as bloffome cleire,  
 290 Of curious warkis hang ane fair colleire.  
 King Amandur to hall did hir convoy,  
 As scho hade beine this worldis gem and joy ;  
 And King Palexis led hir mother the Queine ;  
 Thair followed hir monie Ladie scheine.  
 And at the entrie of Queine Meliades,  
 They hir beheld upon ane gudlie wayes ;

- For certainlie it feamit to thair eye,  
 That day by day increffit hir bewtie.  
 The King said to the Constabill of France,  
 300 Go ge, fair Coufing, and begine the dance,  
 And take into your hand Meliades.  
 And his command he did on humbill wayis.  
 He gart the King Clariodus also  
 With the fair Duches of Yorke in danse to go.  
 Full lustie Knights of Ingland and of France  
 Anone enterit freschlie in the danse.  
 Both King and Queine are in thair feiges set,  
 With stane and pearle mightilie owerfret.  
 Of instruments up raise the mightie soun.  
 310 Thair danst monie Ladie of renoune ;  
 And uther Ladies, that list not for to danse,  
 Sate with bening and gudlie countenance  
 About the Queine, beholding on the feist.  
 Thus war thay all in joy, both most and leist.  
 In midis of thair mirthful melodie,  
 Doune at the Palice get all royallie,  
 Thair lichtit Kings and Lordis of honour,  
 And lustie Ladies also fresche as Mayis floure ;  
 With plesant Court [all] fresche and weil befeine,  
 320 The mightie King of Spaigne and the Queine :  
 And also thair enterit in the Palice tho,  
 The King of Galice and his Queine also,  
 With fair Cadar, that lustie Ladie geing,  
 With Donas suster to the Spanisch King,  
 With Duikis, Earlis, Lordis and [eik] Knights,  
 And monie uther fresch and lustie wights :  
 And suddanlie thay ar all cumin thus,  
 In witting of the King Clariodus.

- And when he wiſt, he [did] diſcend anone  
 330 Unto the cloſe with Lordis monie one,  
 And them reſavit [thair] full reverentlie ;  
 Syne led them to the hall honorablie.  
 King Philipon, and eike the nobill Queine,  
 And fair Meliades of bewtie ſcheine,  
 Thir Princes met in middis of the hall,  
 And them reſavit with triumph royall.  
 Bot thair men nicht [have] learnit courtlie,  
 To ſie thir mightie Princes nobillie  
 Reſlect to uther, and reverentlie inclyne ;  
 340 And eike Ladies with havings femenine  
 To utheris kneillit with ſweit debonar cheir,  
 With leuke bening and womanlie effeire.  
 Freſch Mandonat, [that was] of Spaingie Queine,  
 Hir Father of Eſtur had grite pleaſoure to ſeine ;  
 Eik of hir Mother ſchoe was thair joyous,  
 And of hir Brother King Clariodus ;  
 Thay war ſo glaid of uther everie one,  
 That long thay could not out of armis gone.  
 The Princes all war led to hall and ſet on deice,  
 350 And Lordis to the dance newlie did preiſe,  
 And minſtrellis to play againe begane ;  
 Amongis them was joy and mirthis thane.  
 And quhen thus perſavit hes Clariodus  
 Sik number of folkis worthie and famous,  
 The wyſe Lord Conſtabill prayit he to take  
 On him ſike office for his Ladies ſaike,  
 To have the rewle as [the] moſt principall,  
 Abone the Lordis awcht in ſpeciall  
 The maiſters of houlhold, to command and correct  
 360 [That thay proviſion make with due reſpect]

Belonging to the feist in everie thing.  
 And glaidlie he hes grantit to the King,  
 As he that was of ilk doings expert,  
 For him fuirle thay nicht no tyme eftart,  
 Bot he [ay] redie was in all maneir  
 To make the companie merrie feist and cheire,  
 Of Garnat, Galice, France and Spaingie,  
 Ingland, Irland, Esture and Castelgie;  
 For he thir Lordis hadc all on his toung,  
 370 All knowis he quatever be said or founng  
 Amongs them all; and eike he knowis perfyte,  
 What may them greive, or quhat may them delyte:  
 The Constabill of France all this he can,  
 At fike ane tyme he was ane neidfull man.

When thay had long disportit on this wayis,  
 Whilk for to feine it was ane parradice,  
 Then Kingis, Queinis, Princis and monie Lordis,  
 Earlis, Knightis, Ladies and all accordis,  
 To chalmeris went, at ease them to atray,  
 380 And put on them ane lustie new aray;  
 And thay at leafour changit thair cleathing,  
 The quhyte lillie and tender flouris greine.  
 Meliades the ding and lustie Queine,  
 The fresch and new spred rose of bewtie scheine,  
 Abuilzeit bir full fair and lustillie  
 Into ane gounne of fatine cramosie,  
 With orient pearles pouderat and overfret,  
 Whilk war full thike and grit thairupon set,  
 Schyning upon the cramosie so bright,  
 390 Of quhyte and reid full lustie was the ficht,  
 Whairof full weill might likinit beine the hew  
 Unto the hevinlie rose with liquor new,

Pouderit in morrow with cristall dropis lyke,  
 The reid in equal junxit with the quhyte ;  
 And as the bloffum honours the bloffum in May,  
 So did hir bewtie in hir [fresch] aray.  
 Hir cleire cullour of angel lyke clemence  
 Full far furnuntit into excellence  
 All hir attyre and riche abuilgement :  
 400 And most of all hir vertew redolent  
 Full cleire I wis abone hir bewtie schone ;  
 For in this warld git creatoure was none  
 That ever perfavit in hir crueltie,  
 For scho fulfillit was of womanlie pitie,  
 Whilk full was of assurit patience,  
 Approvit be right grit experience ;  
 Ay humbill, fymple, and schamfull under dreid  
 Was this illustar floure of womanheid.

Be this the maisteris of houshold in cum wer,  
 410 And wairnit them to cum to the supper.  
 Kingis and Princes then went to the hall,  
 Queinis and Ladies [fair] went with them all.  
 Betwix twa Duikis, fresch at all devyse,  
 Unto the hall led was Meliades ;  
 God wit if scho was lustie for to fie,  
 So entering them among in that degrie,  
 Hir following in weidis freschlie dicht,  
 Ducheffes, Counteffes, and plesant Ladies bright.  
 Fyve mightie Kingis was set at the tabill,  
 420 With them thair Queinis fresch and honorabill ;  
 Bot King Clariodus wald fit no way  
 From the Lord Constabill, for togidder thay  
 Held companie without diffaverance.  
 This Constabill, full wyfe of governance,



Ordanit the hall so weill in everie thing,  
 Allé weill in cheire as in thair marchelling,  
 That he commendit was of everie wight.  
 Fair was the hall and the supper that nicht.  
 The King Palexis, and King Amandur,

430 Oft sent to Donas and to faire Cadar  
 Them praying to be glaid and make gude cheire.  
 When they hade feistit long on this maneire,  
 Foure maisters of houshald, that war honorabill,  
 At the command of the Lord Constabill  
 Servit them with the latter courtes thair,  
 With towell and water that was cleir and faire.  
 When thay had waschin and [the] grace all said,  
 From tabill then thay raisè but more abaid.

This being donne, the minstrells playit on height ;  
 440 Syne to the hall come monie ane Ladie bright,  
 That sroupit had in chalmer royallie :  
 Thus pair and pair thay present pleasantlie.  
 The King Clariodus commandit thair  
 The Lord Constabill to take his Sister faire,  
 The Queine of Spaingé, and leid hir in the danse ;  
 The quhilke he did anone without neance :  
 And he himself the Queine led of Galice :  
 The King of Spaingé led Meliades :  
 The King Palexis led Donas maist bening,  
 450 Whilk Sister was of Spaingé to the King :  
 King Amandur led Cadar that was cleire,  
 Whilk was the King of Galice dochter deire :  
 Sir Gilgeam de la Forrest led the Duches,  
 The quhilke ane Ladie fair and lustie was :  
 Ane Countes led Sir Richard de Mayance :  
 And utheris Lordis and Ladies of pleafance

- Ȝeid in the danſe, with countenance demure.  
 The King of Galice and the Count Eſtore  
 Not danſit, bot abaid in companie  
 460 With Philipon that was King [maiſt] worthie.  
 The uther Ladies, that liſt not for to dance,  
 Sat with the Queine, to pryſe and to advance  
 Them that beſt danſit of that luſtie forte.  
 And on this wayis glaidlie can them diſport  
 Ane weill long ſpace. And quhen the dance was ceſſit,  
 Princes and Ladies to thair chalmers preſit.  
 King Clariodus the Conſtabill hes taine,  
 And to the King of Spainis chalmer is gane,  
 And unto him he ſaid, My Brother deire,  
 470 I will my Siſter borrow at ȝow heire,  
 The Ladie Donas ; thairto I ȝow exhorte,  
 That we ane quhyle may commoun and diſporte  
 Into the chalmer with Meliades.  
 The King him anſweirit into humbill wayis,  
 Fair Brother, all beine ȝouris that beine myne.  
 With this to uther ather can inclyne.  
 He tuike fair Donas, that luſtie was to ſeine,  
 And garte the Conſtabill of France leid the Queine.  
 And then thay went upon the ſamine wayis,  
 480 Unto the Kingis chalmer of Galice,  
 And tuike with him ȝoung Cadder that was faire.  
 Syne to the chalmer glaidlie can repaire  
 Of Queine Meliades ; and in the way  
 To Donas King Clariodus can ſay,  
 Madame, I have to your Brother the King,  
 Anent ȝour mariage ſent my wryting,  
 Thairwith to be advyſit of that cace ;  
 And I him thanke that in that mater hes

- Done all according unto my intent ;  
 490 And veralie, if that ge wald consent,  
 I wald ge waddit Amandur the King ;  
 And fuithlie if I trowit that this thing  
 Sould gow displeife, I wald it schow no way ;  
 Now quhat ge thinke of this to me ge fay.  
 Scho said, My fair Brother, [full] weill I know  
 That ge no thing into this world me schaw  
 Bot it according war to my honour ;  
 My Brotheris will and gouris at all houre  
 I will obey. And this full foberlie  
 500 Scho said, and smyllit sum deall quyetlie ;  
 Quhilk he persavit, and the caus [he] speirit  
 Why that scho lewch. And quhen scho was requyrit  
 The cause to tell ; then said scho womanlie,  
 Why that I lewch, if ge rememberit be  
 When with my Brother ge war into Spaine,  
 The trewth heirop I fall tell gow [all] plaine,  
 When with gour Sister weddit was the King,  
 Betwix us two was quyet commoning,  
 I spake to gow belonging gour mariage,  
 510 I lewgh quhen [that] I thocht on that language ;  
 For then certes thair was no man on lyfe  
 Whom to that I desyrit to be wyfe  
 Bot unto gow, quhairof none sould me blame  
 To have desyret the Knight of noblest fame  
 In all the world, thocht I so symple was ;  
 For it pertein it to gour nobilnes  
 To have ane ladie of mair lustiheid,  
 As ge have now withoutin ony dreid.  
 My faire Sister, said [King] Clariodus,  
 520 I thanke gow of gour [love,] that gracious

Stude towards me into like [ane] degrie ;  
 For fuith it beine ane fair debait, said he,  
 Of two fair Ladies upon like ane wayes,  
 Of gow Sifter and of Meliades.

With gudlie wordis and plesant commoning  
 Thir lustie Knightis and thir Ladies ging  
 Enterit in the chalmer of this young Queine,  
 Meliades the rose of bewtie scheine.

Scho raise upon hir seit full courteslie,  
 530 With all the Ladies of hir companie ;  
 And down scho fet the Queine, hir Sifter faire,  
 Upon ane coufchen of claith of gold preclaire  
 Abone hir self, quhilk alwayis scho refusit ;  
 Bot at that tyme scho nicht not be excusit.  
 With fair treatie scho gart hir take that place,  
 And scho fate doune betwix hir and Donas.  
 The young Cadar scho gart them set before,  
 That thay might at thair ease speike all the more.  
 The King Clariodus and the Lord Constabill

540 Commoned with uther Lordis amiable,  
 And them disportit with full grite solace.  
 And monie ane lustie ladie fair of face  
 Was in that blythfull chalmer of plesance,  
 Ane with ane uther maid [thair] aquantance,  
 Ladeis of France, Spaigne, and Inglande,  
 As thay had all beine nureist in ane lande.  
 Ilke King disportit theme full plesandlie  
 Amongis thair ladies that war womanlie.  
 The tyme thay schorte with heartis glaid and licht,  
 550 Whill neir the houre was cumit of midnicht ;  
 And thay war loath git than for to dissever,  
 Thir ladies tyre of uther could thay never.

- Bot quhen the gudlie fresch Meliades  
 Saw that thay wald depairt upon this wayis,  
 Scho callit Romaryn, and gart hir gone  
 Unto ane calfer, and gart hir fetch anone  
 Ane croun of gold that massie was and wight,  
 All fet with stonis radious and licht,  
 And two riche hearts of gold all birning new,  
 560 Circulate with roobies and sapheiris blew.  
 Into hir hand scho tuike the crounall scheine,  
 And said richt thus unto the Spaigne Queine,  
 My Sister fair, in France was maid this croun,  
 And for that it is maid of new feschoun  
 Ze fall it have with zow in zour cuntrie ;  
 The quhilk for to refave full laith was sche :  
 Bot scho hes hir besoght in sik maniere,  
 That scho hes taine the croun of gemis cleir,  
 Reverencing hir Sister grittumlie.  
 570 The two heartis of gold that war lustie  
 Scho gave to Donas and to Cadar faire ;  
 And unto everie ladie that was thair  
 Scho gave rewaird and that full largelie.  
 Quhilke the Lord Constabill persfavit tentivelie,  
 And ever ilk wight of hé and law degrie  
 Grittumlie praisit hir liberalitie.  
 Thir Princessis hes thane thair leavis taine,  
 Them to convoy this Ladie wald have gaine :  
 Bot thay wald not hir suffer in no way ;  
 580 For it the use of England was persay,  
 Ladies the nicht before their mariage  
 Sould dwell in chalmeris, of auld usage,  
 Whill thay went to the kirke to spoufit be ;  
 So stude that Ladie in that ilk degrie.

- Efter the leave the King Clariodus  
 Baid with the Queine, for he was amorous.  
 They spake ane quhyle wordis plesand and faire ;  
 And fyne he tuike ane diamond full cleire  
 And gave to hir, and kiffit hir also ;  
 590 And fyne him grathit efter the leave to go.  
 The Queine of Spaing schew unto the King  
 The gift that was so honorabill and ding,  
 Unto hir gevin be Meliades.  
 The King forsuith it [weill] can rufe and praisle.  
 Bot moir abaid ilk ane to beddis gois,  
 Them with the nightis rest for to repose,  
 Except worke men that war laborius,  
 And bissie makand workis curious ;  
 Sum for the cleithing into fresch aray  
 600 Of Lords and Knights ; and sum for the turnay ;  
 Sum [for] to build the listis tuike grite cure ;  
 Sum bissie was for to forge new armour ;  
 And sum to make the barras great and wyde.  
 Thus everie man was bissie to provide  
 For thingis longing to this nobill feist,  
 Whill that the day up sprang into the eist ;  
 And when that Phebus did all the world ouerschyne,  
 Craftisemen thair worke bissielie did fyne.  
 When that the Duike of Miland hes hard taulde  
 610 Of this wading, and quhan that it sould hauld,  
 He sent thrie sommeris chargit richlie  
 To King Clariodus that was worthie,  
 Ane chargit was with cloth of gold full deir,  
 Ane uther with silver chargit was most cleire,  
 The third with filk the best in that cuntrie,  
 For he was full of liberalitie ;

- And to ane nobill man he hes them taught,  
 The Knight Lumbarde, that in the listis faught  
 With King Clariodus but variance,  
 620 He callit is Sir Amé de Plafance.  
 Sex fresch varlots he did delyver thaire,  
 And four stout squyeris with him for to fair.  
 The Duike of Miland bad that he sould wend  
 Into Ingland, and thair him recommend  
 To King Clariodus in forme reverent,  
 And thaife thrie sommeris unto him present.  
 This Knight he maid no longer residence,  
 Bot hes him sped with so grite diligence  
 That he hade all compleitit his voyage  
 630 Againe the day of the ilk mariage.  
 And as the King addreslit him to ryfe,  
 The Knight Lumbard upon ane gudlie wayis  
 Is enterit in at the port of the toun,  
 And at the Palice get is lichtit doune;  
 Into the Court weill knowin was the Knight.  
 And then alswewith as [that] thay hade ane sight,  
 Of him thay told to King Clariodus,  
 Of his cuming whilk was full joyous,  
 And said that he wald prefence have anone.  
 640 Then sounne ane [fair] messlage is for him gone.  
 Thay chargit him to cum unto the King,  
 And said, that he was glaid of his cuming.  
 His four squyeris this Knight hes with him taine,  
 And bad the varlots with the horse remaine,  
 And to the Kingis chalmer passit he,  
 [And kneillit down, quhen he the King did sie,]  
 Upon his knie richt fair and reverentlie.  
 The King Clariodus full tenderlie

- Refavit him with full glaid countenance,  
 650 And said, Welcum, Sir Amé de Plifance,  
 What tidings have ge broght in this cuntrie ?  
 All guide unto your Hienes, Sir, said he,  
 The Duke of Myland dois him recommend  
 Unto your Hienes, quhilk with me hes fend  
 To your thrie sommeris chargit richlie  
 With cloath of gold and silver richt mightie.  
 How dois my Brother the Duik, sayis the King,  
 I thocht full long to heir of him tyding.  
 At my depairting, Sir, richt weill fuire he,  
 660 I left him into gude prosperitie.  
 The squyeris went againe to horse glaidlie,  
 And lousit hes the summeris billilie,  
 And broght the clothis thair unto the King,  
 The quhilk them praisit into mikill thing.  
 They oppinit them on breade upon ane tabill,  
 The quhilk to sie was fair and amiabill.  
 The King gart deale them all but more proces,  
 And distribute them glaidlie more and les.  
 The Kingis, Princes, and Queinis of honoure,  
 670 And uther Lordis and Knightis of valoure,  
 Thus distribute thir cloathis in this wayis,  
 All bot two peices to Meliades.

Then enterit in the chahner the Constabill,  
 Thanking the King on wayis honorabill  
 Of the fair cloath of gold that he him fend ;  
 And eike he said, that tyme it was to wend  
 Unto the kirk. The King Clariodus  
 Him vestit hes in cloathis full pretious,  
 And put on him anone ane rob royall.  
 680 Be this the houshold was arrayit all,



To go to kirke into thair belt aray,  
 Thay war ane lustie companie perfay.  
 Meliades, this young and lustie Queine,  
 Was in ane kirtill of cloath of gold befeine  
 Of quhyte culloure, with curious champe of floure  
 Poudherit with pearlis, as the bright dew pure ;  
 With mantill of the famyne, rich and deire,  
 With taill full long, quhilk buire ane Ladie cleire ;  
 Ane broach of gold, with stonis casting licht,  
 690 Togidder held hir glorious mantill bright.  
 Ane royall croun was set upon her heid,  
 Overfret with stonis mightie blew and reid ;  
 And lustillie scho sat in seige royall,  
 Of all bewtie as floure imperiall.

The King Clariodus of grite renoune,  
 With thrie Kingis triumphand under croune,  
 Convoyit was to kirke full royallie.  
 Thair was with him King Philipon worthie,  
 The King Palexis and King Amandur,  
 700 With monie ane Duke and Lord of [grit] honoure.  
 Two mightie Kings of Spaingie and Galeice  
 To kirke leidis the fresch Meliades.  
 Thair followit hir thrie Ladies weil befeine,  
 In fresch aray and full of bewtie scheine.  
 Full monie ane Ladie [bricht] did hir convoy ;  
 Thair was the Duches fair of Bellavoy ;  
 Of Beline countrie thair was the Duches fair ;  
 Of Glocester the Duches eik was thair ;  
 With monie ane uther Duches and Countes,  
 710 And feimlie Ladies of grite nobilnes ;  
 The Ladie Cadder, and fair Donas alfo,  
 Whilk honorabillie the Queinis nixt did go.

- And efter all thir Ladies fresch and scheine,  
 Thair followit threttie Ladies weil befeine,  
 All cled in cloath of silver of delyte,  
 With perlit hatis schyning of cullour qubyte.  
 Full monie silver trumpit and clarioun  
 Befor them past with noyse throw the toun,  
 With everie maner of uther minstrallie.
- 720 The rewis all war stintit right richlie  
 With cloathes of gold, and arras wounder faire.  
 The royaltie I cannot half declaire  
 Was them among on this triumphall day,  
 Thair jolitie, thair festing, and thair play.  
 To kirke thay come. What is thair more to tell,  
 For he onlie, that is of Knightheid well,  
 Beine spoufit to the floure of womanheid,  
 Before monie ane Prince of nobilheid,  
 And monie lustie Ladie honorabill,
- 730 [That marchallit war by the Lord Constabill  
 Efter the order of thair nobilnes.]  
 Ane Archbischope anone them maryit hes ;  
 Ane mese was fingin ryght solemnitlie,  
 With found of organs, and with melodie.  
 And quhen the service all [thair] endit wes,  
 First can the King Clariodus him dres  
 On guddle wayis furth of the kirke to go.  
 The King of Spaing, and of Galice also,  
 Convoyit him with monie Duike and Lord.
- 740 And trewlie, as myne Authore can recorde,  
 The King Palexis, and King Amandur,  
 Alfweith convoyit this Princes of honoure  
 Unto the Palice ȝetis of renoune,  
 The minstrellis [playing] with ane myrrie found.

Thay enterit in the clofe that was right faire,  
Abone arrayit, as ge harde of aire.

The gait and gries, arrayit to the hall,  
Was all of marbill quhyte, and coverit all  
With coftlie arras and curious workis feire ;

750 Whilk thay afcendit have in fair maneing.

This royall fort unto the hall is gone,  
Quhair the hie tabill was raifit anone ;  
And on the deice on [the] moft gudlie wayis  
Was fet this luftie Queine Meliades ;  
Hir Mother the Queine fate on hir right hande,  
And nixt her fate the King of Spaingie land,  
And fyne the Queine of Galice fair to fe,  
With Donas and Caddar baith full luftie,  
And fyne of Belun cuntrie the Duches ;  
760 And on hir uther hand [eik] fet thair was  
The King of Spaingie, the Count of Eftur,  
The King of Galice gudlie of ftature,  
Of Brataleme the Duches of bewtie,  
The Duches of Bellavoy of Spaingie cuntrie.

When royallie the deice [all] fet was thus,  
Anone the nobill King Clariodus,

King Philippon and [eik] King Amandure,  
The King Palexis and [the] Earle Eftur,  
The Lord Conftabill and uther Lordis feire,

770 Unto the grite chalmer went all in feire,  
The Maifters of houfhold and Conftabill before ;  
They war all fet, but ony proces more.

The King Clariodus forget hes nocht  
The Lumbard [Knicht ;] bot garrit him be broght,  
And fet him in ane honorabill place.  
The threttie Virginis, that war fair of face,

- Into the hall war marchellit them allone.  
 All uther Lordis and Ladies everilk one  
 Discreitlie fet war efter thair degrie.  
 780 The trumpits blawis with ane noyfe fullie,  
 Whill all the Palice wallis did redound.  
 Ower all the hall the courfis did abound ;  
 Grite was the feist, and royall was the cheire,  
 And pleasand was the mentrellis for to heire  
 In hall amongs this royall companie ;  
 With intermeifis playit mirrilie,  
 And small padgeounis that war delectabill,  
 Amongs the pleasand courfis inestimabill :  
 Whairfor the maner passis manis ingyne,  
 790 To tell the meits also of fyndrie kynd,  
 Or git the wynis nobill and mightie,  
 Quhairof the buirde was servit by and by.  
 The Constabill said to Clariodus,  
 Now fall it weill be knowin unto us,  
 Be your having and be your countenance,  
 If that ye keipe unto the King of France  
 That ye promittit at your depairting,  
 For now it is the day of hir spouling ;  
 Weill aught ye glaid and joyous for to be  
 800 For sake of hir the floure of all bewtie.  
 Thus answeirit hes the King Clariodus ;  
 How fould ane man be glaidier of his spous.  
 Nor he fould of his foverane Ladie be ?  
 Then lewch they both and maid ane mirrie glie.  
 Then said anone to him King Philipon,  
 Ha, [my] fair Sone, will ye be of them one  
 Unto thair wyfis that becumis thrall ?  
 Thairto no thing I counfall gow at all.

- Thus war thay all in joyous commoning.  
 810 The Constabill, but longer tarying,  
 Up raife and went to feist them in the hall.  
 King Clariodus him callit thair withall,  
 And privallie he roundit in his eare,  
 And said, My Brother, ge beire this rubie cleire,  
 And at my only instance and requeist,  
 It present to the Ladie of the feist;  
 And say, The Knight fulfillit of all joy,  
 Devoyde of everilk forrow and of noy,  
 In ane remembrance hes it to hir send,  
 820 Unto hir bewtie doing him recommend.  
 The Constabill the rubie tuike anone,  
 And said, Glaidlie your messlage I fall gone;  
 Syne throw the Palice he passit joyoufflie,  
 Convoyit with Knights wounder royallie.  
 To the hie deice [anone] but more abaid  
 He past with countinace right blyth and glaid,  
 And all the Ladies [thair] of fresch bewtie,  
 He feistit hes, that joy was for to fie,  
 With mirrie wordis and [richt] pleasante cheir;  
 830 For he ane maister was and no scolleir  
 Into fike thing, as then it was weill feine;  
 For he ane Lord of full grit nurture beine.  
 When he had cheirit them ane weill long space,  
 About the tabill he passit hes apaice,  
 Whill he come to the Queine Meliades,  
 And hir the rubie gave in secreit wayis,  
 Saying, The Knight fulfillit of plesance,  
 This ring now sent in [ane] remembrance.  
 Scho tuike the ring but ony persaving;  
 840 For scho so steidfast was in hir having,

That naine perlave might be hir countenance  
When that scho felt of paine or of plifance.

So happinit or the dinner was endit,  
That Sir Porrus of Portugall affendit  
Into the Palice, for oppine was everie porte,  
Full wyde upfet, the trewth for to report ;  
With him was knightis ten right honorabill,  
And twentie squyeris fresch and amiabill.  
This Knight be fortoune and be thrawart fate

- 850 Into ane lyoun long was deformat,  
Qubill King Clariodus, be his chevalrie,  
Redeimit him be batell mightillie.  
Soune to the Constabill this was tauld anone,  
The quhilk foure squyers hes gart for him gone.  
And he anone hes cum to his prefence,  
And helfit him with all dew reverence.  
The Constabill said, Welcum, Sir Porrus,  
For he him knew both worthie and chevelrus.  
He hes him reverencit, and said anone,  
860 My [gude] Lord, with your leave now I wald gone  
To Queine Meliades with fresch effeire,  
I have ane present [unto] hir to beire.  
The Constabill said, So mote I have joy,  
I fall unto my Ladie your convoy.  
He hes him led to Queine Meliades,  
Whom the Knight helfit hes upon this wayis,  
Saying, The Lord, that power hes of all,  
Conserve your Hienes and estait royall,  
Togidder with your [most] great excellence.  
870 I comin am to thank your hie clemence  
Of the most bliffull and happie delyverance  
Of my proterve misfortune and mischance

Be King Clariodus ; for none bot he  
 Nixt God micht of my fate delyver me ;  
 Whom to was no remeid, bot if the best  
 Knight of this world, and eik the gentilest,  
 Redemit me out of my paine and wo :  
 Whairfor in [his] remembrance ever mo,  
 That in this warld is of knightheid [the] floure,  
 880 His airis fall be nureist with honoure  
 Into this creddell of gold all forgit bright,  
 Discending ay to his successioun right ;  
 Thus, fall his regall stok and his offspring  
 Have of thair nobill progenitours loving.  
 With that he gart his armigers ostend  
 The creddill of gold guddie to commend,  
 Of sik ane curious worke and quantitie  
 Two men togidder might laide into it be.  
 Then everie Prince and Princes at tabill  
 890 Said that it was ane gift most honorabill,  
 And said, thay had not seine so rich ane gift,  
 Both of so grite ane quantitie and might.  
 The Queine him thankit hes on fair maneir.  
 The grite Lord Constabill sent for Bonvaleir,  
 And him delyverit this jewell pretious,  
 And bad him have it to hir thesaur hous.  
 The Maisteris of houshold fyne he did command  
 This nobill Knight to feist with cheir pleisand.  
 Thay him obeyit with countenance joyous ;  
 900 Bot first unto the King Clariodus  
 Thay him convoyit have full gentillie.  
 He him refavit and thankit full tenderlie  
 Of his present. And fyne unto the hall  
 Thay go with him, and maid him feist royall.

- Thairefter at the portis can doune licht  
 Sir Brounar de la Haunt, that gentill Knight,  
 Of quhois schoulder the King Clariodus  
 Drew furth the arrow that was venomus.  
 He broght with him sex coursfouris in gud plicht,  
 910 And sex fair haiknays as the finow [all] quhyte,  
 And them presentit to Meliades.  
 And he anone, upon the famine wayis,  
 Declairit hes right [loud] before the tabill,  
 How he of ane hurt [that was] uncurabill  
 Lay in the tent remeidles day and night,  
 Whill King Clariodus the gentill Knight  
 [Had] him releivit furth of his distres ;  
 And so furth schew the maner mair and les,  
 How in this world [thair] was no medicine  
 920 That na uther wight might worke be ingyne.  
 Thay feistit him with glaid and mirrie cheire.  
 The Count of Eftur and his Ladie cleire  
 Grite joy [than] hade in heart of the honour  
 That to thair sone was donne in that [ilk] houre.  
 Efter all uther intermeifis feire,  
 As of the latter courfe thay fervit wer,  
 Twentie young children of fourtine geiris age  
 On tame lyounis quhalpis, I ingage,  
 Full gudlie into purpur silk arrayit,  
 930 Come in before them ryding unafrayit,  
 Sadillit and brydillit and put to poynt at right ;  
 And twentie virginis that war blyth and bright,  
 Of the famyne age, on unicornis fair,  
 With harnifchingis pleafant and preclaire,  
 Abuilzeit freschlie in the famine hew,  
 And all in hatis greine, and fair and new ;



- And everie madine that was into that place  
 Ane lustie varlot led in goldin lace,  
 With speiris in thair handis everie one.  
 940 And quhen thay war all enterit in, anone  
 The madinis lichtit gudlie to behald ;  
 The varlots tuike thair unicorns to hald ;  
 And thay begouth to gang in carralling,  
 And so with that so mirrillie thay sing,  
 That everie wight thair beine had joy to heir,  
 Thair voices was so angell lyke and cleire.  
 And as the madinis song upon this wayes,  
 The varlots justit and maid interpryse ;  
 And he, that from his horse was strikine doume,  
 950 Gave to his fellow ane ring for his ranfoun ;  
 And he that ring gave to ane Ladie scheine,  
 And scho againe gave him hir hat of greine,  
 And did full womanlie to him inclyne.  
 [This done] betwix hir and hir fellow, fyne  
 Scho tuike him in the ring with grit plesance ;  
 Syne lustillie begouth thay all to dance.  
 And this was donne, that everie wight might fie ;  
 For all the close of [full] large quantitie  
 That day was ordanit to the triumphall hall,  
 960 With cloathes of gold it was coverit all ;  
 And Lordis in the chalmeris round about  
 At fenifteris and windowis luikit out.  
 All saw playit this royall intermeis,  
 The quibilke surmuntit into lustines  
 So far, that thay hade wonder it to se,  
 Saying, forsuith that thay in no cuntrie  
 Hade seine fiklyke into no tyme before.  
 And quhen thofe madinis of bewtie so decore

Had lang difportit [thus] and playit glaide,  
 970 The varlots hes the unicornis to them hade,  
 And fet them on thair fadillis luftillie,  
 Syne on thair lyounis lape delyverlie,  
 And of the hall thay paft without tarie,  
 And Queine Proferpina with hir Court of Fari.

The aucht Maifteris of houfhald ordanit hes  
 To draw the buirdis and to lay the grace.  
 At the hie deice upraifit was the tabill.  
 Kingis and Princeffis that war honorabill  
 Difpoilgeit them of thair robis fair,  
 980 And them delyverit unto heralds thair  
 Of monie diverfe realmis of grit honouris  
 Into thair mightie Princes coat armouris,  
 Qubilk gyftis gat to make them rich for ever.  
 Ane fairer fight fenfyne [thair] feine was never,  
 Of Kingis, Queinis, Princes honorabill,  
 Duikis, Lordis, and Ladies amiabill  
 Within ane Palice nor was it in, I wife,  
 Whair thair was nothing wanting of warlds blife.

All minftrellis then with instruments are gone,  
 990 Both lute, harp, viole, clarcheo, and guthrone,  
 To play into the grite triumphall hall,  
 Whair monie ane Prince in thair eftait royall  
 Abaid, with monie ane [luftie] Princes faire,  
 And monie ane Ladie blyth and debonare.  
 Then faid Clariodus the nobill King  
 To the Conftabill his Brother, I delyre the thing,  
 That ze firft go to leid into the dance  
 My Lady my fpous, for that war my plealance ;  
 Qubilk for to do he did refuife at all,  
 1000 Confidering thair was Princes in the hall

- Hir for to leid quhom [it] did more perteine :  
 Bot ȝit this Prince he will that ſo ſould beine,  
 For unto him he will doe that honoure,  
 For he in France was Lord of grite valoure ;  
 Whairfor the King, of grite confiderance,  
 Both for the ſaike of the nobill King of France,  
 And for his awin great wit and nobilnes,  
 He did grit honour unto him dreidles.  
 Then the Lord Conſtabill into gudlie wayis  
 1010 The dance begane with Queine Meliades ;  
 The mightie King of Spain led Cadder ſcheine,  
 And the Duike of Bellavoy led the Queine  
 Of Spaingie cuntrie ; ane uther Duike alſo  
 With the Duches of Bellavoy in the dance can go ;  
 Ane Duches [eik] led Amandur the King,  
 And King Palexis led Donas the ȝeing ;  
 Ane luſtie Earle of England regioun  
 Of Yorke did leid the Duches of renoune ;  
 And eik the King Clariodus worthie  
 1020 Of Spainȝe cuntrie led ane fair Ladie.  
 Thair dancit monie ane uther lord and knight  
 With monie ane ladie and freſch virgine bright.  
 Forget was not Sir Amé de Valeir,  
 Nor ȝit the nobill Sir Charles de le Scareir.  
 Sir Gilliam de la Forreſt thair did go,  
 Sir Richard de Maianis danſit thair alſo.  
 For to be mirrie thay neidit no requeiſt,  
 For none war glaider nor thay war of the feiſt.  
 Full long it war thair namis to declair,  
 1030 Or ȝit to ſpecifie thair danſing thair.  
 The Queine of England ſat at the hie dice,  
 With diuerſe ladies, both Duches and Countes,

Beholding on the danſing with fixit eie.  
 Grite was the joy, triumphe, and royaltie ;  
 Grite was the mirth, the pleaſance, and the ſporte,  
 That was, God wote, among that luſtie forte.  
 Full monie ane Knight with Cupidis awfull deart  
 Amongs thame thair was woundit to the heart,  
 Whilk efterwart of langour did complaine,  
 1040 Excellent bewtie ſo did them conſtraine  
 Thair for to love all magrie thair intent.  
 Full monie ane ſecreite luke among them went.  
 With full deſyre thair hearts war ſet on fyre,  
 Throw lovis thrift, heateſt of deſyre.  
 Thair the Lord Conſtabill hurt was with ane ſight,  
 Sum thing that day he wiſt of lovis might  
 Onlie throw bewtie of ane ladie ſcheine,  
 And at ane ſight his heart all holdin beine  
 To ane anone, as can my Authore tell ;  
 1050 Upon ſik thing as now I may not dwell.

I will ſow tell of ane [grit] aventoure  
 By Ladie Fortunis purvenance and cure,  
 Into the Court the quhilk betyde anone,  
 Quhilk ſe fall heir, or that I farther gone ;  
 And efter that returne againe I will,  
 And of the feiſt the leave will tell ſow till.

So happinit in the meane quhyle to be,  
 Ane Herald come [thair] from Polyne cuntrie,  
 Whilk callit was to name Bonadventur,  
 1060 Whom King Clariodus with biſſie cure  
 Had ſent with credence to Polyne to the King,  
 Him heighting in his weiris ſum ſupporting  
 Againis the Duike of Gravan, quhom betweine  
 Full grit debait [thair] had [ane] long tyme beine :

Bot thay agriet war or his cuning ;  
Thus he returnit hame unto the King.

- When it was told to King Clariodus  
Of his Herald, that [he] was cumit thus,  
Unto his chalmer he went the neireft way,  
1070 And for the Herald fent without delay.  
The Herald faluft him upon his knie,  
Saying to him, the eternall God gow fie ;  
The King of Polyne him to gow commendis,  
And to gour Hienes heartlie greating fendis,  
Gow thanking offer nor I can heir reporte,  
Of gour promit him to at neid fuporte.  
He and the Duik of Gravan ar at ane,  
Betwix them two the weiris ar all gaine :  
Bot as I come out throw the realme of France,  
1080 I faw the King make royall ordinance  
For tornament, for joy, for feift, for play  
At Pareis toun againe gour mariage day ;  
To quhilk was dreflit monie ane Lord and Knight,  
And monie ane luffie Ladie blyth and bright,  
In companies thik ryding throw the fieldis,  
With bairdit fteidis, harneis, fpeir and fcheildis ;  
And in the honour of gour grit renoune,  
He makis all that great provifioun.  
And eik the Queine with all hir Ladies bright  
1090 Gour wadding fchupe to worfchip at thair might  
With royall feifting, danfing and difport.  
And fcho avowit befor that luffie forte  
Unto the Powne that fet was on the tabill,  
This King is fuithfaft and undouttabill.  
And ane thing, Sir, I fall gow tell for treuth,  
I faw ane fight quhairof I hade grite rewth,

Bot heir without the toun ane litill way.  
 Fyftine Knightis enarmit war perfay,  
 Quhilk reveist fyvetine Virginis had unright,  
 1100 Thinking with thame to ly [on] this ilk night,  
 And of thair virginities them to deflore.  
 Full fast the Madinis mercie did implore;  
 Bot thay with cruell heartis but pitie  
 Demanis thame, that pitie is to fie.  
 Then askit King Clariodus, if thay  
 War pallit far. He anfweirit and said, Nay,  
 I ges them ȝit bot at the Woll, said he,  
 Without the toun that standis by the trie,  
 Whair Ladies usis in thair disport to go,  
 1110 It callit is the Ladies Woll also.

On Bonvaleir than callit he anone,  
 And bad him swiftlie for his harnes gone,  
 And sadell him ane courfour that was wight,  
 And bad the Herald go at all his might,  
 Unto the postrum suddanlie him bring,  
 And thair for to abyde on his cuming.  
 With speir in hand [that was] both long and wight,  
 Bonvaleir sounne enarmit him [at] right,  
 And he anone unto the postrum went,  
 1120 And on his horse ascendit or he flint.  
 Upon his heid he did his helme on lace,  
 And them commandit both into that place  
 That they discover him in no maneir:  
 Syne chargit he his varlot Bonvaleir,  
 Alleane into his chalmer to sojorne  
 All quyetlie againe quhill he returne;  
 And if his brother the Constabill speire  
 Whair he was gaine, to tell on this maneir,

- That he was in ane secreit erant went,  
 1130 And wald againe him speid incontinent.  
 And than he tuike his mightie speir in hand,  
 And swiftlie he did gallope ouer the land.  
 Thir Squyeris both thay fat on kneis down,  
 Prayand to him that wore the bludie croun  
 Him to conserue from all misaventure,  
 Thay him betaught in Godis blissit houre,  
 And to the chalmer founne returnit thay.  
 Clariodus, in all the haift he may,  
 Upon the Knightis followit hes so fast,  
 1140 Whill that he hes ouertaine them at the last,  
 Saying, O Knightis, ge abyde for shame!  
 Doe not so grit dishonour to your name,  
 As for to leid the Madinis on that wayis;  
 The Ordour of Knightheid ye [do] dispyse,  
 On like ane wayis fair Ladies to offend;  
 For ge thair quarrell rather sould defend,  
 Nor them to trubill so on ilk maneir.  
 Sir Knight, thay said, grit folie to gow it wer,  
 As now to schaipe our deidis to correct,  
 1150 For at this tyme ge may ws not object.  
 I fall resist, quod he, if that I may.  
 Thairwith the formest schupe him to assay.  
 Thay set thair speiris sandle in the reist,  
 And awfullie towart uther thay preist;  
 And certanlie the King Clariodus  
 He hit him ilk ane strake dispiteous,  
 That horse and man went both unto the ground,  
 Whill that his helme did from the eard redound.  
 The second and the third down run hes he  
 1160 So fellounlie, that naine was of thaife thrie

- Bot ather his leg or arme he brift in two.  
 And quhen the Madinis faw he provit fo,  
 Right heartfullie to God they for him prayit.  
 The twelf Knightis with heartis unaffrayit,  
 Then fet on him with fwordis all at onis,  
 Traifting to brift him, fell, blood and bonis.  
 Quhen this perfavit King Clariodus,  
 With fword in hand as lyoun furious,  
 Full earnestlie he enterit them amang ;  
 1170 With mortall ftraikis he among them dang,  
 That it was wounder him to behald and fie,  
 For he begouth into his wraith to be ;  
 Was none fo stalwart that his ftraik gaineftuide,  
 For as ane tyger that beine fearfe and wode,  
 He on them rufchit than with awfull faire,  
 With bloudie fword thame chafing heir and thair,  
 Brifing thair fteill helmis in his ire and teine,  
 Straiking thair fteidis from them on the greine,  
 Carving thair lymbis and armis ay in funder,  
 1180 So monie of them thair fteidis lay in under.  
 The Knightis war abaisit grittumlie,  
 Of him that them tormentit fo fellounlie ;  
 Ane feind thay thocht him lyker nor ane man,  
 For of his fighting ever mair he can.  
 Thay ftraik at him fo thik and faft withall  
 As dois the hammeris on the studie fall ;  
 Thay woundit him upon the arme full fore,  
 Wharthrow his courage increffit ay the more ;  
 For quhen he faw his blood rin doune fo reid  
 1190 He grew in anger and in mortall feid,  
 And on them rufchit with fik violence,  
 With fo grit furie and grit vehemence,



He huntit them with [lik] ane feirfull cheire,  
 Right as the awfull hundis dois the deire,  
 And skaillit them full wyde before his face,  
 As the fearfe lyoun dois small beiftis chafe ;  
 Upon the greine he gave them tant for tant,  
 Whill that thay grew fo weirie and fo faint,  
 And put them fo far to confufioun,

1200 That thay could not bot ly in thair ranfounne,  
 As goldin men his dintis to refave,  
 And could not take the fraikis that he gave.  
 And quhen thay faw [that] thair was no remeid,  
 Bot them to geild, or ellis for to be deid,  
 Thay said to him at onis pitioullie,  
 Ha ! Flour of Knightheid, grant to ws mercie,  
 And fave our lyfis, for thy mikill might,  
 As thow that beine in earth the gentillest Knight.  
 Then said the King, Gif ge will have mercie,

1210 Go to the toun ge fall ftanding us by ;  
 Unto the Kingis Palice ge fall fpeir,  
 And thair ge fall enter but ony feir,  
 Whair ge fall entrie have for fmall requeift,  
 And geild gow to the Ladie of the feift ;  
 Your priffoun fall be foft, I tak on me,  
 If that ge be all taine with hir bewtie ;  
 And eike ge fall promit, or that ge wende,  
 In tyme cuming ge fall gowr lyfes amend,  
 And never againe doe Ladies fik unright,

1220 Bot ay defend thair quarrell with gowr might ;  
 And eik the Madinis ge fall reftore  
 Unto thair freindis' quhair thay war before.  
 Thay said anone, We fall do gowr bidding  
 Into all poynts, fave onlie this ane thing,

That is to say, to have thir Madins againe,  
 Quhilk if we doe doubtles we salbe flaine.  
 This weill confiderit King Clariodus.  
 The damofellis that glaid war and joyous,  
 On kneis fell to him full humbillie,

1230 And wald his feit have kistit tenderlie ;  
 Bot he wald not them suffer to do so.

So twentie Knightis fearfullie come but ho,  
 Upon thair fleidis swiftlie at the spuris,  
 To seik the Knights that donne them sik injuris,  
 And wald with swordis have upon them beine ;  
 Bot King Clariodus lape them betweine,  
 And said, My friendis, no worchip war gow to,  
 Unto thir Knights more hermis [for] to doe ;  
 Then thankit be God of his eternall grace,

1240 Thir Madinis beine recourfit upon cace.  
 And quhen they have [weill] understud that he  
 Was onlie victour of so grit meinge,  
 Thay war fore wonderit into mikill thing,  
 And come to him [full] lowlie inclyning ;  
 And him thay thankit thair with all thair might,  
 As of the world the most nobillest Knight,  
 And prayit him his name to them to kyth.  
 And he anone hes anfwereit them belyve,  
 My name I never denyit, nor git fall,

1250 Clariodus of Estur thay me call.  
 And quhen thay wist it was Clariodus,  
 Thay fell upon thair kneis, faying thus,  
 O nobillest Knight of most excellent fame,  
 Out throw the world springin is your name ;  
 Your knightlie deidis and heigh chevalrie,  
 In laude and honour rings unto the skie ;

- We ar not grit amervellit of this deid,  
 Sen that ge ar the flour of all knightheid,  
 Whom God haith fent our chyldren to persew ;  
 1260 We falbe faithfull servitours and trew  
 To gow for all the dayis of our lyfe.  
 The nobill King ane freindschip maid belyve  
 Among the Knights ; and fyne did thame requyre  
 That thay wald go with him to the suppeir.  
 Thay have him reverencit full grittumlie,  
 Syne to the Palice thay [all] raid glaidlie.  
 The other Knightis maid varlots for to gone  
 Unto the wode and litteris maid anone,  
 Whairin thay have four woundit Knightis laid,  
 1270 And fend them hame withoutin mair abaid  
 With four varlotis in thair companie,  
 Quhilk ludging tuik in the nixt toun thairby ;  
 Syne at the King thay tuike thair leave and went,  
 Thair promife to fulfill incontinent.  
 And he hes ridin againe the privie way  
 Unto the poftrom, as ge hard me fay.  
 I leive now of Clariodus ane quhyle,  
 And fumthing now my pen I will exyle,  
 Schortlie to speik of thir elevin Knights,  
 1280 Quhilk to the Palice for to go them dichts.  
 Thir Knightis at the Palice zet lichtit down,  
 And enterit at the portis of renoune,  
 Ascendit fyne up the gries of the hall ;  
 Thay that them faw did wounder ane and all.  
 As diamonds in armour bright thay fchone,  
 And thay all woundit war and bluid begone.  
 To hall thay went and paffit throw the preis,  
 And or thay flint thay come to the hie deice.

- Anon the menstrells ceiffit for to play,  
 1290 And Lordis left the dance for the afay ;  
 For as them thoght it was ane uncouth thing,  
 In bluidie barneis to fie thair incuming.  
 In fylence was the hall of most and leif.  
 Thay fpeirit quha was Ladie of the feift,  
 And thay tham kennit to Meliades.  
 Then all on knies thay fat on humbill wayis,  
 And said, Madame, unto your blyth bewtie  
 We geild us heir all presoners to be,  
 To do with us ryght as yourselfin list ;  
 1300 For of this world the nobillest Knight and best  
 We all hes conquieft with his [awin] hand,  
 And uther foure in poynt of death lyand.  
 Syne quhen he had us wone with grit mellie,  
 From twentie Knightis of grit crueltie  
 He us recourfit againe richt nobillie,  
 And us conferved from thair fellonie.  
 They callit him the Knight of joy compleit,  
 Whois heart of everie plesour beine repleit.  
 Then worde by worde they [all] the maner told  
 1310 Of thair meiting, and of the bargane bold,  
 And of his knightlie strenth and his vigoure,  
 And how he maid the [hail] difcomfiture.  
 When they had long his honour done proclame,  
 Thay said, Madame, if ge wald wit his name,  
 Clariodus of Eftur thay him call.  
 Then full of blife and glaidnes was the hall,  
 And thay all cryit with ane cheir joyous,  
 VIVE, VIVE, LE ROY CLARIODUS !  
 And that with sik ane [nichtie] noyse and found,  
 1320 That to the rufe the chalmer did redound.

- Meliades that blyth was this to heire,  
 Ȝit changit nather countenance nor cheir ;  
 Bot with ane ſtedfaſt leuke debonarlie  
 Scho all beheld the mirrie companie,  
 And thankit God devotlie in hir mynde,  
 That her rewairdit hade on fike ane kynd ;  
 And [that it] pleaſit had his gracious will,  
 The flour of knightheid to geive hir untill :  
 And Ȝit albeit ſcho hade in mariage  
 1330 This nobill Knight of ſo hie vaſſalage,  
 And underſtuid and right perfytlie knew  
 That unto hir he ſteidfaſt was and trew ;  
 Ȝit Cupid hes hir ſtrikin with his dairte,  
 And newlie woundit hir unto the heart  
 Throw new reporte maid of him be thir Knights  
 In preſence of ſo monie gudlie wights.  
 What is thair mair to ſay of this mater ;  
 Both Kingis, Queinis, Lordis and Ladies cleire  
 Full joyous war thir things for to heir tell  
 1340 Of him that beine of knightheid flour and well,  
 And moſt of all Earle Eſtur honorabill,  
 And fair Countes that was demure and ſtabill.  
 King Philipone them treitit nobillie,  
 And gart the Conſtabill treit them royallie ;  
 And ſyne the gudlie Queine Meliades  
 Releivit them on fair and gudlie wayis  
 Of hir priſoune, and ſweitle did them treite,  
 And gave them gyftis honorabill and great.  
 Thay tuike thair leave anone full courteſlie,  
 1350 Reverencing thir Princis humbillie,  
 And moſt of all Meliades the Queine,  
 Dreſſing hir bewtie and hir vertew ſcheine.

Syne foune upon thair horſe aſcendit thay,  
 And to thair fellows tuike the neireſt way,  
 Quhilk thame abaid thair, bot [ȝit neir] at hand  
 In ane village that callit was Garrand ;  
 To quhom they fhew the grit nobillitie  
 Was to them donne, and the grit royaltie  
 Of all this feaſt ; and of rewairdis grite  
 1360 Whilk was thame gevin thair they did repeat ;  
 And how Clariodus, of knightheid floure,  
 Of twa realmis was famous conquerour ;  
 And thair thay did remaine whill haill and found  
 War thair fellows of everie grevous wound ;  
 Syne hame thay went unto thair awin cuntrie,  
 And leivit ay in trewth and chevalrie.

King Amandur and [alfē] King Palexis,  
 And the Lord Conſtabill that worthie was,  
 Aſcendit on thair horſe and that anone,  
 1370 And with all biſlines can them diſpone  
 To meit the King Clariodus in hy.  
 The King of Spaine eik in thair company  
 Wold have ridin ; bot Philipon the King  
 Did him requyer with wordis right bening,  
 Whill thair returning to make reſidence,  
 The feiſt to honour with his digne preſence.  
 And as thay went to horſe on this maneir,  
 Thay met the Kingis varlot Bonvaleir,  
 Whom to the Conſtabill ſaid, My frind, perdie  
 1380 Ȝe have this thing confeillit weill fra me,  
 To ſchaw to me quhair that ȝour Maiſter went.  
 My Lord, ſaid he, it war not pertinent  
 To me to ſchaw, bot quhat he chargis me,  
 Quhilk to conſider diſcreit anewch ar ȝe.

- Thairwith he lewch, and maid [full] grit gaming.  
 Thir Lords to meit the King ar gone in samming ;  
 And founne thay faw him ryde a quyet way  
 Unto the postrum get without delay.  
 Then the Lord Constabill unto him raid,  
 1390 And on this maner lawghand to him said,  
 I am of ȝow diffavit out of dreid,  
 For I belevit ȝe, fa God me speid,  
 Had beine devyſing ſum ſtrange abuilzement  
 Into ȝour chalmer for the tornament,  
 And ȝe in uther materis biſſie wer,  
 As be the Knightis weill it did apeire,  
 Whom into Court amongs ws ȝe [did] ſend ;  
 Thay maid ȝour occupation to us kend.  
 The Kingis two, quhilk war his couſings neir,  
 1400 Thay maid him mirrie companie and cheire.  
 The Lord Constabill perſavit weill that he  
 Upon the arme was hurt at the mellie,  
 And ſpeirit at him if he was hurt ought faire ;  
 And he ſaid, Nay. With that thay enterit thair  
 In at the gardine get of the poſtrum.  
 To the chalmer of Clariodus thay come.  
 Thay paſſit founne and him unarmit then ;  
 And ſyne ane furrit mantill have thay taine,  
 And laid it him about right ſoftlie,  
 1410 And on his bed ſyne maid him [for] to ly,  
 And to refreſch him efter his weirines.  
 King Amandur and [aſſe] King Palexis  
 Commandit he to paſe unto the hall,  
 And glaid the feiſters at thair power all,  
 And gar them play and make withall diſport,  
 The quhilk to doe mirrillie thay them exhort.

- To hall ar went thir Princes honorabill,  
 And with him left no wight bot the Conftabill,  
 And chalmerlandis with him two or thrie.
- 1420 And quhen King Philipon can behold and fie  
 Thir Princes two againe returnit thus,  
 He wift that cum was King Clariodus ;  
 At them he fpeirit the maner and the gyfe  
 Of all the mellie and the interpryfe,  
 And gif that he was hurt he did require :  
 And thay to him declairit the maneire ;  
 That he was hurt thay wold not plainlie tell,  
 For faik of hir that was of bewtie well,  
 In cace thairof fcho fould take difplifance,
- 1430 Quhairfor thay maid ane mirrie countenance.  
 Unto the King thay told all privilie,  
 That he was hurt, bot git not hevilie ;  
 Of quhilk Meliades tuik perfaving,  
 And was affrayit into mikill thing ;  
 Scho fwounit neir for inwart paine and wo.  
 Dame Romaryn, that hir perſavit fo,  
 Unto hir come, and ſate doune on hir knie,  
 And quhat hir aillit foftlie fpeirit ſche.  
 Scho ſaid, I dreid my Lord Clariodus
- 1440 Be hurt, quhairof my heart is dolorus ;  
 Ze fall unto him go but tarrying,  
 And in ane taikine beir to him this ring,  
 And cum againe and me the maner tell.  
 Romaryn then no longer ſcho did dwell,  
 Scho went to the chalmer of Clariodus,  
 And on hir kneis foftlie ſaid ſcho thus,  
 My Ladie, Sir, hes me unto gow fend,  
 And unto gow dois heartlie hir commend,



- For fair fcho dreidis that ge hurt [may] be ;  
 1450 Quhairfor fo full of hevines is fche,  
 That fcho uneis may keipe hir countinace,  
 So woundit is hir heart with difperance ;  
 And this fcho hes gow fent in tokening,  
 Thairwith anone prefenting him the ring.  
 Romaryn in armis he did imbrace,  
 And to hir faid with glaidfum cheir and face,  
 Ge fall my Ladie thanke richt heartfullie,  
 And fay unto hir verallie that I  
 Do aill nothing bot that fcho may amend,  
 1460 The quhilk alfweith fall unto hir be kend.  
 On this ilk night fcho falbe medicyne  
 Unto my wounde, for fcho is leich full fyne ;  
 And in ane tokine gif hir this roobie bright,  
 And fay, fcho weill confortit hes hir Knight.  
 Romaryn lewch quhen fcho hard him fay fo,  
 And undertuik for to remeid the wo  
 Of hir Ladie, Meliades the Queine,  
 That did of painis the hevines fufteine.  
 Scho tuik hir leave, and to hir Ladie went,  
 1470 And unto hir the tokin hes prefent,  
 And faid as he hir bad, but variance,  
 In mikill thing quhilk lowfit hir pennance ;  
 And hir rewairdit with the roobie cleire,  
 That hir fik tydings broght in this maneir.  
 The Conftabill, [richt] wyfe and comonabill,  
 Raillit with mirrie wordis amiabill,  
 And faid unto the King Clariodus ;  
 This day I faw ane Ladie dolorous,  
 Quhois cullour changit fumthing for gour faike,  
 1480 Get up, and be alfe ftrong as onie aike ;

- Be all in joy, and thinke not of no paine ;  
 Ane fight of ȝow might make ane Ladie faine.  
 Then lewgh the King, and said, My brother faire,  
 Ladies in heart beine pitious ever maire.  
 With that King Philipon, that was worthie,  
 And eike the King of Spaine, com to visie  
 Him in his chalmer with ane freindlie cheire.  
 The King of Galice on the fame maneir  
 Com him to visie, and Earl Estur eike,  
 1490 Him to comfort with thair wordis [fo] meike.  
 Ane chirurgiane, that ware was and expert,  
 Him tuike in hand to heill of everie finart  
 In fyvetine dayis, that he might ryde and gang.  
 He was ane grit maister chirurgiane.  
 Thus raillit he with King Clariodus,  
 Sir, unto ȝow it falbe nothing noyous,  
 Gif on the night ȝe just alse weill as day.  
 He smyllit then, and said, Maister, perfay  
 The trewth ȝe tell ; bot I have esperance  
 1500 Of my pairtie, to have ane foverance  
 Mair in the night nor in the day had I :  
 For I am ȝoldin ellis right verallie  
 Alreadie to my nichts pairtie traist perdie ;  
 Whairfor I think scho will more gracious be.  
 The companie then lewgh, and maid gud sport,  
 And to the hall they went agane at schort,  
 All bot the Constabill and two chalmerlanis,  
 Quhilk fill abaid with the chirurgianis,  
 Whill visit all and tentit was his wound,  
 1510 And bundit up with sawis that war found.  
 Of purpur velvete he put on ane goune,  
 With mertrix furrit curious of fasshioun.

He gave ane uther of the famyn forte  
 To the Lord Constabill, doing him exhorte  
 Thairin him for to cleith ; and thay anone  
 Both in ane fuit into the hall is gone.  
 He put the gown on him at his requiest ;  
 Syne hand in hand thir two went to the feist,  
 Quhilk lovit uther ay full tenderlie.

1520 Of Knightis followit them grit companie.  
 Unto the hall thay went without delay,  
 Whair all devysit was this mirrie play.  
 Thay halfit have the mightie Princes lie,  
 And thay refavit war full joyoullie.  
 Meliades raife off hir mightie feate,  
 Upliftit freschlie with two Earlis great.  
 And this [fair] Prince full humbillie did inclyne,  
 And hir he did imbrace in armis syne,  
 And kiffit hir and fet hir in hir chyre ;

1530 Then minstrells playit with ane mirrie fayre,  
 And thair the dance thay have begune againe.  
 Clariodus his Sister tuik in hande,  
 The Constabill the Queine of Galeice toke ;  
 The young Knightis for joy thair heartis quoke,  
 And cheifit Ladies to go into the dance.  
 Thus thay disportit with mirth and grit plifance ;  
 Full royallie the feast of joy began ;  
 Meliades scho danfit not as than.

What fould I tell gow of thair grit delyte,  
 1540 Quhilk to rehearse almaiſt war infinit.  
 When redie was the supper, then anone  
 This lustie forte ar to thair chalmeris gone,  
 And changit thair arais pleafantlie,  
 And them abuilgeit new and lustillie

- In licht clethings, all ordanit for the dance,  
 That for to fie it was ane grit pleafance.  
 Of thair robis royall difpuilzet them the Kings,  
 And on them put hes uther licht clethings.  
 Then Ladies war arrayit full richlie.
- 1550 They enterit all togidder right seamelie  
 Into the chalmer of Meliades;  
 And fcho, the flour of bewtie moft to prais,  
 Was cled in kirtill of claith of gold moft deire,  
 And of the famyn hir mantill fchynit cleir.  
 The croun of gold fcho changit on hir heid,  
 Whilk caft ane light of ftonis blew and reid.  
 Hir madinis all war in the famyn gyfe,  
 In glorious mantillis gudlie to pryfe,  
 Save that thay wore of claith of filver fcheine.
- 1560 When Lordis and Ladies thus arayit beine,  
 And everie wight, that pleafour was to fe,  
 The Maifteris of houhald, grite of dignitie,  
 Unto King Philipon thay com and laïd,  
 The fupper readie was and on him baid.  
 Than he commandit the Frenfche Conftabill,  
 And the wyfe Count of Eftur honorabill,  
 Unto the hall to fech the gudlie fpous.  
 Then followit Knightis gudlie and famous.  
 To hall thay broght this zoung and luftie Queine,
- 1570 As the lie deice anone up raifit beine;  
 And fcho was fet with honour triumphand,  
 With mightie Kingis upon ather hand,  
 And luftie Queinis frefch and amiabill.  
 And fcho of bewtie flour incomparabill  
 Surmuntit all the Ladies in the hall,  
 As rubie hes renoun imperiall

- Of everie stone ; as right as Phebus bricht  
 Beine Lord and Prince of all etheriall light,  
 Blinding the starrie hevine with his bewtie,  
 1580 Richt so hir bewtie, angel lyke to fe,  
 And blyth aspectis glaidis all the tabill,  
 As parradyce of joy inestimabill.  
 The King Clariodus and his companie  
 Unto thair chalmer passit joyoullie,  
 And fowpit thair with royall feist and cheir.  
 The found of trumpits mirrie was to heir,  
 The courfis come of number inestimabill,  
 With instrumentis glaid and delectabill ;  
 The wynis ran, that wight war of meafouris,  
 1590 From horribill monsturis and fearfull of figouris ;  
 And other liquoris mightie and pretious  
 Of dyverse wynis mightie and mervellous  
 Ran out of virginis papis quhyte as snow :  
 All kynd of fleuris in the hall thay flow :  
 By incantatioun of grit practitioneris,  
 By astrologis and art magicianis,  
 Grite fortolegis with thair enchantments  
 Of thair artis gave sik experiments,  
 That thay appeirit lyvelie and visibill :  
 1600 Strong furious lyonis and dragonis horribill,  
 Gaiping as thay the peipill wald devour :  
 Thair was hunting of all gritest plesoure,  
 The hardie hundis of full grit quantitie  
 Chasing the heartis with thair heidis hie :  
 Richt pleasant war the courfis of birds above,  
 Etheriall foullis in air might mak na rove  
 For lustie falkonis that was gentill of kynd :  
 All joy was, that man might have in mynd

- Everilk plesour that might revert in spreit :  
 1610 Fresch nightingells thair song with notis sweit,  
 With blythfull birdis in the blomit spray,  
 Befor dame Natur in hir fresch array.  
 I can not tell how in ane houris space  
 The grite excelling pleafoure in that place,  
 Nor of the joyous feisting infinit,  
 Nor of the instruments of grit delyte,  
 With dulce musicianis of princis chappellis feir,  
 Quhilk song with curious craft and [wondir] cleire.  
 It war ouer long heir for to declaire  
 1620 The intermeis that war playit thair  
 Amongs the coursis most delitious,  
 Quhilk war of proces superstitious.  
 The heralds and minstrellis that thair wes,  
 Thay all full loudlie did thair cry Lairges  
 Of the most royall Prince Clariodus,  
 That gave them gyfts mightie and pretious.  
 The supper long induirit on this wayis ;  
 [Clariodus then joyoullie upraise,]  
 And Maisters of household gart raise the tabill hie.  
 1630 The grace was said with grit solemnitie,  
 About and ouer the Palice circuleir.  
 The noyse of minstrellis mirrie was to heir,  
 And everie wight [grit] joy and mirthis hade.  
 Anon began the dance but more abaid,  
 Increffis ay of mirthis more and more,  
 With gritter preis of peiple nor before.  
 Long war the proces [all] now for to tell  
 Of thair disporte and joy that did excell,  
 Quhilk till midnight [I wote] induirit still.  
 1640 The Maisteris of household then schew them till,

- That it was lait and tyme to go to reft ;  
 Then everie wight thair unto bedis drest.  
 The Kingis of Ingland and [eik] of Spaine  
 Hes tane this rofe of bewtie foverane,  
 Meliades, and to hir chalmer gois.  
 Clariodus, of knightheid flour and rofe,  
 Unto his chalmer convoyit beine with Kings ;  
 Syne tuike thair leave with humbill inclynings.  
 In chalmer thair with him abaid no mo,  
 1650 Bot the Lord Conftabill that he lovit fo,  
 That he could not be but his companie.  
 Four Knightis beine his chalmerleins worthie,  
 Ane was Sir Broun de Lamour [full] wight,  
 Ane uther Gilgeam de la Forreft height,  
 Sir Richard de la Forreft was in feir,  
 The ferd was Sir Penant de la Careire,  
 Quhilk four to him fo tender was trewlie,  
 That he to them gave trest of his bodie.  
 And quhen anon with them he was uncled,  
 1660 In furrit mantill he fet hes on his bed,  
 And him befyd he fet the Conftabill,  
 And with him fell in fpeiking delectabill,  
 Whill that Meliades in bed was gone,  
 Whair Ladeis as than was with hir none  
 Save hir awin Mother, and the Queinis two  
 Of Spaine and Galice; thir wald not fra hir go,  
 Whill fcho in bed was brocht, and then anone  
 Thay tuike thair leave, and to thair bedis gone.  
 Then Romaryn, bening and gracious,  
 1670 To chalmer went to King Clariodus,  
 And fchew to him that the Queine was in bed,  
 And he anone to [hir] chalmer him fped,

And the Conftabill into his companie,  
 Quhilk then at his bed [fide] richt privalie  
 Tuik leave and bad guid nicht on humbill wayis.  
 Clarjodus to fair Meliades

Enterit in bed quhom Venus did convoy,  
 Not in his bed bot in his hevin of joy.  
 What is thair mair, bot that the floure of armis

1680 Ane rofe of bewtie lapit in his armis ;  
 And fo thir two thay enterit in thair blife,  
 Whilk with thair meritis weill defervit is ;  
 And thay, that lovit uther above all things,  
 Paffit that night with joy and thair lykings,  
 Quhilk joy doubtles full deir was coft befor,  
 Whairfor thair joy ay multipliet the more.

I will not tak in hand for to indyte  
 Thair joyis all, for them I can not wryte ;  
 For in fik thing I am not prakticate,  
 1690 Quhilk never my Ladie had in fik ane ftate.  
 Termis I want fik materis to prefer,  
 Quhairfor ge loveris to gow I it refer,  
 That taiftit hes of the ilk famyne tune,  
 And on fik wayis your Ladies now hes wone ;  
 For to confider thair joy is ouer meafoure,  
 Of love they have now fund the theafoure,  
 Whilk long thay have with pane and pennance focht.  
 I know the paine, the pleafoure know I nocht ;  
 The wo I felt, thocht I the blis not bruite.

1700 O ge my Ladies that luikis on this Buik,  
 To gow I me compleine on humbill wayis,  
 That she nocht bot difdaine for my fervice.  
 Wald God gif [that] fum pairt of your pitie  
 War nixit with my Ladies [rare] bewtie ;



For war scho mercifull as scho is faire,  
 In all this world scho had non [to] compaire ;  
 In everie vertew naine micht hir amend.

My mater now no longer to transcend,  
 Thir loveris two full litill felt of forrow,  
 1710 Whill bright Phebus them hellsit on the morrow,  
 In at the windo and on the courtines schone,  
 And everilk wight adressit up to gone,  
 With Kingis, Princes, and Ladies of honoure,  
 And everie Ladie hir dreslit in hir boure,  
 And did thair bodies lustillie array,  
 Lyk to the Mayis bloffome on the spray.  
 Clariodus, as on the day before,

In clothing that was pretious and decore,  
 Is vestit, and quhen tyme was opportune,  
 1720 For the Lord Constabill he sent full founne ;  
 Syne to King Philipon [anone] he went,  
 Whair all the Kingis togidder war present.  
 The Queine Meliades did freschlie hir attyre  
 In cloath of gold bright twinkling as [the] fyre,  
 In kirtill quhilk was glorious to sie,  
 Of purpure velvot ane gown on had sche.  
 Ane lustie huid scho had upon hir heid,  
 With pearlis quhyte and rubies lustie reid  
 Sternit ouer all, quhilk Earle Estur hir send

1730 Into the morrow with ane recommend.  
 Scho thus arrayit I let in chalmer dwell,  
 And quhat betyde in Court now I will tell.

The King Clariodus, on fair maneir,  
 With the Lord Constabill, his companioun deire,  
 Is to the King of Spainges chalmer gone,  
 And unto him thir wordis said anone,

- My fair Brother, [now] harkin unto me,  
 Ze have ane Sifter mariet for to be,  
 Whilk is right fair, benigne, and gracious ;  
 1740 And I ane Coufing have and Prince famous,  
 Whilk is ane valiant Knight, as weill ze know ;  
 War it zour will, I wald that it war so,  
 That our alyance might togider go  
 [By mariage of thir richt nobill two.]  
 The King anfwairit and said, My Brother faire,  
 I will as ze will, schortlie to declare,  
 We think that alway it war convenient.  
 He thankit him with wordis reverent ;  
 And fyne he past unto King Philipon,  
 1750 And schew to him all hail how it was gone ;  
 And he was glaid. Thair is no more to tell.  
 Arayit beine this lustie damosell  
 On gudlie wayis, alfe fresch as fould a bryde.  
 King Amandur, upon the uthir fyde,  
 Abuilzeit him in fresch and regall weid,  
 As he that was ane Prince of nobilheid ;  
 And King Palexis on the same maneire,  
 Whilk handfast was with Ladie Cader cleir ;  
 All for the mariagis dressit them anone,  
 1760 And thay all four ar to the chappell gone.  
 Within the mightie Palice of renoune  
 Up gois the trumpit and the clarioun.  
 Convoyit thay war with nobill companie  
 Of Kingis, Princes, and Lordis royallie,  
 And mightie Queinis upon ather fyde.  
 I bid not on the proces to abyde ;  
 Thay mariet war with full grit dignitie,  
 And halie consecrat efter thair degrie.

The mes was song with note full curious,  
 1770 With organ found and thimphand melodious.  
 Efter the mes was donne upon this wayis,  
 And finallie compleitit the service,  
 The young Quenis war led from [the] chappell  
 With Kingis that in honour did excell;  
 Then to thair chalmeris thay went them to recray,  
 And alle to cleith them in ane new aray;  
 And fyne discendit into the triumph hall  
 In the grite cloſe that ſtuide imperiall,  
 On lenth and breid, [on] height and [on] lairgnes,

1780 Of riche apparralling and luſtines.  
 The tabill up railit richlie was anone.  
 The two young Queines to the hie deice ar gone  
 With grite eſtait and regall dignitie;  
 On ather lyde ſat Kingis freſch to ſie,  
 And Quenis alſe [full] luſtie to behold,  
 In rich apparrall and regale cloath of gold,  
 Whois radious rich apparrall brightlie ſchone  
 With emerand and pearle but comparifon  
 In corronalds, bright jeſpe, and diademes.

1790 Bot if ane wight of death war in extreames,  
 It ſould him comfort and rejoice to ſie  
 Thair excellent and imperiall blyth bewtie.

When everie King and Prince of nobilnes,  
 And everie Princes, Ladie, and Duches  
 Beine ſet at tabill efter thair degrie,  
 The trumpits ſoundit with ane noyſe full hie,  
 Whill that the royall Palice did reſoun.  
 Anon the courfis come with ſik fuſioun,  
 That I wald irk for to report them heire,  
 1800 And ȝe ſould think it tedious for to heire;

- Or if I told zow all the circumstance  
 Of them in Ingland, Ireland, and of France,  
 Galice, Garnat, and [eik] of Castalgie,  
 Of Spaingie land, and of Eftur cuntrie,  
 How thay war marchellit, or quha maid them cheir,  
 Or of the diverfe intermis feire,  
 Or of the dulce and hevinlie minftrallie,  
 Or of thair mufike and diverfe melodie,  
 Or of thair diverfe playing inftruments,  
 1810 Or of thair plifant and trim abuilgements,  
 Or of thair mirrie cheir maid at the tabill,  
 To tell or to report it war ineftimabill ;  
 The fweit luikis and amorus beholding  
 Betwix the Knightis and the Ladies ging,  
 Or of the heralds in thair coat armouris  
 Of fyndrie Princes of grite honouris ;  
 Upon fik thing war long for to abyde,  
 Whairfor as now I will let it ower flyde.  
 King Amandur and King Palexis  
 1820 Rewairdit heralds with gold and grit riches ;  
 They cryit Larges all the hall about.  
 And quhan all dynit had this nobill rout,  
 Buirdis on loft beine raifit by and by,  
 And graces faid be Bilchopis devotlie ;  
 And all the Lordis that in chalmeris dynit,  
 Whois grite eftait can not be [heir] defynit,  
 Unto the court of nobilnes difcendit,  
 Qubilk unto nothing bot to honour tendit,  
 Larges, jentrice, and [eik] nobilitie,  
 1830 Trewth, manheid, juftice, and liberalitie ;  
 Away was falfit, away was wretchitnes,  
 Away was nigardie and all fkarfchnes.

- None covitice let them of thair difport,  
 Thair heartis gevin to all glaidnes at fchor; ;  
 Nor naine invy at utheris dignitie  
 Might them depairt from thair cheritie ;  
 More grace amongs them wald aboundand be.  
 [Full oft has beine flik royall companie ;]  
 Bot not alway exampillis, for to wryte,  
 1840 For fo infatiabill beine thair appetite,  
 That all the world micht flokin not thair thrift,  
 Whill daith of clay ingrafe them in ane kift.  
 Into this hall triumph and paleftriall,  
 Up gois the joyous found instrumentall ;  
 With dulce, melodious hermonie and fweyt,  
 Raifing the breift with curage, and the fpreit  
 Of them that luftie beine and amorus.  
 Two Earlis, that beine worthie and famous,  
 Thir two young Queinis leidis to the dance,  
 1850 Whom matrimonie hes donne fo advance.  
 The Conftabill leidis Meliades.  
 Thir Kingis two full frefch at all devyfe,  
 King Amandur and King Palexis,  
 Hes taine two Queinis of grit luftines,  
 And danfit on [maift] fair and gudlie wayis  
 Danfis that all men [ever] could devyfe ;  
 Knightis and Ladies full gudlie for to feine,  
 And virginis in thair dreflit hairis fcheine,  
 The dance continuing with bening countenance.  
 1860 Thus they difportit them with all pleafance,  
 Whill that the fupper was redie at all ;  
 Then unto chalmer went this court royall,  
 And frefchlie thair thay changit thair rayments,  
 And pat on them for playis abuilgements.

And Ladies hes thair gounis laid afyde,  
 And taine on mantillis that war large and wyde  
 Of cloath of gold, purpure, and cramofie.  
 The fair Meliades debonarlie  
 Hes hir difpuilzeit of hir gounne velvate,  
 1870 And put on hir ane rosey of dew bewate,  
 Ane gounne of gudlie hewit cramofie;  
 Upon hir heid ane croune of gold mightie,  
 Whairin was ftonis pretious and decore,  
 That worth ane Kingis ranfounne war and more,  
 With goldin chainge about hir halfe fo quhyte,  
 Whom to behold ane hevine was of delyte :  
 Her proper perfoun glorious was and gay.

When everie Ladie hade changit hir array,  
 To the triumph hall ascendit thay anone.  
 1880 Kingis, Princes, and Ladies everie one,  
 War fet at fupper efter thair degrie.  
 The filver trumpits maid a noyse full hie,  
 The pleafant courfis come abundantly ;  
 And buirdis beine [all] fervit by and by,  
 The minftrellis fang with curiofitie,  
 Sweit as the marmaid in the orient fea.  
 Full long thay fat and maid right mirrie cheir,  
 And founne anone thay raife from the fuppeir,  
 And newlie gois to thair abaitments  
 1890 With joyous found of pleafant instruments.  
 Then all the nobilleft King Clariodus  
 For Emayne fent ane Ladie gratiofus,  
 Of the chalmer of the Duches Bellavoy,  
 Quhilk was of Spaine ane verie flour of joy,  
 And hir delyverit to the Lord Conftabill,  
 To go in dance; and he right honorabill

Thankit him lowlie and tuik her be the hand.  
 Thir two zounge Queinis, lustie and pleasand,  
 Led with two Kingis danfit thair ane beafe.

1900 Meliades be worthie Palexis

Was led in dance as goddes Apollaine,  
 Quhilk to behold was lyke ane thing devine.  
 Thus thay disportit quhill it was neir midnight,  
 Syne unto beddes thay passit everie wight.  
 King Philipone and King Clariodus,  
 With countenance mirrie and joyous,  
 Convoyit unto chalmer lustillie  
 Thir young spoufis ; and syne on wayis gudlie  
 Thair leavis tuike and syne to chalmeris went.

1910 Thir two fresch Kingis, fresch in thair intent  
 War of thir Ladies fair and weil besene.

Syne everie King taine hes his awin Queine,  
 And gone to bed with thame with all pleafance :  
 Bot now it war ower long ane circumstance,  
 To tell thair grite pleafance and all thair joy ;  
 Glaider war never Sir Troylus of Troy,  
 When he had Cressed in his armis windin,  
 Nor war thir Kingis quhen thay to beds cumin,  
 [To] thair lustie Queinis quhom thay loved long.

1920 Bot now the tyme me list not to prolong,

For to declair zow all thair mirrines,  
 Or into lovis the nights bislines.  
 In joy and blife in armis still thay lay  
 With glaidsum night, quhilk cumin was the day.

Apollo refles and unfatigabill,  
 Cleir in the eist devoid of habite sabill,  
 Upon his coursie was cumin in the hevin,  
 Twentie degries large and thairto sevin,

- Quhen everie King and Prince of nobilnes,  
 1930 And everilk Queine, Ladie, and Duches,  
 Adressit them full gudlie in thair weid.  
 Meliades the flour of womanheid  
 Was cled in gowne of velvete lustillie,  
 Furrit with greice right fair and [full] seamlie ;  
 And of the famyne suite scho gave also  
 Unto the new maid Quenis gounis two,  
 And to the Queinis of Galice and Spaigne  
 Two gounis of the famyne fort gave scho ;  
 And scho that wes of bewtie crope and rute,  
 1940 Did them besek to go into ane suite  
 With hir that day ; and thay with cheire bening  
 Hir thankit, and did grant to hir this thing.  
 To mes thay went, and syne difjunit all ;  
 Syne to the skaffalds in lustie apparrall  
 Went everie Prince and Princes amiabill,  
 And everie Lord and Ladie delectabill.  
 King Philipone with monie ane auncient Knight  
 War set on skaffold to confave at right  
 What Lord or Knight did best in the assay.  
 1950 The Knightis com all lustie in array  
 In cloathes of gold full fair [and] schyning bright.  
 Unto the rinke com monie seamlie Knight  
 So weill at poynt that wounder was to sie.  
 Of trumpits found full noyis rais on hie.  
 The French Constabill com first in the assay,  
 On gudlie wayis in right knightlie aray,  
 Servit be the nobill King Clariodus,  
 Whois wound to him was git sumthing noyous,  
 And for that cause he justit not as than.  
 1960 Thair might be feine monie ane seamlie man.



- The Constabill was in the range with him,  
 Whilk than was [the] maist liklie for to wine.  
 Of Bellavoy the Duik was [then] without,  
 [And] servit be King Amandur full stoute,  
 Weill accompanied with knightlie companie,  
 For he all tyme was nobill and worthie.  
 The Duik of Brisland enterit in the feild,  
 In knightlie falloun both with speire and scheild,  
 In his inarming cleire as ony fonne,  
 1970 Quhilk as I traift fall not be lightlie wonne ;  
 And he was servit be King Palexis,  
 Becaus he of [the] Galice natioun was.  
 The fresch Knightis com far to the justing,  
 Sir Charles de la Careir as ane lamp schyning,  
 The nobill and duchtie Sir Ame de Valeir,  
 Ane gracious Knight Sir Gorius de Grampeir,  
 With monie uther lustie pleasand Knight.  
 Knightis of Ingland schone as angellis bright,  
 Sir Broun de Amouris cristalleine of hew,  
 1980 And nobill Sir Hewmon de la Mantigue,  
 Sir Richard de Maianis of grite renoune ;  
 Sir Gilgeam de la Forrest of Scottis regioun,  
 Ane Knight he was of fair conditioun ;  
 Thair was Sir Hew de la Bas of that natioune.  
 The Knight Lumbard, Sir Ame de la Pleasance,  
 Com to the preise with manlie countinace.  
 Of Portingall Sir Porus of renoune  
 Was thair, the Knight quhilk was the [weird] lyoun.  
 It war forfuith ane grit prolixitie  
 1990 To tell thair namis all in thair degrie ;  
 For thair was both within and eik without  
 Aucht hundreth Knightis that war [stark and] stout,

- Young, strong, [and] fresh, and also amorus,  
 Antrus, ardent, and [also] rich desyrus  
 To do thair deidis valiant at thair might,  
 In presens of thair Ladies and thair fight.  
 Or onie Knight encounterit with ane lance,  
 Thir Lordis heralds heighlie did advance  
 In thair coat armuris of gold, stiffe and cleire ;  
 2000 And with hie voice that all the feild might heire  
 Cryit the heralds of the Lord Constabill,  
 POURE LAMOUR DELE ; [and] with grite joy thairtill  
 The Duik of Brislandis heralds cryit hie,  
 SANS POYNT FALTRE ; and so with royaltie  
 Thair maisteris wordis thay pronuncit loud.  
 Syne to the scharpe affay of knightlie schroud  
 Addressit Lordis with thair speiris joynit ;  
 The cleirlyke trumpits and clariounis tunit.  
 Thus Mars his fonnis chevalrus and bauld,  
 2010 In bright arming and triumph to behauld,  
 Leiming of jespis wounder glorious,  
 And provit in armis so victorious,  
 That it war mervell for to be rehearfit ;  
 Thair hie valour with pen can not be verfit.  
 Thay brayit on utheris lyke lyounis and bairis,  
 The air all rumblit with the crake of speiris,  
 The earth about all dynnit and it schoke,  
 The reike up raise [like] as ane smodie smoke ;  
 The trenscheons of thair speiris up gois on loft,  
 2020 Doune gois the Knightis with ane fall unsoft ;  
 With speiris strong so upon breift thay beit,  
 The fleidis wox all quhyte with fame and sweit ;  
 Cheildis lay scatterit in the feild full wyde,  
 The bright helmis did from thair heidis glyde,

The cleir fcheildis beine all in funder brift,  
 Knightis beine out of thair fadillis thrift;  
 The grit fteidis togidder gois with gronis,  
 Whill giltin ruifis rattillit all at onis,  
 And bukillis brekis and birneis gois to ground,  
 2030 Whill with the reard thair breiftis did redound,  
 The grite Conftabill of France regioun  
 That day wan mikill honour and renoune ;  
 He did grit worfchip to the realme of France,  
 For monie ane Knight he drave down with [his] lance ;  
 He fairis alfé wode as lyoun in ane rage,  
 Whois ardant heart defyrus might not affwage  
 The thrift of knightheid, governance, and name ;  
 For fcho was thair that maid him to efchame  
 Of cowardyce and of flewthfull curage ;  
 2040 He did fuithlie full nobill vaffallage,  
 His knightheid fcho enforcit with hir luike.  
 Full weill then provit of Bellavoy the Duike ;  
 For he that was right famous of thir deidis  
 Stronglie buire doune both Knightis and thair fteidis,  
 And did full valiantlie and lyke ane Knight.  
 Sir Charles de la Carere, bold and wicht,  
 Full weill he provit, as myne Author tellis,  
 In fame of knightheid and chevalrie excellis.  
 Rycht weill him held Sir Richard de Mayanis.  
 2050 The Knight Lumbard, Sir Amé de Plifance,  
 Sik wounderis wroght, that wounder was to fie,  
 Throw his grite force and magnanimitie.  
 And eik Sir Porrus de la Portingall  
 On him that day [did take] fo grite travell,  
 And weill atchevit to the letter end.  
 The Knights of England wan full grite commend.

And right fwa thay of Spaingie and [of] France,  
 Thay rewlit [thair] with knightlie governance.  
 For to behold it was ane nobill light

2060 So monie ane valiant and so lustie Knight  
 Into ane feild, [and] dought so long contine.  
 The pepill had grit pleafance them to feine.  
 To ryn at other did thay never fine,  
 Whill bright Appollo waftward did declyne,  
 And him ifcherowdit in his mantill reid,  
 And quhill the goldin traces of his heid  
 Men might behold ftraught and lyneall  
 Abone the earth, with beames colaterall,  
 With ane deaureat fupperiall light

2070 Leiming the grund; and whill he out of fight  
 Bening defcendit from his hemifpheire,  
 And Lucine of the hevine had the impyre,  
 And lustie Venus fchew hir lustie face,  
 And let hir goldin traces out of leace,  
 Glaiding the hevinlie ringe imperiall,  
 And everie blythfull ftarne celeftiall  
 As roobie twinklit in the firmament.  
 And quhan that nature maid impediment,  
 And them denyit had the light of day,  
 2080 Thay moft neids twine. Thair is no more to fay,  
 The King hes gevin command out of his feit,  
 In trumpet found to blow up the reit;  
 The quhilk command thay let no tyme ouerpas,  
 The found gois furth of filver and of brafè,  
 With fik ane noyfe, whill all the liftis rang;  
 Men might of mettall heir ane hevinlie fang,  
 When all the trumpits tonit up at onis;  
 Then fra the preis the Knightis them disponis.

- Bot or the King wold off the skaffald discend,  
 2090 He askit quha the honour and commend  
 Deservit for to have of the justing.  
 The antient Lordis long war advyng,  
 Full grit commend gave to the Knightis all,  
 And them right hie did praise univerfall,  
 Saying, in thair tyme thay never had feine  
 More valiant Knightis under scheildis scheine,  
 Nor better provit at justing nor tornay ;  
 Bot most the laud and the triumph they lay  
 Upon this Lord the mightie Frenche Constabill,  
 2100 And on the Duik of Bellavoy honorabill.  
 The King discendit from his scaffald doune ;  
 Kingis, Princes, and Ladies of renoune,  
 Unto the Palice went full royallie,  
 With the victorious found of minstrallie ;  
 And everie Knight unto his ludging went.  
 Clariodus, the Knight armipotent  
 The Constabill led to chalmer royallie,  
 Quhair he alsweith unarmit was hastillie,  
 And put on him ane gown of velvete thair,  
 2110 Furrit with mertrix pretious and fair.  
 King Amandur led the Duik of Bellavoy  
 To chalmer with all melodie and joy.  
 Be this the supper was alreadie dight,  
 The fex fresch Queinis, in attyre [full] bricht,  
 Com to the hall arrayit nobillie,  
 And at the tabill set with royalte,  
 With monie ane Ladie, Countes, and Duches,  
 And monie grit Maistres and Barrounes.  
 The Kingis in ane chalmer foupit all.  
 2120 And all the Knightis went unto the hall,

- That war all day with travell fatigat ;  
 The Lord Constabill grittest of estait,  
 And Duik of Bellavoy ane buird begane ;  
 Syne efter thair degrie right everie man  
 Was fet at tabill, and fervit honorabillie.  
 Anone the trumpits blew up mirrillie,  
 They maid grit feist with joy and melodie.  
 Then buirdis beine [all] fervit by and by,  
 As thay in midis of the supper wer,  
 2130 Aucht Heraldis come in coat armour cleir,  
 And aught Knightis [full] valiant and worthie,  
 And alkit at the nobill companie,  
 Quhilk of the Knightis sould the honour have  
 Of the justing and praise ouer [all] the leave.  
 In hall they had diverse opinioun  
 Amongst the Kingis and Princes of renoun  
 What Knight sould have the lawd and the honoure,  
 Them all thay praifit to be of grite valour ;  
 Bot to the Constabill thay gave grit loving,  
 2140 And to the Duik of Bellavoy condong.  
 When this was said, Clariodus the King  
 Sent to Meliades the Queine bening,  
 And bade hir fend unto thir Lordis two  
 Rewairdis fair. The message furth can go,  
 And schaw right as [that] ze have hard devyfe.  
 And then the lustie Queine Meliades  
 Baid Romaryne feche unto hir of gold  
 Ane firmaleit and chaine fair to behold ;  
 And with fair Emayn of Bellavoy them fend,  
 2150 And gart ane uther Ladie with hir wend  
 Unto thir Lordis two. And quhen that thay  
 Unto thair prefence com, thus can thay say

- To the Constabill that worthie was and wyfe,  
 Our Soverane Ladie Queine Meliades  
 Requieris gow this chaine for to resave,  
 As ge that at the justing ouer the leave  
 That war within hes won renoune and praise :  
 Bot he alway that courtes was and wyfe,  
 Laith was the chaine for fik caus to resave ;  
 2160 Bot nevertheles he most neidis it have,  
 At the requieit of Princes him about.  
 He thankit them and courteslie did lout,  
 And gave [to] them two diamantis faire.  
 The Ladies kneillit with cheiris debonair,  
 And to the Duike of Bellavoy the firmaleit cleir  
 Thay have presentit syne on this maneir,  
 Saying, The lustie Queine gow sent this gift.  
 He it resavit withouttin ony schift ;  
 The Queine he thankit, and gave the Ladies gent  
 2170 Two royall rubies bright and redolent.  
 Thir Lordis two hes taine thir Ladies bricht,  
 And to the hall them led, whair everie wight  
 Had sroupit and up ryfin from the tabill,  
 And enterit in ane dance full amiabill.  
 Thair thankit they the Queine Meliades,  
 And syne begouth the dance in humbill wayis  
 With thir ilk forlaid Ladies in thair hand.  
 Full glorious vox the feist and triumphand  
 Of glaid disport : bot it did not long last,  
 2180 The mirrie Knightis mister had of rest,  
 And went to bed anone and sleipit still,  
 Whill bright Phebus schynit ouer holt and hill.  
 And be [that] it was fullie houris nyne,  
 Full gudlie Knightis cleir and cristallyne

Enterit againe into the lustie meid  
 With scheild and lance enarmit upon steid,  
 And justit all the day continuallie;  
 Whair of the hie renoun and victorie,  
 As [that] myne Authore tellis for certaine,  
 2190 Wes gevin to the mightie Duike of Brisland,  
 And to the Duike of Bellavoy thir two.  
 The feist triumphall glaidlie induirit fo  
 The tyme compleit of monethes two all out;  
 Grit was the joy amongis that bliffull rout.  
 Clariodus, the best and nobillest [King]  
 That levit then efter Mars his ring,  
 Gart make ane generall Proclamatioun  
 In everie province of his regioun,  
 That every vailgeand Knight [thair] under scheild  
 2200 Compeir fould on fik ane day and feild,  
 And for his Ladies love to rin ane lance,  
 And for the luif, and uther circumstance.  
 The day is cumit, and eik the Knights allo.  
 Grit was the preis that in the field can go;  
 Thair might be feine monie ane lustie Knight  
 Of countries strange, inarmit schyning bright  
 Againe the face of Titan, leining cleire  
 Of redolent stonis pretious and deire.  
 All Kingis, Queinis, and the Ladies fair,  
 2210 War set on scaffolds plesand and preclaire,  
 Beholding all the maner and the gyfe  
 Of everilk Knight and of his interpryse.  
 Thair namis dar I not discryve at all;  
 For of this haille world univerfall  
 Thair beine the chose of all [of] hie renoun  
 Of Knightis of all fyndrie natioun.



- The jasting was begun with triumph found,  
 Whill it redoundit from the cludis down.  
 Knightis of Ingland, Galice, and of Spaine,  
 2220 That day did not all thair deidis in vaine,  
 For monie ane Knight and horfe doun thay buire,  
 Nobillie thay provit, and did long endure ;  
 So did the strong Knightis, the fuith to fay,  
 For monie ane fair courfe was run that day :  
 Bot he that beine the patron of all Knights,  
 The sone of Mars of bodie and of mights,  
 I meime Clariodus enarmit bright,  
 This potent Prince, as planeit casting licht,  
 Schynit all of stonis and of carbunkellis deire.  
 2230 As Jupiter surmounting in his spheir,  
 Or Lucifer in pairting of the night,  
 So all in gleime and glorious as angell bright,  
 He enterit in the field and that anone ;  
 For then all noy of his wound was gone.  
 His mightie speir he faikit in his hand,  
 And on his steid he glydit ouer the land,  
 And buire the Knightis from thair horfe aloft,  
 And on the grund maid them to fall unsoft ;  
 Might none refist his straikis of fik force,  
 2240 Befor his face to grund went man and horfe.  
 Him to behold it was ane ferlie flight,  
 For he was of fik strenth and of [fik] might ;  
 Right as the agill in the air at will  
 Devoris the terrestriall volateill,  
 And dantis the etheriall birdis fmall ;  
 So the terrestriall fame victoriall  
 Ringit in him of knightlie governance.  
 Nocht can my pen discryve, nor git advance

- His valiant deidis nor his chevalrie,  
 2250 So far as might be reafoun fatiffie  
 Him that in French hes red this hiftorie ;  
 To fik ane rethorik nather be laud and glorie,  
 As unto him that did this buik compyle  
 In French, illumining with his goldin fyle ;  
 And he, that did it out of French tranflait,  
 Hes it depaint of langwage full ornate,  
 And luftie termis richt poetically :  
 Bot I, the third and fecundest of all,  
 Can not fo meitter as thay put in profe ;  
 2260 Full oft I put the nettill for the rofe,  
 And oft the bindweid for the lillie quhyte.  
 The god armipotent might have delyte  
 To fie his knightlie fair and governance,  
 His hie regall victorious importance.  
 His mightie corporis ftark and unfatigat  
 Maid monie ane Knight to ly on face proffrat.  
 From füm he ftрайke the helme, and füm the fcheild,  
 And füm he laid on groufe upon the feild,  
 And füm he ran down fearllie and eik his horfe,  
 2270 To leive the place behuifit them on forfe.  
 The Conftabill, that on him followit ay,  
 Sik wounder had to fie the grit deray  
 Amongst the Knightis hurling on the feild,  
 He did huife ftill long tyme, and him beheld,  
 And mervellit on his ftrenth and hie curagis,  
 That as ane furious lyon on them ragis.  
 King Amandur and King Palexis,  
 Wha fillit war of manheid and nobilnes,  
 So weill them held, that wounder was to tell,  
 2280 Full monie ane Knight befor thair lanfis fell.

The royall houfhold of King Philipon  
 So nobillie thair lanfis did difpone,  
 That monie ane Knight befor them geid to grund.  
 Was never hard in all this eard fo round  
 Of fairer jufting and nobiller tornament;  
 For then under the ftarrie firmament  
 Of knightlie fame and lawd was Britan bauld,  
 As git us tellis the Chronicles auld.

- So hapinit then ane Knight in feild to be  
 2290 Of grite vigoure and [eik] ftrennitie,  
 That he in diuerfe landis was victoure,  
 Feill Knightis war conquift be his valoure.  
 Of jyant corpis was this grit campoun,  
 Out throw the feild he playit the lyoun,  
 With mightie fpeir as Mars he did furth ryd,  
 Defoylgeand Knightis foullie in his pryde.  
 To fie his bright enarming was delyte,  
 Correfpondent to his corpis perfyte,  
 That fair it was to leuike on like ane Knight,  
 2300 Fulfillit of fik vertew and fik might,  
 Quhilk radious was, and redolent of hew,  
 Of Leflay he height Sir Leonard Perdew.  
 Melancholike he brunt of pure invy,  
 That Sir Clariodus the King worthy  
 So far in valiant deidis did excell;  
 Quhairfor alfe wod as ony tiger fell  
 He fet on him with mightie lance in hand.  
 The nobill King him mightillie gainftand.  
 Thay frufchit thair fpeiris frefchlie in funder  
 2310 So fellounlie, to fie that it was wounder.  
 And quhen he faw he could him not vincus,  
 Then he requierit King Clariodus

- Him for to draw apairt, and to affay,  
 Quhilk of them two vinqueis [the] other may.  
 Clariodus him grantit hes this thing.  
 And then withoutin ony tarying  
 They drew them to ane fynd, and hes anone  
 From thair squyeris two mightie speiris tone,  
 And raid at uther, schortlie to conclude,
- 2320 Right as two dragonis that war fearce and wod ;  
 Thair speiris brake and sprang into the air,  
 The royall Palice reardit with the rair.  
 And fyne with all thair courage and [thair] might  
 Thay strake at other with thair swordis bright.  
 As two wyld boaris iroullie thay faught,  
 From both thair helmes the low geid as fyrflaucht  
 Throw dintis fers on [the] hard forgit steill,  
 Thay did affay if it was temperit weill,  
 Quhilk rang full loud and gave an awfull found,
- 2330 Thair brandis cleir wantoun up and down  
 Againes the sonis fervent beamis bright ;  
 Unto the pepill terribill was the fight.  
 Thir cruell Knightis with thair feirfull cheir  
 Ruschit on uther ay in sik maneir,  
 Whill helmis [and] habrigis all to britt ;  
 Out throw the steill full fast thay [ay did] thrift.  
 So fad straikis thay [did] on other fet,  
 Whill both thair brandis bloodie was and wate.  
 Sir Leonard for ire almost grew wode,
- 2340 That he so long in feicht againis him stude,  
 And him nicht not vinqueis in no maneir.  
 In scheith he put his sword of mikill cleir,  
 And trowit with his vigour and his force  
 To draw the nobill Knight from [off] his horle.

Clariodus perfavit him anone,  
 His fleid he spurrit and toward him is gone,  
 And in his forcie armis wight and strang,  
 He did the Knight out of his fadill fwang,  
 And laid him on his hors nek him before,  
 2350 And to the barras magrie him full fore  
 Him buire, and fet him down curagious.  
 They cryit on height, VIVE CLARIODUS!  
 The stalwart Knight full founne on fute he wan,  
 He said, Thou art ane quike devill and no man ;  
 For I have beine in Spaingie and Itallie,  
 In Denmark, Duchland, and throw all Germanie,  
 Git fand I never thy peir into no land.

To blow the retreit the King gave command ;  
 For than Phebus had put his course to end,  
 2360 And bright Venus did in the eist ascend.  
 I may not tarry all the proces on ;  
 Kingis, Lordis, Knightis war warnit anon,  
 And schortlie cled into [full] rich array,  
 Syne to the hall they went the neirest way ;  
 For thair the tabillis war richlie belpred.  
 Then Kingis, Quenis, Ducheses them fped  
 Unto the deice to thair feats honorabill,  
 Whair thay war servit with coursis inestimabill ;  
 For to discus thair is no man on lyve,  
 2370 That can the twentie pairt thairof discryve  
 The grite triumph and feisting beine and cheir,  
 Whair that sa monie Knightis beine in feir.  
 Right as the latter course come in the hall,  
 Then Heraldis in cote armours royall,  
 And twelf Knightis that aigit war and wyfe,  
 Quhilk in thair tyme [richt] mikill was to pryfe,

- Unto the hall they ar all went in feir,  
 And cleirlye the opiniouns did fpeir  
 Of everie Prince and Lord of grit renoun  
 2380 Whois was the laude for [the] conclufioun  
 Of all the Knights that in the jufting wer,  
 And who moft valiantlie did perfeveir,  
 And who the helme [had] conquieft and renoune ;  
 For it the maner was in that regioun,  
 That who at jufting or at tornament  
 The honour wan, thair was to him prefent  
 Ane nightie helme circulat with gold cleir,  
 And circumferat with ftonis that war deir.  
 They fpake of monie [grit] and diverfe Knight,  
 2390 Of worthie King Palexis that was wight,  
 And of his brother Amandur the King,  
 And the Lord Conftabill nobill and conding,  
 Sir Charles, Sir Porrus, Sir Amé de Plifance ;  
 Thay faid they beine all worthie to advance.  
 Grite worfchip fpake they of the Duikis twane  
 Of the cuntries of Bellavoy and Brifland,  
 And of Sir Leonard de la Pardew,  
 Whom King Clariodus out of his fadill drew.  
 Bot King Clariodus they moft commend,  
 2400 And finallie they all did condifcend  
 To give him all the lawd and honour hie,  
 To quhom no uther wight was fo worthie ;  
 For thair might Knightis be of [full] grit fame,  
 Bot nothing all to his imperiall name ;  
 For he in grie ftude [ay] fuperlative  
 Abone all uther Knightis [fair] in lyve,  
 In fame of Knightheid and of fortitude :  
 Whairfor the companie did all conclude

- The helme of honour to give him onlie,  
 2410 That pryfit beine the flour of chevalrie.  
 Be this was said, aucht Virginis fair to fie,  
 In tracit hairis of ferlifull bewtie,  
 Four of Spaingie, and four of Galice land,  
 Com in the hall with countenance pleifand,  
 And broght with them the helme deaureat bright,  
 Owerfret with mightie ftonis casting light,  
 And fet it down before him on the tabill,  
 Saying to him with wordis amiabill,  
 Sir, be advyfe and counfall generall,  
 2420 Of Kingis, Princes, Lordis, ane and all,  
 This aureat helme is maid for to be gouris,  
 For the grite worfchipe and the hie honouris  
 That ge have won with mightie fpeir and fcheild  
 This day at tornay, be jufting in the feild.  
 Clariodus thankit the Virginis ging,  
 And allfo he remerfit everie King,  
 Saying, thairto he was not dingne nor abill,  
 And offerit it unto the Lord Conftabill,  
 Quhilk it refuifit, and fo did all the leave ;  
 2430 For he himfelfe moft neidis it refave,  
 Conftrein it be the nobill Princes all.  
 Then he upon ane Armiger did call,  
 And gart ane Maifter of houfhould come him till,  
 Quhilk callit was Sir Henrie Gordonill,  
 To quhom he rounit and ordanit fecreitlie,  
 To have the Heraldie with him quyetlie  
 To his wairdrope, and thair rewaird them all,  
 And give them gouns of cloath of gold royall ;  
 And bad him give of filver and of gold  
 2440 To everie ane ane thoufand merks down told ;

- And to the Knights he gave twelf courfers fair,  
 [Into this world none might with thame compair.]  
 Richt as he bad this Lord hes donne anone.  
 Syne he commandit two squyeris for to gone  
 To chahner with his helme; and ordanit eik,  
 That thay fould take with them thir Virginis meik,  
 And tak aught goldin chaigneis avenant,  
 And put to everie chaine ane diamant,  
 And [syne] put [thame] about thair throttis quhyte;
- 2450 The quhilk was donne, fchortlie [for] to indyte.  
 Thir Knightis and the Heralds all in feir  
 Enterit againe unto thair suppeir,  
 [All] remerfing the King Clariodus,  
 In prefence of the companie famous.  
 The Heralds cryit Larges upon hie  
 Of the grit gentrice and liberalitie  
 Of the moft hie, excellent [and] mightie  
 Clariodus, the flour of chevalrie.  
 Thus foupit thay with joy and mirrines;
- 2460 And syne [thay] from the tabill can them dres,  
 And enterit in the dance full luftillie  
 With hevinlie found of hevinlie minstrallie.  
 Clariodus hes caulit the ftrange Knights  
 With Ladies dance; and fo the luftie wichts  
 Weill long difportit them on this maneir;  
 Syne fpyce and wyne was broght with mirrie cheir,  
 Depairting syne the companie with joy.  
 Clariodus full glaidlie did convoy  
 The ftrange Knightis unto the Palice get,
- 2470 And gart be given to them giftis grit,  
 Robis of filk gudlie [and fair] to fie,  
 With gold and filver in grit quantitie.



Thay tuike thair leave and to thair lugings went.  
 At morrow as bright Phebus did up blent,  
 Thay raid into thair cuntries everie one,  
 And schew unto thair Princes thair anone  
 Of all the feist the fallioun and the cheire,  
 Of all the jufing, alfo the maneir,  
 And of the fredome of King Clariodus,  
 2480 And of his knightlie deidis [and] famous.

The nobill Kings of Spaingie and Galice  
 Bad ordane thair effaits in gudlie ways,  
 To pas at morrow hamwart but delay.  
 The night over went, and cuming was the day,  
 The Kings did them addres in thair array,  
 And maid them redie with all heft thay may,  
 And thair two Queinis ; and fyne went in feir  
 And tuike thair leive on gudlie fair maneir  
 At Philipon [the King] and at his Queine,  
 2490 And fyne [anon] at his Court all bedeine.  
 In the meine quhyll Sir Amé de Pleſſance,  
 The Knight Lumbard but longer tariance,  
 Sir Fortun de Amouris, and nobill Sir Porrus,  
 They ſchoupe to ryd ; to quhom Clariodus  
 Gave grite theſawre [of] riches and monie,  
 And cloathes of gold moſt pleaſant for to ſie,  
 And gart convoy them with fair companie  
 Of Knights that beine [richt] nobill and worthie.  
 Thaireftir ſoune thir Kingis excellent,  
 2500 And eike thair Queinis, in maner reverent  
 Thair leave hes taine at all the Court royall,  
 At everie Lord, Ladie and damofell,  
 Bot at Clariodus and the Lord Conſtabill,  
 Whilk them convoyit with Court moſt honorabill

Unto thair schipis quhilk did on them abyde,  
 Whair mony royall gyfts on everie fyde  
 Was gevin and taine with monie rich jewell,  
 With cloathes of gold, that was [ane grit] mervell  
 To be rehearfit to gow in this place.

2510 Then to the fand discendit thay in peace,

Reddie to enter all into thair schipis,  
 Lordis in armis each other thair beclipis.  
 The King Clariodus, that was worthie,  
 Imbracit thir two Kingis tenderlie,  
 And eik the Queinis two he killit ifeire,  
 And thay in barges enterit afe the peir.  
 And last of all his leave tuik pitioufflie  
 At his Father the Earle full tenderlie,  
 He him imbracit and eik his Mother fyne,

2520 And reverentlie to them he did inclyne.

God waite thair was ane forrowfull depairting,  
 They weipit all with teiris distelling.  
 And Mandonat with forrowfull effeir  
 Hir bright visage bedewit all with teir,  
 Thus with hir onlie Brother to depairt.  
 The sword of dollour did glyd throw hir heart.  
 For to behold the sight was dollorus,  
 And the depairting fore and pitious,  
 Betwix the onlie Sifter and the Brother,

2530 And more betwix the one Sone and the Mother.

I will not longer tell gow of thair forrow,  
 Anone they twynit with Saint John to borrow.  
 And be the fameine houre the nobill King  
 His leave hes taine with heartlie imbracing  
 At the two Kings, and right so at Palexis,  
 Syne at the Earle Estur of worthines,

- And at the Queinis, and at the fair Countes,  
 On ather fyde kneilling with humbillnes.  
 The guid Lord Constabill tuike leave also  
 2540 At Kingis, Queinis, Ladies ; and fyne did go  
 To schipis fweith quhair faillis went on heicht.  
 They go to seawart as [ane] foule on flicht.  
 Sa weill of winde servit them Eolus,  
 And so the flude temperit Neptunus,  
 That to the land approachit thay belyve,  
 And into helthfum portis did arryve ;  
 And everilk Prince and Lord in thair degrie  
 Ar passit hame in gud prosperitie,  
 Whair thay refavit war with [all] blythnes,  
 2550 And leiveit in joy and in mirrines ;  
 And ofttymes heartlie greating sent betwene  
 To King Clariodus and to his Queine.  
 The King Clariodus that nobill was,  
 King Amandour and [eik] King Palexis,  
 The Constabill, and all thair companie,  
 Returnit hamewart ar full mirrillie,  
 Whair that thay fand the King with his Court all  
 Disporting them with triumph royall ;  
 With joy and pleafance pat thay afe the night.  
 2560 And on the morn as Phebus gave the light,  
 The Constabill anone did him addrese  
 Unto his schipis with all bislines,  
 And tuike his leave at Philipon the King,  
 And at the Queine and at hir Ladies ging,  
 And at the [lustie] fresch Meliades ;  
 And this he did upon most humbill wayis,  
 Whair monie [ane] rich gift and jewell great  
 Was gevin and taine, quhilk I will not repeat :

- Bot trest ge weill that wo was everie wicht  
 2570 For the depairting of the gentill Knight.  
 On horse he hes ascendit suddanlie,  
 And furth he raid with all his companie.  
 Clariodus he fand without the port  
 Abyding him with ane [richt] lustie forte  
 Of Kingis, Lordis, and Knights of honour ;  
 Both King Palexis and King Amandur  
 War in the Court with all thair companie ;  
 And furth anone thay raid full mirrallie,  
 Whill [that] thay com to the sea strandis cleir,  
 2580 Whair that the schipis all [full] redie wer.  
 The King Clariodus and the Lord Conftabill  
 With friendlie cheir and wordis amiabill  
 Imbracit uther they have tenderlie,  
 And thay that lovit uther heartfullie  
 Uneis might hold them from weiping then for wo  
 When that thay wist they wald fra uther go,  
 Promitting other with humanitie  
 For evermore treuth and fidelitie ;  
 Syne tuik thair leave at uther pitioufflie.  
 2590 The nobill King, that could weill courtesie,  
 Tuik leave [then] at Sir Charles de la Careir,  
 And at the worthie Sir Amé de Valeir,  
 And [syne] at the French Knightis everie one.  
 Full monie ane jewell of gold and pretious stane  
 Amongs them gevin hes the nobill King.  
 And syne his Coufings two, thir Princes geing,  
 Thair leave has taine at the Lord Conftabill,  
 Imbracing uther with wordis confortabill ;  
 And efter that he went into his barge,  
 2600 Quhilk pullit up anone hir faillis large,

And ower the fluid [then] frefchlie did he fair,  
 Alfe swift as dois the Eagill in the air ;  
 At Calice thay arryvrit efilie,  
 And thair alfweith [thay] tuike thair harborie.  
 And on the morne as cleirit up the day,  
 They all prepairit and put them on the way,  
 And biffellie they sped them day and night,  
 Whill [that] of Parice walls thay gat ane ficht ;  
 And fo withoutin reft this Court furth raid  
 2610 Straight to the Palice quhair the King abaid,  
 And fyne difcendit from thair horfe anone ;  
 And the Lord Conftabill to the King is gone,  
 And hellit him on knies full reverentlie,  
 And he refavit him full joyoufflie.  
 This Lord apairt [fyne] went with him but mo,  
 And fchew at lenth or he wald farther go  
 The pleafant cheir of the triumphall feift,  
 And all the intermeifis moft and leift,  
 With all the grite difport and abaitments,  
 2620 And of the royall juftling and turnaments,  
 And of the commendatiouns ane and all  
 Whilke war unto him fend in fpeciall.  
 Glaid was the King his wordis for to heir,  
 And bad that he fould on the fame maneir  
 Go fchaw the Queine the tydings delectabill.  
 At his command [foun] went the Lord Conftabill,  
 And hellit hes the Queine and hir Ladies.  
 Scho him refavit in ane joyfull wayis.  
 He told hir all the maner mair and les,  
 2630 How treitit him Clariodus of nobilnes,  
 With all the heartlie commendatiouns  
 Of Kings and Princes of full great renouns ;

Of quhilk fcho was [richt] joyous for to heir,  
 And fo was all hir lustie Ladies cleir.  
 The King for joy gart cry ane grit jufing  
 Into the honour of his hame cuming.  
 In mirrines and joy I leave them thus,  
 And speik I will of King Clariodus.

Returnit is the King Clariodus,  
 2640 And his two Coufings nobill and famous,  
 Unto the Kingis Palice of renoune ;  
 And he, that was imperiall under croun,  
 Obeyit was with sik effait royall,  
 That in this world King was none mortall  
 Whome to was donne more worschip and honour  
 Nor to this Prince, of chevalrie the flour ;  
 And this was donne ower all Britane fo braid.

When he aught days thair sojornay had maid,  
 He for his four Maisters of houshold fend,  
 2650 And them he hes commandit then to wend,  
 And ordain richlie for his hie estate,  
 Arraying all thing that beine pertinat  
 For him and for his Queine Meliades,  
 That all fould redie be on gudlie wayis  
 Within aught dayis for to take the sea ;  
 For he his Coufings with all royaltie  
 Wald put in thair realmes, and them convoy  
 And leave them thair to ring as Prince and Roy.  
 Thir four Lordis past [furth] without demand,  
 2660 And in all heast fulfillit his command.

When all was readie as him list devyse,  
 He tuike his leave, and eik Meliades,  
 At Philipon the King, and eik the Queine,  
 And prayit God thair keiper for to beine

Into the realme whill thair againe cuming.  
 And he anone hes taine in hand this thing.  
 King Amandur and eik King Palexis  
 Thair leave hes taine with all grit humbilnes  
 At King and Queine, and all thair companie,  
 2670 And on thair horfis ascendit royallie,  
 With more triumph nor I can gow defyne ;  
 And thay anone raid to the port marine,  
 And thair anone went to thair schips ifeir ;  
 Bright was the hevin and Phebus schyning cleir.  
 Thay raifit faillis bent unto the height,  
 And fuire ower fluide as falcon fair on flicht ;  
 And in fyve dayis, as Dame Fortoun wald,  
 Toward the land [full] lustilie thay hald,  
 And saiffe arryvit into Garnet land,  
 2680 And into ane toun callit Varrogand.  
 The Thrie Estaitis of that regioun  
 Full glorioullie them met with trumpit found,  
 And with ane nobill and lustie companie  
 Them all [out] throw the cuntries fair thay gy,  
 Whill thay com into the toun of Durant.  
 The tounschip thair with maner richt plifant,  
 Met them with found of diverse instruments,  
 With intermeifis and blyth abaitments.  
 In Palice regall, with feist and grit honour,  
 2690 Anon refavit was King Amandur,  
 And thair as Lord thay maid to him homage :  
 Thus Fortoune hes him fet in full lie stage.  
 The King, quhilk had resignit him the croun,  
 Was then profest into religioun.  
 Ane moneth out thay sojornit in that land  
 In feistuell joy and pleafance triumphand,

- And fyne Clariodus his leave hes taine,  
 And eike Meliades his foverane,  
 At Amandur and Donas eik his Queine,  
 2700 So did Palexis and lustie Cadar scheine :  
 Bot nevertheles they haive done thame convoy  
 Unto the sea ; bot thair was litill joy ;  
 At thair depairting pitie was to tell.  
 Whan thay had done full long in armis duell,  
 King Amandur and eik his lustie Queine  
 Hame to thair Palice againe returnit beine,  
 Whair thay full long did leive in joy and blis,  
 Joyling the realme in peace as thay wald wis.  
 The King Clariodus and his companie  
 2710 In schippis enterit hes, and fuddanlie  
 They drew up faillis and ouer the wavis schare.  
 They glyde anone alle swift as onie fyre,  
 And day and night thay sojorne not nor rest ;  
 Bot furth thay held ower fluid with faillis prest,  
 Whill towards Castalgie Eolus them draveit,  
 Whair thay struik faill and suddenlie aryvit ;  
 And fyne on horse full royallie ascendit.  
 The Lordis of the land on them dependit,  
 And throw the cuntrie them convoyit with honour.  
 2720 And he that was the realmes governour,  
 He met them in the toun of Gandaleyis,  
 And feistit them on [the] most gudlie wayis.  
 On morrow furth thay raid with royaltie  
 Unto the principall toun of Castalgie,  
 Quhilk callit was the toun of fair Vallance.  
 They enterit in the Palice of plifance,  
 Whair that the antient King did them relave,  
 Both Lord and Barroun, Knight, and all the leave,



Them welcoming and feisting with great cheir,  
 2730 And to them gart be maid ane grit denneir.  
 Thair courfis all to tell gow it wald cumer,  
 Thair intermeifis fo war out of number.  
 When thay had dynit, the King of grit renoun  
 In both his handis he tuike his royall croun,  
 And put it on Palexis heid richt thair  
 Befor the companie condigne and fair,  
 In his rob royall alle he did him vest;  
 Syne King of all his realme [he] him poffest;  
 And he him felf of heigh devotioun  
 2740 Anone did enter into religioun.  
 Thay sojornit still with pleafant abaitments,  
 With feisting, jufting, and with tornaments,  
 Whill [that] fex oulkis war out worne ilk day;  
 Syne tuik thair leave withoutin more delay.  
 Palexis them convoyit to the fea,  
 Bot the depairting pitioufe was trewlie  
 Betwix him and his Eame Clariodus.  
 To twin with other thay war dolorus,  
 The quhilk never twinit for weill nor wo,  
 2750 Uneis thay might depairt utheris fro.  
 On everie fyd they tuik Saint Johne to borrow  
 Agane to meit, quhilk levit hes thair forrow.  
 Ather did uther imbrace and faid Adew.  
 This King Palexis hameward did perfew,  
 Unto his Palice into fair Vallance,  
 And with his Queine thair levit in plifance.  
 The land he rewlit as ony wald devyfe,  
 And keipit it in peace and in juftice.

When that the nobill King Clariodus  
 2760 Now fchipit beine and all [his] Court famous,

- In Irland thay did fuddanlie arryve,  
 And thair on horfe ascendit they belyve,  
 And throw the toun of Gargaly [thay] raid,  
 Ane fair village, with wallis heigh and braid,  
 Whair two mightie Duikis of that regioun,  
 With diverse utheris Lordis of renoune,  
 Him met, and to the toun him did convoy  
 Full plifantlie, with honour and with joy,  
 And him refavit in ane Palice fair,  
 2770 And royallie that night him feistit thair ;  
 And as thair King thay made to him fewtie,  
 And fwore to him the aith of fidelitie.  
 Alfe sone as he the morrow did espy  
 To horfe he went, and all his company,  
 And raid out throw the cuntrie at his will,  
 Whill he com to the toun of Marmavill,  
 Surmunting all the tounis of Irland,  
 Whair that the auld King was [as git] livand.  
 He enterit at the ports of the toun,  
 2780 Quhilk was arrayit of ane rich falloun.  
 The freitis stintit war full royallie  
 With arras and with filkis most mightie,  
 The minstrells playit on diverse instruments;  
 Full monie sports and monie abaitments  
 Devyfit war before him on the freit,  
 And full of joy was all the toun repleit ;  
 The mirrie found of trumpits did out thring,  
 And all at onis did the bellis ring ;  
 The tounschip met him in thair best array,  
 2790 Him doing all the honour that thay may.  
 He enterit in the kirk full royallie,  
 And thair he lightit and his fair Ladie ;

- And quhen [that] they had maid ane orifoun,  
 [And mefs was fingin with an hevinlie found,]  
 Unto the kirk he liverit grit thefawre ;  
 Syne to the Palice raid with grit honour,  
 And thair anone from horfe they did difcend,  
 And up the gries unto the hall they wend,  
 Whair that the antient King into ane chyre  
 2800 Was borne with Knightis them abyding thair,  
 Whilk grevit was with age, and febillit fo  
 That he might not into thair meiting go ;  
 To quhome the King Clariodus is gone,  
 And heartillie in armis hes him tone.  
 Thir Kingis two imbraicit uther thair  
 With plefant wordis that war fweit and fair.  
 Now am I glaid, this aigit King can fay,  
 My deirreft Nevoy that fie now I may  
 Within my realme in fik proſperitie,  
 2810 I cair not now quhidder I leive or die.  
 Then off his heid he tuike his croun pretious,  
 And with it crounit King Clariodus,  
 And to him did refign his regioun.
- When of this thing was maid conclufioun,  
 His chyre to chalmer was borne royallie ;  
 The fyd of it buire two Duiks honorabillie,  
 The uther fyde Clariodus the King  
 Up buire, and fo to chalmer did him bring,  
 And on his bed him fet [then] full foftlie.  
 2820 Then King Clariodus full courteslie  
 Tuike leave as then, and to the hall is gone,  
 [Whair that the dinner readie was anone.]  
 Grite was the feift, and pleafant was the cheir  
 Within that hall of diverſe courfis feir.

When thay had dynit and ryfin from [the] tabill,  
 Lordis begouth and Ladies delectabill  
 To dance anone, and minstrells gane to play.  
 The portis oppinit war, the fuith to fay,  
 And thairin enterit everie lustie wight,  
 2830 That list to dance, to sing, or to have fight  
 Of that glaid feist, furmunting in plesance,  
 And everie wight maid plesant countenance  
 At the cuming of thair new Prince and King ;  
 For song and play the long hall [all] did ring.  
 The feist was great and lestit inteirlie  
 Ane monethes space, it lestit larglie  
 With glaid disport, justing and tornament.

Clariodus the King most excellent  
 Of Lordis he had diverse mariagis,  
 2840 For to inforce with Irland his linagis.  
 He maryit thair the sex Virginis cleir,  
 That winit with the Ladie de la Careir,  
 With potent Lordis of Irland cuntrie,  
 That nobillest war and gritest of degrie ;  
 And Romaryn he wadit honorabillie  
 Upon ane Count of Irland right mightie ;  
 Sir Gilgeam de la Forrest he mariet also,  
 And Sir Richard de Mayanis they two  
 With two grit Countesses of that cuntrie,  
 2850 With all the feistis and grit royalte ;  
 And fynit war the mariagis all  
 With justing and with tornament royall.  
 When he sex monthis had maid fojorning,  
 And was obeyit both with auld and ging,  
 And conquiest all the heartis of that land,  
 Then under him he maid ane Livetenand ;

- Syne he his leave hes taine at the [auld] King,  
 Wha was forrowfull at his departing.  
 Diverse Lordis and Ladies of renown,  
 2860 He tuike with him to Inglands regioun.  
 When he his leave had taine at everie wight,  
 Then to the sea he schortlie hes him dight ;  
 Heralds greatlie of gold and of money  
 He left behind him into that cuntrie ;  
 Syne with his Court he raid out throw the toun  
 With found of trumpit and of clarioun.  
 Convoyit him to sea his Luiftenand.  
 And quhen thay war discendit to the strand,  
 Firft at the King he tuike his regiment,  
 2870 And fyne he tuike his leave and hamewart went  
 Unto the King with commendatioun  
 From King Clariodus of grit renoun,  
 Saying, that foune againe heould returne,  
 And longer then into the land sojorne.  
 Blyth was the King to heir of his rehearle.  
 Up gois the faillis preifit in the mafe  
 Of all the schipis of King Clariodus,  
 Whilk be support of the god Eolus,  
 And be the help of him and lord Neptune,  
 2880 Thay war aryvit in the cuntrie foune.  
 Thus quhen Clariodus arrayvit beine,  
 Both he and eik Meliades his Queine,  
 Went to the land with all thair companie,  
 And on thair horfe ascendit royallie,  
 And throw the cuntrie raid with Court royall.  
 The tyding ran out throw the cuntrie hail  
 Of thair hame cuming, both to more and les ;  
 And unto Belvell first thay can them dres,

- And thair they hard how that the King anone,  
 2890 And eik his Queine, war in religioun gone,  
 Nocht fra the toun two mylls in ane Abay,  
 To quhilk they did returne but more delay ;  
 And thair this nobill Prince [hes] lichtit down,  
 And eik his Queine Meliades of renoune,  
 And enterit in the Abay in feir.  
 This auntient King and Queine advertist war  
 Of thair cuming, and com in thair meiting.  
 They helfit uther with tender imbracing,  
 And kissit uther on ane freindlie wayis.  
 2900 And quhen the King and Queine Meliades  
 Had commoned long with them on this maneir,  
 He tuik his leave, fo did this Ladie cleir,  
 And said thay wold againe right oft returne.  
 When thay had long tyme maid with them sojorne,  
 On horse thay have ascendit, and furth raid  
 Unto Bellvilladoun but [mair] abaid,  
 Whair all the piple him met with trumpit found,  
 Crying, Welcum our Prince of most renoune,  
 Uneis for throng he might thring in the streit,  
 2910 All circumstance I omit to repeat.  
 Then at the Palice portis of renoune,  
 He and his royall Court all lightit down,  
 And unto hall ascendit, and that anone,  
 Whair he refavit Lordis monie one,  
 That wounder glaid was of his hame cuming,  
 For thay him lovit ouer all uther thing.  
 The Lordis of Irland, that war with the King,  
 Seing the joy maid at his hame cuming,  
 And how he was lovit in his cuntrie,  
 2920 Thay thocht in happie tyme chofen was he

To be thair King and allé thair governour,  
 Whilk of this world was Prince of most honour.  
 The King gart mak ane Proclamatioun,  
 And fend Heralds in everie regioun,  
 That thay, that wold renoun in armis win,  
 Sould schaw, and thair ane tornament begine  
 In the realme of Ingland on lik ane day ;  
 And quha defyrit knightlie to affay  
 His nobill deidis, thair sould he servit be.

2930 And souné the tyding sprang in ilk cuntrie,  
 Of quhilk the King of France was blyth to heir,  
 And all his Court both Lord and Bacheleir.

So happinit quhen the Heralds com to France,  
 The Lord Constabill with royall ordinance  
 Was makand war furth into far cuntrie ;  
 Whairfor the King, full valiand of buntie,  
 Send threttie Knightis to the tornament  
 In right knightlie and fair abuilgement,  
 Led be the Knightis thrie of nobill fame,

2940 The first Sir Charles de la Careir to name,  
 The secund was Sir Charles de la Valeir,  
 The third Sir John was de la Barneir.

Thir threttie Knightis war so diligent,  
 That two dayis befor the tornament  
 They com to prefence of King Clariodus,  
 That glaid was of thair cuming and joyous.  
 Then speirit he of the King, and how he fuire,  
 Thair speirit he of the Queine of lustie figure,  
 Then how the Constabill did eik askit he.

2950 They said all war in gud prosperitie,  
 And that both King and Queine did them commend,  
 And heartlie greating to his Hienes fend ;

And said the Conftabill in Bethingham is went,  
 With men of weir at the commandiment  
 Of the nobill King, quhilk chargit him fo.  
 Then was the King Clariodus full wo  
 That he not cumin was with them, for he  
 Him lovit for his wit and his buntie.

Quhen thay had fpokin long upon this wayis,  
 2960 He bad them pas to Queine Meliades,  
 And fchew to hir the novelties of France.  
 Two Knightis them convoyit with plefance  
 Unto the Queine, quhom thay full courteslie  
 Helfit, and everie thing did specifie  
 To hir as thay did to the King before.  
 And fcho, that was of bewtie fo decore,  
 Glaid was to heir of the prosperitie  
 Of the gude King of France and his meingie,  
 And of the Queine that was fo honorabill,  
 2970 And of hir Ladies fair and amiabill.  
 In chalmer war thay put for to regray,  
 Syne efter war in joyis all the day.

Upon the morne, from monie far cuntrie  
 Com monie ane Lord and Knight of grit buntie.  
 King Amandur, and eik King Palaxis,  
 Hes Knightis fent of full grit nobilnes.  
 The King of Spaingie and [the] Earle Eftur  
 Send luftie Knightis of [full] grit valoure.  
 The Count of Glocefter, with fair meingie,  
 2980 Cumin is from the cuntrie of Spaingie,  
 Not with Clariodus git feine is he ;  
 For quhan he was into Spaingie cuntrie,  
 This nobil Count of manlie effeiris  
 Upon the Sarafeinis lay at the weiris.



- So monie Lords and Knights is gatherit thair,  
 That fillit was the royall Palice fair.  
 What is thair more to tellin of this thing,  
 When cumin was the day of thair juffing,  
 The Knightis com all armit in the feild,  
 2990 Whair thair devoir they did with fpeir and fcheild,  
 That grit plifance it was them for to fie.  
 The Ladies fat upon fcaffaldis hie.  
 Anone the trumpits blew ane mirrie tune,  
 And fo with lancis did the Knightis june ;  
 Both heir and thair to grund gois horfe and man,  
 The earth diunit as thay togidder ran :  
 Bot all the nobilleft King Clariodus,  
 The floure of knightheid, fearce and chevalrus,  
 Inarmit fchyning as ane angell cleir,  
 3000 Sik wounderis wroght that ferlie was to heir ;  
 From fum he fraike the helme and fum the fcheild,  
 Sum men and hors he dryves down in feild  
 Throw his grit vigour and ftrenuitie,  
 Quhilk was in deids of arms ane A per fe,  
 Might none him ather gainftand nor abid ;  
 Whairfor in feild thay maid him roun to ryd.  
 Full long the juffing induirit on this wayis,  
 The Knightis all war nobill for to pryfe,  
 In all the feild was naine of them that feinges ;  
 3010 Full loud the heralds cryit thair ancheingeis  
 Of all thir Lordis worthie and famous.  
 Heraldis eik of King Clariodus,  
 With voices cryit, ELU COUNT A LA BELL !  
 And he, that fo in knightheid did excell,  
 In feild that day hes conquieft fik renoune,  
 That it was hard in everie regioun

Of his victorious deidis triumphall,  
 Whairthrow his honour did so far excell;  
 Ower all the world quhile that he was on lyve

3020 His knightheid ran in grie superlative.

This tornay duirit quhile the bliffull sun  
 His course diurnall had compleitlie run,  
 And did his purpur visage all scheroud  
 In the occident under the noxiall clude,  
 And quhill that Venus schew hir cristall light;  
 Then from the feild they go for falt of fight.

Ane moneth out did last this [grit] tornay,  
 That the Knights did him counter day be day;  
 Bot King . . . . .  
 . . . . .

# A LIST OF CONJECTURAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED IN THE TEXT, TOGETHER WITH THE READINGS OF THE MANUSCRIPT.

*The first Reading is the Emendation, the second that of the MS.*

- P. 2, l. 41, soundis — sound  
 3, 53, ȝing — ȝoung 77, baire — buire  
 5, 118, nmermit — enmerit 121, and bade — abado 124, him till attend — attend  
 him till  
 6, 158, sone — some 161, bening — being 170, it — is  
 7, 180, ȝing — ȝoung 182, Whill — Will 194, urtherance — urtherance  
 8, 213, unfegitlie — unfegitlie 218, this — thus 229, not — it not  
 10, 280, ȝow — to 286, thus — this 300, nor — nor I 304, conforme — confirme  
 12, 344, de Beaulien (*from the French copy*) — Deam 345, Leonet de Mortemer  
 (*from the French copy*) — Leoner 345, Beaufort (*from the French copy*) —  
 Beaufort 346, Roie (*from the French copy*) — Roche  
 13, 383, to — into  
 14, 425, poynt — poynts  
 15, 433, Ane — And  
 16, 483, fellownlie — fellown  
 17, 524, quhile — quhen  
 18, 519, For — Bot 558, resavit war — war resavit 559, than thay ȝeid — can  
 thay pase  
 19, 581, Boune — Bunde  
 20, 604, is — as 613, eike — bricht 617, beforne — before  
 21, 626, was — ws 647, wend — gone 654, wonder — wonderlie  
 22, 667, it waxit — wax  
 23, 691, into hir hart can sinke — in hir hart sinkis 702, Beaulien (*from the French  
 copy*) — Bealme 703, Leyon Dormal (*from the French copy*) — Gawin  
 Dornall 703, Beaufort (*from the French copy*) — Beamefort 707, Amador  
 de Brusland (*from the French copy*) — Amador de Bruland  
 24, 725, dinnit — dimmit 726, Then all abune — The a bune 728, unsoft — un-  
 soft 732, sink — seik 750, well, — weill  
 28, 861, Galice (*from the French copy*) — Calice  
 30, 940, Galice (*from the French copy*) — Calice  
 31, 959, upon — on  
 32, 987, in — in that 991, whill — will  
 33, 1019, was — ware 1034, Into — In  
 34, 1043, me call — call me 1053, Guy de la Riviere (*from the French copy*) — Sir  
 de la Zeipin 1057, them — the 1059, Halsand — This havand 1068, sup  
 and — supper and to  
 35, 1077, presence — presence to 1082, thus — this 1090, cumin — cum 1095,  
 allswyth brings into his presence — in presence of him bringis.

- P. 36, l. 1105, palace — place 1107, knichtis — knicht 1117, Therefor — Sayis for  
 1126, knichtis — knicht 1131, him into their — in  
 37, 1144, sane — se  
 38, 1173, ordainance — ordaining 1187, hir command — him commend  
 39, 1212, Maiance (*from the French copy*) — la Main 1215, here — he  
 40, 1246, besyd — besynd 1258, do — so 1260, do — be  
 41, 1273, thus — long 1285, Thay — That 1286, thir — thair 1293, this —  
 his  
 42, 1307, hyne — thyne 1038, wounderfullie — wounderfull  
 43, 1333, in — on 1360, him — them  
 46, 1441, to beddis for to — into heddis they 1450, cousings — consing  
 47, 1465, say — sey 1470, assent — ascent 1481, Scho — And  
 48, 1500, warldis — warld 1514, pray — prayis  
 52, 26, sent — went  
 53, 54, feinds — feind  
 54, 83, gave — have 88, heartfullie — hearfullie 91, he — I  
 56, 149, him — them passit 160, With — Wit 164, could neer devall — did  
 wther deife  
 57, 207, befor sumthing — sumthing befor 208, war — war sumthing  
 59, 251, plane — place  
 60, 276, attire — ottrie  
 61, 319, schortlie — schortlie to 328, he — scho 332, thus — this  
 62, 347, alone — aleane  
 63, 388, withoutin — without  
 64, 425, diamand — diamond 426, illuminand — illuminat 433, varlot — war to  
 65, 445, hir — quhair 448, Greatlie — Great  
 67, 504, for — at 511, aneth — abone 525, sa great — for great pitie 526,  
 suithlie — sweithlie  
 68, 536, dissimulance — dissimulant 544, Within — With  
 69, 578, scho — scho did 584, humbillie — bissilie  
 70, 596, was — war 597, war — was 610, oft — of 620, dwell — dwell ower love  
 72, 681, waiking — walking  
 73, 710, waris — was  
 74, 751, bearis — boaris  
 75, 755, whill — will  
 76, 802, de la Mere (*from the French copy*) — Lamoureux  
 77, 849, devest — dewaist 850, bed be geid, him for — bodie he did him  
 78, 858, he — him 860, him — he 868, thay — that  
 79, 885, Lucent — Intent  
 80, 939, squyeris — knicht 943, Pennent — Tennent  
 81, 948, unearmit — enearmit  
 82, 979, cumin — cum  
 83, 1017, withoutin — without 1028, withoutin — without 1033, Thus — This  
 1037, vouchsafe — witchchafe  
 84, 1043, sall — sall sall 1060, sall — sall you 1063, that we thus — we 1066,  
 is — is from  
 85, 1105, Pennent — Tennent  
 86, 1124, they — the  
 87, 1145, mane — mone 1156, so — no  
 88, 1192, his fellowis — his his fellow 1195, firmance — prissoun  
 89, 1219, had — had thus 1232, gone — went  
 91, 1284, thay — day  
 93, 1340, main — man  
 95, 1400, rewthfull — trewthfull 1404, to gar men — and to gar 1408, Pen-  
 nent — Tennent 1412, thus — this 1413, Seing — Saying  
 97, 1478, attentivlie — autentiklie

- P. 98, l. 1518, fellow — fello 1521, Knichtis — Knight  
 99, 1541, ȝing — ȝoung 1547, him — not  
 101, 1617, then deliverit — them discoverit 1618, then — them 1618, hall — hail  
 102, 1635, minstrellie — instruments  
 103, 1660, That ever — Than nor  
 104, 1702, richt — richt great  
 105, 1721, in — in ane 1728, hir — his 1733, maid — madine  
 106, 1750, Thus — This 1761, sang — song  
 108, 1811, oft — efter 1831, bring — bricht  
 109, 1853, he — scho  
 110, 1893, resavein — resave 1894, glaidening — glaidnes  
 111, 1011, hamewart — hame 1920, Was — Was was 1920, this — thus 1927,  
     Unto — Into  
 113, 8, was — war  
 114, 19, And — And for  
 115, 52, Carados — Clarados 52, by — by the 62, spargit — spungit 71, List  
     — List me  
 116, 85, beteach — betaucht 89, demane — demand 98, nicht — knicht 101, eve  
     — evine 112, sorrowfull — sorrowfullie  
 117, 115, mundane — mundand 117, with wirdis of — of wirdis with 128, if —  
     if ever  
 118, 160, amiabill — and unabill  
 119, 182, thame — thame two 186, gudlieheid — ladieheid  
 120, 234, dolouris — dolour  
 122, 278, barrnet — harrent 282, Bruland (*from the French copy*) — heichsum  
 123, 308, Frensch — fresch  
 124, 351, speiris — speir 356, unto the — to 369, wod — bold  
 125, 378, nicht — bricht 379, he — thay 388, Quick — Quhilk 394, That — And  
 126, 407, he — thay 409, Carados — Clariodus 423, home to — at home in  
 127, 435, Richt — Nocht 444, thair — thair thair 456, An war it anents — All  
     war it never anents 458, haistining — haistillie  
 128, 467, That scho be taine — Be taine with thame 468, thus — this 478, This  
     — Thus 478, Thus — This 492, Thus — This  
 129, 502, breath — handis 506, warldis — warld 508, echeve — acheve 524,  
     from — for  
 130, 551, withoutin — without  
 135, 691, withoutin — without 716, hir — his  
 136, 725, rent — rent and to rent 746, am — am I  
 137, 757, Be — The 757, rebute — rebuikie 758, wonit — winit 765, cloathis  
     — cloath  
 138, 799, unto — to  
 139, 824, maid — madine 836, sche — scho 842, maid — madine  
 140, 859, maid — madine 860, theron hes laid — syne hes land  
 141, 892, heart — heart scho  
 142, 932, With — Then  
 143, 955, collourit — collouris  
 144, 992, did behold — beheld  
 145, 1013, thaim hir — hir thair 1037, Turkis — Turke  
 146, 1044, among — upon  
 147, 1077, he — him 1082, And syne unto — Syne to 1096, enarmit — armit  
 148, 1123, thus — thus thus 1124, did ryd — ryding 131, none — naine 1136,  
     important — impotent  
 149, 1149, and ferlie deir — that ferlie 1152, maire — more 1163, ȝea — ȝe  
 153, 1269, Thus — This 1282, Syne thesawre gart in full grit quantitie — Syne  
     thesawre gart or he went 1283, Deliver unto him before he went —  
     Deliver he gart to him in full grit quantitie

- P. 155, l. 1346, smnthing — sumthing I 1354, maire — more  
 156, 1389, he — he hes  
 157, 1409, unknowin — nuschawin 1419, In — I 1422, full oft — of 1423, bewtie  
 and vertew — vertew and bewtie 1425, certes — certs  
 158, 1450, aquantance — quantance  
 159, 1466, a sore — for 1482, passit — pas  
 160, 1492, bring — brocht  
 161, 1535, maire — more 1546, affrayd — affrait  
 162, 1564, companie — companie now  
 163, 1593, his — thy 1594, sichis — sich 1601, oft bad him — bad him oft 1605,  
 thame — and 1607, In this kinrick, both — Bot to  
 164, 1619, alway — alwayis 1638, thus — this  
 167, 1718, daith — baith 1740, cryed — cryt 1745, his — this  
 168, 1750, than — thair 1776, than commandit — thay command  
 169, 1810, sadest — sad  
 170, 1818, enter — enter in this 1832, langer — langour 1840, sall — sall sall  
 1842, baith the — with zow  
 171, 1854, cryed — cryit  
 173, 1913, alway — away 1932, and nicht away did drive — the nicht away drave  
 175, 1992, What — With  
 177, 2044, sterve — stryve 2048, Sweit Sir, scho said, the cause of your dolour —  
 Sweit Sir, scho said, Pleise ze reveale zour hevines 2049, Please ze  
 reveale; sould it zow not displease — If it sould zow not displease  
 2057, Thairefter — Thairfor  
 182, 2210, Nane sall — Sall nane  
 183, 2219, thanks — hearts  
 186, 2311, scho was — that scho  
 187, 2361, Unto — To 2362, in all — all in  
 188, 2393, was all the denner — all the denner was 2396, ane — ane richt 2403,  
 to — unto  
 190, 2442, thus — this  
 192, 31, than — that 33, Whan that — Whair thay 37, than — that 47, unto — to  
 193, 56, with joy — him did 65, scho rose — so ryse  
 195, 121, behuift — behuift for 125, passit — past 140, Than — That  
 196, 149, The — This  
 198, 242, Then — They 242, that — thay  
 199, 245, Whais palfray with the goldin taill and mene — Whais gudlie palfray  
 with golden mone 246, Was with them led, quhite as the snow and  
 schene — With them was with them led quhich scheine 272, Meliades  
 — Meliades and  
 200, 294, And to resave it — It to resave 297, Scho said — Ha 298, May it  
 not — I may  
 201, 324, As — And 327, to — unto  
 202, 342, disporte — sporte  
 203, 390, 391, *transposed in the MS.*  
 204, 433, costlie — mikill  
 205, 447, sang, and playit — song and play  
 206, 475, refuge — releifeit 495, unto — to 495, also — anone 498, voices —  
 voice  
 207, 510, humbillie — humbill 516, of the finest gold — gudlie to behold.  
 208, 551, Upon ane chariot sat — The ane upon ane chariot  
 209, 580, and the — all and 593, passit — past  
 210, 596, apeiris — apeirit 606, And — So 611, ze — ze doe 613, unto — to  
 615, Esturs — Esture  
 211, 641, he — thay 649, withoutin — without

- P. 212, l. 671, prisoune — persone 685, thus — this  
 213, 695, service — servitouris 697, wer — ar  
 214, 733, vertew — vertew hes 742, all — all uther 747, In whom — Whom in  
 750, fund — fund nether  
 215, 755, distressis — distres 768, our — gour 777, send — sent 781 Thus —  
 This 786, Aquentit — And quentit  
 216, 788, with — of 791, thair — thay 809, Then — All 816, words — word  
 217, 825, the — than 834, upon — on 837, upon — on  
 218, 863, upon the justing — before the mustering  
 219, 884, they — he 894, unto — to 902, upon — on 906, rather — rather have  
 907, Ane speir have run all right and under scheild — Ane speir rine  
 right ane speir under scheild  
 220, 925, did say — said 942, qubyt and reid — reid and quhyt  
 221, 949, newlie — new 951, as — as was. 953, Alse quhyt as snow — of snow  
 alse quhyt 960, as — as bricht 969, all into — in  
 222, 1003, inarmit — armit  
 223, 1020, knightlie — knight 1024, wote — wait  
 224, 1070, beistis small — small beists 1071, evaid — avoide  
 225, 1075, thraw — throw 1081, in — on 1098, Than — That 1100, samen —  
 same 1104, name — name raisit  
 226, 1125, he — he heine 1127, heine — be 1134, Thus — This  
 228, 1171, passit — past 1188, beamis — streamis  
 229, 1215, minstrelly — minstrellis 1228, Bot — Bot onlie  
 230, 1240, Estur — Estur he 1248, bricht — licht  
 231, 1274, taikie — tuikie 1279, passit — past 1291, We — And 1292, Sirs — Sir  
 234, 1378, mocht — nicht 1384, that — at  
 235, 1395, Clariodus — Clariodus, scho said. 1399, said he — thoct ge 1420, that  
 it man be so — so that it man be 1426, tornament it might — torna-  
 menting it might gow.  
 236, 1448, unto — into  
 238, 1495, then — they 1497, painis — pane 1499, they dance — dansit  
 239, 1524, a — me 1531, desyre it — it desyre 1540, ging — go 1548, pik — sik  
 1549, for — heir  
 240, 1564, into — in 1569, 1570, *transposed in the MS.* 1571, pleasance — plea-  
 soure 1578, Thir — This 1578, ordanit — ordanit be him  
 241, 1606, unto — to 1608, holte — holpe 1615, sighte — nighte  
 242, 1628, with — with ane 1644, goldin — gold 1644, finger — thinger 1646,  
 And — Him  
 243, 1659, they — the 1680, do ge — ge do 1681, hade he — he hade  
 244, 1700, ging — gung  
 245, 1745, thairfor — for 1746, chose — chosen  
 246, 1759, and gentill Knight — and Ladie eik 1760, Hes — Is 1776, then — theni  
 247, 1787, That — Then 1789, againe — againis 1791, deir — dea 1810, Si je suis  
 tousjours a Madame (*from the French copy*) — Servis coralionges ama-  
 damem.  
 248, 1816, ane — ane mirrie 1833, they — the  
 249, 1864, Outower — Ower 1865, Thay gow desyre — He gow desyris  
 250, 1881, quhen ever that — ever quhen 1893, then awfullie did — did throw aw-  
 fullie 1894, occupied — occupyt 1898, oft — of  
 251, 1908, Counts wes — Counteses 1909, then drew aparte — drew aparte then  
 1929, humbill — humblie 1933, as — he said, as  
 252, 1946, unto — to. 1953, thairnnto — thairto. 1960, measouris — measure  
 253, 1989, worldis — world  
 254, 2028, humblie — humbill  
 255, 2053, all was fair and well — as they did travell  
 256, 2085, dicht — thike 2092, lansit — lousit 2095, leivis — loveris  
 257, 2113, mater — maner 2118, sorelie — sore

- P. 258, l. 2144, resistance — residence. 2148, with all his heart — as I heard say 2152, upon — on.
- 259, 2163, passit — past 2172, then — is 2175, prise — praise 2192, can — can he 2194, speak did — spake
- 260, 2221, The — That the
- 261, 2245, thir — this 2253, unto — to
- 262, 2276, Whair — Whairfor
- 263, 2293, was this — this was the
- 264, 2331, day — and 2335, freschest — fresch 2336, freschest — fresch
- 265, 2361, Into — In 2362, thus — this 2383, himself — him
- 266, 2395, into — in 2403, upon — on
- 267, 2420, to him of — unto him of all
- 269, 2492, companie — companie now 2494, then is left — left is 2505, we — ȝow 2514, thus — this
- 270, 2519, their — the 2527, goldin conpis — conpis gold 2533, Of — To 2535, their gaitis they — the gaitis 2536, taine — talkine 2540, into — in
- 271, 2555, sche — scho 2561, presence — presents 2567, said — sad 2577, did them convoy — them convoyit
- 272, 2582, at — that 2588, commending — commending them 2609, his — his his
- 273, 2612, To — And 2618, unto — to
- 274, 2672, heartillie — hir tenderlie
- 275, 2693, hes — beine
- 276, 2748, Glaidin — Glaid 2757, into — in
- 278, 2802, them — then 2804, than — thay 2813, devysit — devysing 2814, Lordis — Duikis 2816, uther — wyse 2817, upon — on
- 279, 2823, gone — gaine 2826, into — unto 2846, heralds — berald 2848, to — to call and
- 281, 3, upon — on 6, passit — past
- 282, 11, send — sent 20, knightheid — knightheid the 29, Prince — Princes 30, upon — on
- 283, 46, into — in 49, with — with ane 60, Troy — Troy of 65, Polinices — Polimus
- 284, 86, Lucreis — Lucrew 91, Dido — Pido 96, Orphius — Orthius
- 285, 118, into — in 124, stentit — stintit 131, of France full mightie — full mightie of France
- 286, 163, gaitward — gaitward, and 163, tone — taine.
- 287, 171, passit — past 176, unto the toun they go — to the toun they went 186, upon — on 196, Whair that — Whairwith
- 288, 202, syne — syne he 226, nor — nor for my
- 289, 239, pleasis — please 264, King — King, he said,
- 290, 278, syde — synde 296, upon — on
- 291, 297, eye — eyes 325, Lordis — Lord
- 292, 341, kneillit — kneilling 353, thus — this
- 293, 375, long — long hade 376, Whilk — What 381, leasour — leasour thay 388, thairupon — on
- 294, 401, wis — wist
- 295, 431, and — and to 446, neance — leising
- 296, 467, the — the Lord 468, gane — went 471, The — And 477, He — I 485, to — unto
- 297, 495, I — ȝe 496, into — in 511, certes — certs
- 298, 522, he — I
- 299, 554, upon — on 561, scheine — schyne 562, thus unto — this to 566, sche — scho 576, hir — hir bewtie and 577, leavis — leave hes
- 300, 600, turnay — taray 604, Thns — This 607, when — whill 608, bissielie — bissie 613, Ane — And
- 301, 624, Into — in



- P. 302, l. 659, Sir, richt weill fuire he — he fuire richt weill 660, I — And 666, am-  
 abill — amabill 671, wayis — way 673, in — into
- 303, 686, pure — floure
- 304, 719, With — Of 744, The — Of
- 305, 752, raisit — araisit 758, haith full lustie — fair to sie 771, Constabill  
 Constabill went 774, garrit — gart
- 306, 793, to — to King 801, Thus — This 807, wyfis — wyfo
- 307, 809, Thus — This
- 308, 843, was — was all 851, Qubill — Quhilk 855, cum — cumit 856, helsit  
 helsit hes 865, to — unto 866, upon — on 872, mischance — chance
- 309, 873, for — for in 877, of — of all 883, Thus — This
- 310, 905, Thairefter — Thayrfore 905, doune licht — licht doune 928, qahalpis,  
 I ingage — as qahalpis craigis 929, into — in
- 311, 939, thair handis — hand 947, upon — on 955, plesance — pleasoure 958,  
 For — Of 959, to — to be 965, far — fair
- 312, 980, heralds — herald 987, it — within 991, into — in 991, triumphall  
 triumphe
- 313, 1018, did leid — led 1032, Duches — Duchesis
- 314, 1042, among them went — went them among 1056, the leave will tell go w till  
 — retorne againe I tell
- 315, 1072, eternall — ternall 1090, schupe — schip
- 316, 1097, way — space 1115, suddanlie — suddanlie and
- 317, 1157, unto — to
- 318, 1175, faire — feire 1187, upon — on 1192, and — and so
- 319, 1200, ransonne — ransome 1212, but ony — in but 1224, onlie this — this  
 onlie
- 320, 1245, might — heart 1252, upon — on 1256, skie — skyis
- 321, 1258, that ge — ge that 1270, withoutin — without
- 322, 1307, They — He
- 323, 1328, untill — till 1342, And — His 1347, prisounne — persounne
- 324, 1370, them — them all
- 325, 1389, unto — to 1407, then — sounne 1415, withall disport — disport withall
- 326, 1418, the — the Lord 1432, git — he
- 328, 1490, thair — thir 1491, ware — wore 1493, he — thay 1509, wound —  
 woundis
- 329, 1521, thay — thay ar 1533, toke — tuike
- 330, 1547, robis royall — rob royallis 1565, Than — thair 1565, Frensche —  
 fresche 1574, And — As
- 331, 1586, was — war 1590, and — that 1597, sortolegis — sartologis 1662,  
 gritest — grit 1666, in — in the
- 332, 1609, Everilk — All everilk 1624, loudlie — loude
- 333, 1642, unto — to 1646, Clariodus — Claried 1656, ferd — third
- 334, 1684, Passit — Past 1685, doubtles — befor 1690, state — place 1696, now  
 — new 1702, she — he
- 335, 1720, he — he hes 1726, sche — scho 1727, scho had upon hir heid — upon  
 hir heid had scho 1728, quhyte — quhy
- 337, 1787, apparrall — apparrall full
- 338, 1818, I will — Ile
- 339, 1840, so — to 1841, not — then 1864, for playis abuilgements — abuilge-  
 ments for playis
- 340, 1877, personn — personn that
- 341, 1909, leavis — leave 1918, thay — thay war
- 342, 1933, Was cled in — Cled in ane 1937, and — and of 1942, grant — grantit
- 343, 1967, feild — land 1987, Porus — Borus
- 344, 2009, Thus — This 2019, behauld — behold 2017, dynnit — dymit 2017,  
 schoke — schoike 2020, fall unsoft — felloun soft 2021, With — Wit  
 2021, upon — on 2021, beit — beited

- P. 345, l. 2033, to — in 2037, governance, and name — honour, name and governance  
 2042, weil then — of he 2043, thir — thair 2054, did take — tuike  
 346, 2063, fine — seine 2071, descendit — ascendit 2072, And — As 2086,  
 sang — song 2087, onis — ons  
 347, 2096, scheildis — scheild 2111, led the Duike — the Duike led 2116, at —  
 to 2118, Barrounes — Barrouns  
 348, 2123, And — The 2130, Heraldis — Herald 2135, opinioun — opinionis  
 2143, thir — hir 2147, unto — to  
 349, 2177, thair — hir 2182, bolt — holp 2184, and — as  
 350, 2190, Wes — Hes 2191, two — twa 2201, and — all  
 351, 2235, faikit — saikit  
 352, 2251, Him — He 2252, nather — ather 2253, compyle — compleit 2260,  
 I — they 2265, unfatigat — unfatigabill  
 353, 2288, bauld — blaun 2309, fruschit — ruschit  
 354, 2318, tone — taine 2326, geid — reid 2341, not — no  
 355, 2374, Heraldis — Heraldis that  
 356, 2385, or at — ar or 2395, twane — two  
 357, 2428, unto — to 2430, it — it to 2433, come — call  
 358, 2448, everie — everie ane 2465, maneir — wayis 2469, unto — to  
 359, 2480, his — the 2482, ordane — ordane for  
 360, 2509, in — into 2524, teir — teiris 2525, Thus — That 2526, glyd — glyd  
 out  
 361, 2541, schipis — schupis 2552, his — his lustie 2556, hamewart — hamewar  
 2557, his Court all — Court royall 2562, his — thair 2562, all — all  
 his 2564, ging — fair  
 362, 2571, suddanlie — and everie wight  
 363, 2609, withoutin — without  
 364, 2650, then — them 2651, ordain — ordant  
 365, 2665, againe — gaine 2677, wald — wold 2680, into — in 2685, into — to  
 2692, Thus — This  
 366, 2718, land — land hes  
 367, 2731, Gow — Gow now  
 368, 2765, Whair — War 2785, streit — streits  
 369, 2795, liverit — enterit 2815, royallie — honorabillie  
 370, 2826, Lordis — Lord 2833, new — new maid 2850, With — When 2854,  
 ging ... gounge  
 371, 2870, hamewart — hame  
 372, 2893, Prince — Princes 2895, the — the lustie 2906, Unto — And to 2908,  
 our — or 2917, that — that cuming 2919, And — And saw 2920,  
 he — hie  
 373, 2921, King and also thair governour — governour and King 2926, Sould  
 schaw, and thair — Schawand thair sould 2935, into — in 2940, Careir  
 — Careir height 2949, he — hie  
 374, 2957, he — hie 2959, upon — on 2981, he — hie 2982, into — in  
 375, 2996, The — Te 2996, dinnit — dimit 3009, feinges — feinge

## LIST OF ERRATA, WITH SOME ADDITIONAL EMENDATIONS.

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P. 17, l. 502, *Betwix in read Betwixin*

18, 532, for *read* to 533, to *read* for  
538, he, *so in MS., but read* him

20, 593, knight, *so in MS., but read*  
knichts

21, 625, know, *so in MS., but read* knaw  
641, Sirs *read* Siris

24, 739, Thefoming *read* The foming  
742, mairbut *read* mair but

25, 756, ay, *so in MS., but read* thay

28, 877, sonne *read* soune

37, 1149, sonne *read* soune

40, 1246, sonne *read* soune

46, 1425, sonne *read* soune

47, 1480, sonne *read* soune

48, 1502, When *read* Whill

49, 1521, takit *read* tak it 1522, ȝowit  
*read* ȝow it

51, 8, sonne *read* soune

61, 316, quarrel and *read* quarreland

66, 494, ȝour, *so in MS., but read* ȝow

68, 552, forgottin, *so in MS., but read*  
forgettin

P. 70, l. 595, was *read* war

78, 882, corut *read* court

84, 1063, [that we thus] *read* that we  
thus

88, 1191, [fain] wald *read* wald [fain]

93, 1336, Hecher *read* Heicher

100, 1563, quhom he, *so in MS., but*  
*read* quho him

124, 368, thocht, *so in MS., but read* focht

145, 1024, hirwith *read* hir with

147, 1080, tothe *read* to the

161, 1524, Hispail *read* His pail

178, 2063, hebegane *read* he begane

183, 2227, getts, *so in MS., but read* ȝetis

221, 974, overlaid *read* onerlaid

228, 1199, rewth *read* trewth

253, 1973, came *read* come

274, 2667, conetine *read* contine

277, 2790, themsate *read* them sate

293, 364, estart *read* escart 379, atray  
*read* acray

345, 2054, [did take] *read* did take















